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DEPUTY MARSHAL JOHNSON BREAKS A LONG SILENCE

ARTILLERY HAS NEVER BEEN GIVEN ITS DUE

BATHHOUSE JOHN'S COLORADO COME-DOWN

THE VIGILANTE YEARS • INDIAN GEORGE

"TELL THE BOYS I DIED GAME"

"THE LAST HALF-MILE"
By Joe Rader Roberts

Radin Roberts

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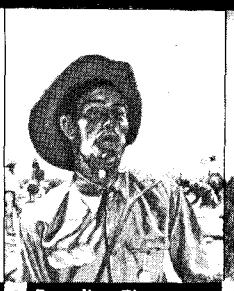
WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!

1 Nez Perce On Appaloosa

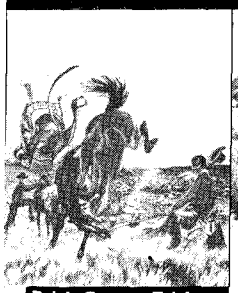
2 The Scout


3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

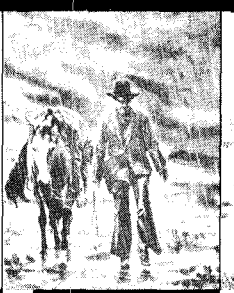
6 Pointing Toward Trouble

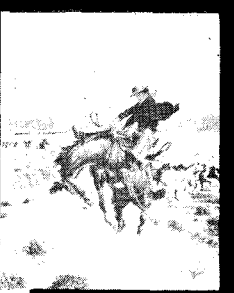

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

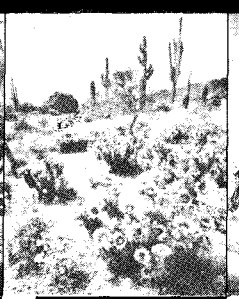
10 The Captive


11 Lightning Got Him


12 No Time To Lose

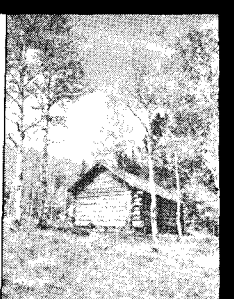
13 Cowboy Chores

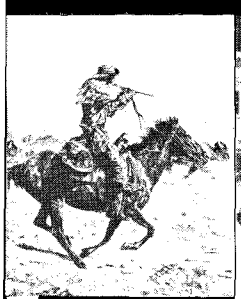
14 Spanish Treasure

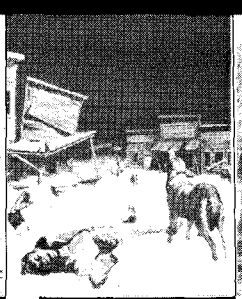

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

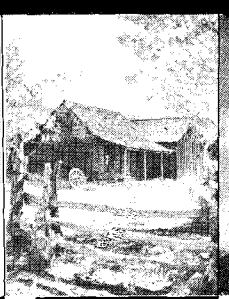
16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian

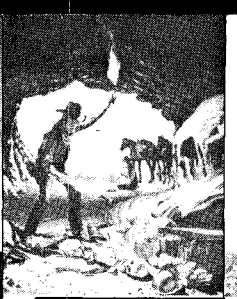

18 Autumn In Colorado


19 Buffalo Hunter


20 Lobos Hold A Wake


21 Old Homestead

22 Cowboy At Sunset


23 Lucky Shower

24 Welcome To Boot Hill

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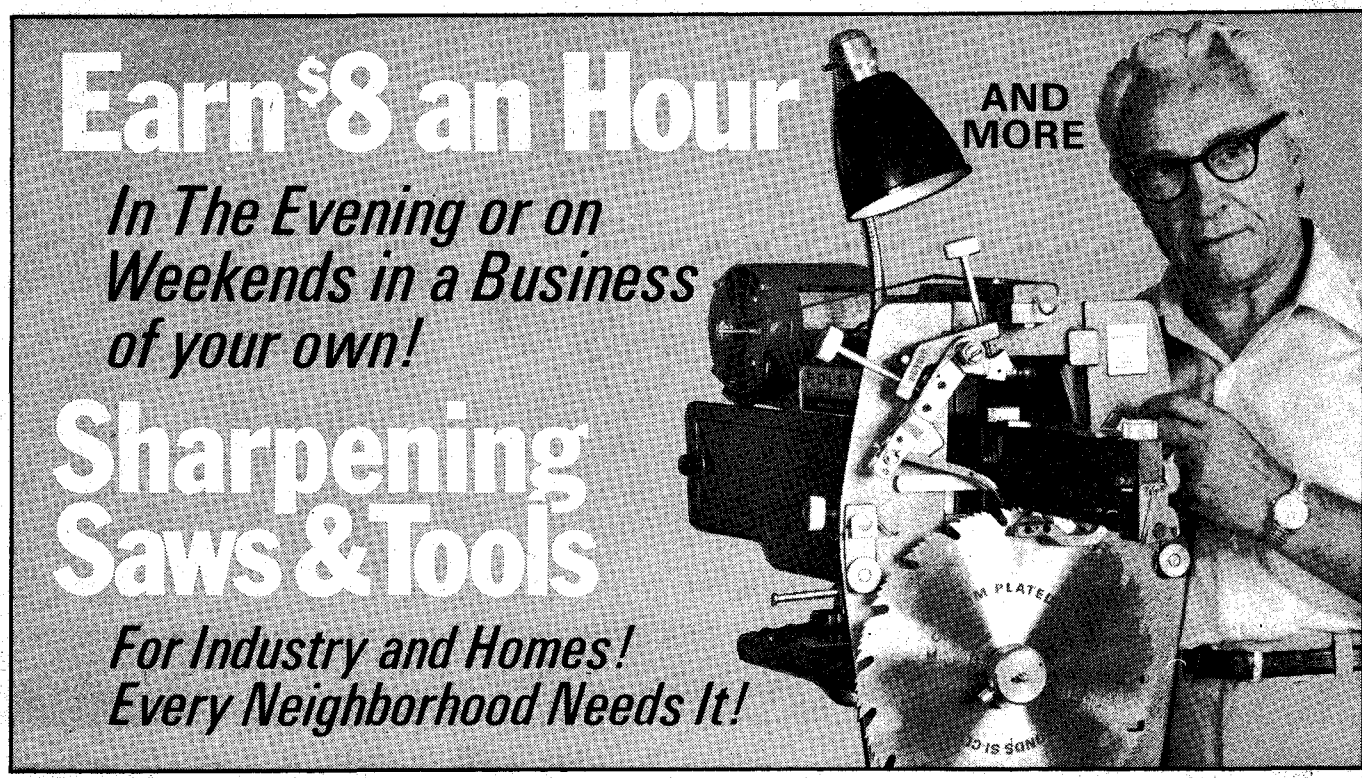

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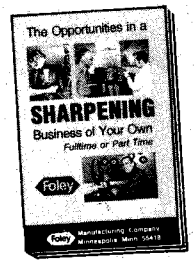
Victor Kosloski
Sturgis, Michigan 49091



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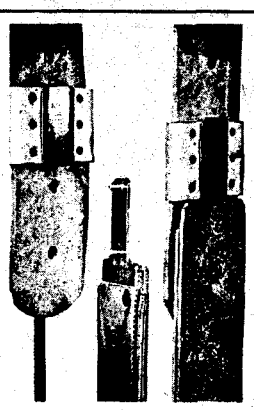

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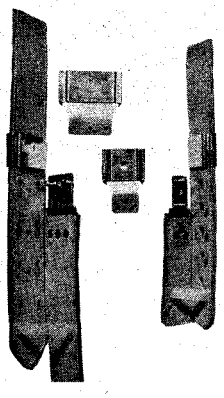

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Where Are These Properties? Government land sales are everywhere . . . large wooded tracts, farms, lakefront lots, mountain sites, even business and city properties. They range from small residential lots to sprawling family retreats of several hundred acres. Throughout the coming months Government lands sales will occur in nearly every State including Hawaii and Alaska. Whether it's a secluded wilderness site from a Federal office or a lakefront cottage lot that is being sold for non-payment of taxes - opportunities abound!

What Our Readers Say;;

"Best source available for the Real Estate buyer" American Business

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Does Government Lands Digest Own Any Of These Properties? None Whatsoever! Government Lands Digest is not in the land speculation business nor are we real estate brokers. All purchases are made direct from the Government office involved. There Are No Middlemen. Our sole function is to inform you what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. We receive no sale commissions nor do we profit from any purchase you might make. Thus, we make no attempt to "push" the land at you with exaggerated claims or high pressure tactics.

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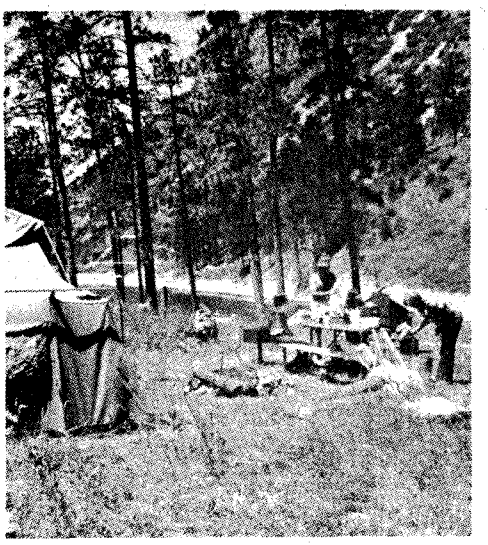
The land still is plentiful and the prices low because the vast majority of the American public is completely unaware of the many opportunities that exist today in Government land. By taking a few minutes to read this you have already taken the first step toward joining a select, well-informed group. Many Americans dream of owning their own land, but few realize that literally MILLIONS of Acres are available from Federal, State and local Government agencies for almost every conceivable use . . . farming, business, homesites, hunting, fishing, etc.

Are All Government Land Sales Good Buys? Sometimes Government offices release properties for sale that the Government Lands Digest considers as undesirable land. While such properties are usually listed, we are careful to advise you of their various shortcomings. It is the practice of our editorial staff to keep you supplied with accurate information that you can convert into big savings for today and even larger profits for tomorrow.

Who Buys These Properties And Why? Most buyers of Government lands acquire property for their own personal use or for investment gains. Many of these bargains have a recreational and investment potential that is absolutely astounding! Summer cottage sites for family fun and privacy . . . Scenic lands for all season retirement homes . . . Hunting and fishing camps . . . Ideal settings for ski lodges . . . Trailer sites . . . Farms, to work or rent out . . . Large wooded tracts for family camping, hiking and loafing.



Why Haven't Others Cashed In On This? They have! Imagine buying fifty thousand dollars worth of real estate through Government land sales for only $3,000? As recently reported in a nationally advertised book one amateur investor has done just that . . . all in his spare time. That's a saving of more than 90%!

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Truly Western

In Our Own Backyard

Since the gasoline crunch has about clipped my cross-country wings, exploring and researching historical sites nearer home makes a lot of sense. One prime example, in my case, is the southern point of the Guadalupe Mountains. It offers a great bird's eye view of a section of our country's first coast to coast mail route. From Signal Peak (Guadalupe Peak), or from its sheer-walled sister to the south, El Capitan, one may trace much of the original Butterfield Overland route.

Meandering from the stage stop station at the "Pinery," a couple of miles to the north, the old road cuts into the sides of Guadalupe Canyon as it descends to the canyon floor and passes an ancient grave. The crude headstone is for army guide Jose Polancio, killed by Apaches about three and a half years before the first Butterfield stage passed that way in September 1858. You once carried a story about him.

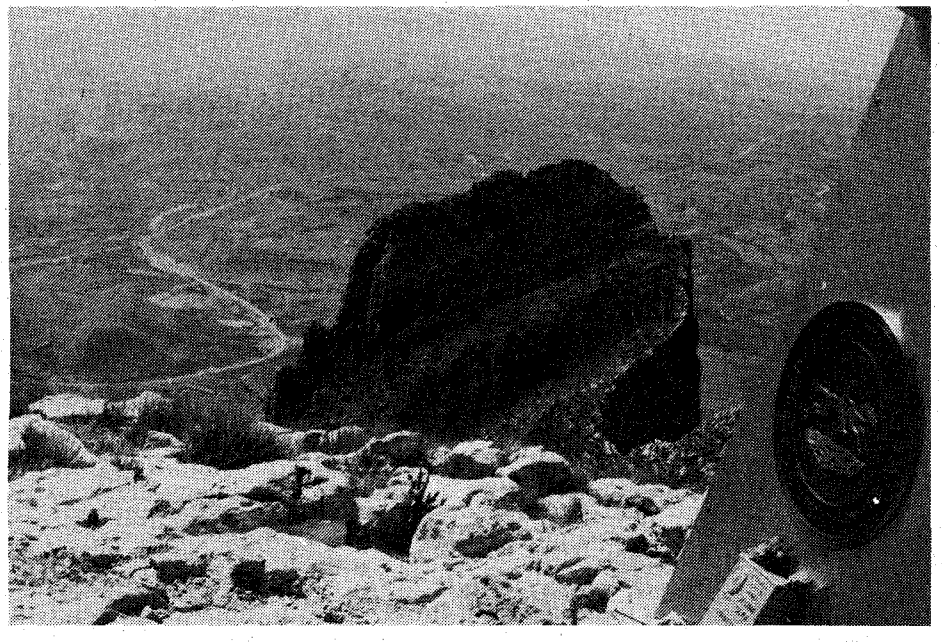
Waterman Lily Ormsby, an adventuresome New York reporter, rode that first stage and told of seeing Polancio's grave late in the afternoon of September 28. A few minutes later about 7:00 p.m. Ormsby reported his westbound stage met the first eastbound stage.

The stages hardly paused for greetings before the reporter's coach headed northwest toward Crow Springs and the distant Cornuda twin mountains which offered relief for men and mules.

The Overland Mail route was a grinding 25-day marathon over rivers, desert and mountains with side benefits that Ormsby described so well. From towering El Capitan's breathtaking view one can see where East first met West that long ago September evening, and where Polancio was planted in his lonely grave. And while on the peak, turn toward the west and north where the Cornuda "horns" etch the horizon some forty-five miles away, and where a tired news reporter quenched his thirst early in the morning on September 29, 1858. While looking north, if conditions are favorable, you may see snow-capped Sierra Blanca over a hundred miles away, a pearl in the sky that overshadows Billy the Kid country.

Other legendary sites clutter the landscape, for close-by Manzanita Springs was raided by Lt. H. B. Cushing (1869) to wipe out an Apache rancheria. And for the treasure hunter, somewhere out there in the foothills Ben Sublett's elusive gold mine is still thumbing its nose at modern prospectors. Add to that scenario miles of primitive trails that lead into elk and bear country whose privilege it is to drink from cool trout streams. What a rich blend of history, nature and adventure we can find in our own back yard! Although I find the "adventure" bit a little harder to handle with nearly seventy years weighing on a well worn backpack, it's worth every aching step.—"Cap" Carpenter, 1817 Pulliam, San Angelo, Texas 76903

Above, "Cap" Carpenter stands by the pylon atop Signal Peak, marking the highest land elevation in the state.



Below, the view from Signal Peak, showing El Capitan just below. From these vantage points a back-packer can have the "best seat in the house" while looking for traces of historical trails.

From an Author

A cousin whom I had not seen or heard from for fifty years read my story, "From Chilkoot to Bear Paw" in the February '79 issue and it was through this that our family was reunited. My cousin had not known my married name before. His name is Theodore W. Lange of El Monte, California. His father took back an old spelling of the family name.

My husband and I were pleased with "From Chilkoot to Bear Paw." We have heard many fine comments. Bob Rudset from the Tacoma *News-Tribune* who took the picture of me with the three portraits was especially happy.

Since we are from pioneer families in the Northwest, our keen interest in the regional history has inspired us to write many articles—125 have been published—five or six by Western Publications.—Rowena Alcorn, 3806 North 24th Street, Tacoma, Washington 98406

How To Spend a Winter Evening

Been reading where you may come out with a new *True West* double-issue starting with the first volume. This sounds great to me and I would sure like to subscribe if you do.

I have a small grazing lease and run about 150 head of Herefords. My ranch is primitive and without electricity and it may seem crude to some, but that's because they have never had the experience of coming in at the end of a hard day on the range, having a good meal, picking up one of your magazines, lying in bed next to a wood-burning stove with a cold wind outside and reading next to

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a kerosene lamp until you fall asleep. That's living!

Please notify me if you start the new magazine.—John Bolf, Box 422, Lucerne Valley, California 92356

Remember the "Three Keyboards"?

I have just read my October '79 issue and was delighted with Helen Clark's story on H. C. Eklund. I lived in Great Falls from 1948 to 1952 and attended school at the Ursuline Academy. My step-father, Wilfred R. Plummer, was the manager of the Mint at that time and I spent many enjoyable hours looking at the Charles Russell collection there. My cousin, John Woolverton, owned the cigar store just a few doors away.

I was especially interested with the mention of a Robert Vaughn and wonder if he is the author of a book I have. It is *Then and Now, or 30 Years in the Rockies* by Robert Vaughn, copyrighted in 1900. I have been told this is a rare book but do not know its value. It contains a picture of "Young Boy" mentioned in the article.

I'm always interested in stories about Montana as I was born in Helena in 1935. My father, Howard Craig, was a musician of some popularity in the state and is remembered at "The Montana Club" in Helena. He with two others, Bill Siebold and "Pee Wee" Weber, were known as the "Three Keyboards."

In 1953 my family moved to Wyoming so I look for Wyoming stories too. Now that I reside in Oklahoma I watch for stories of this state. We live in Cheyenne, the site of the Washita Battle. But we really enjoy the whole magazine.—Charee Hall, P. O. Box 153, Cheyenne, Oklahoma 73628

Long-lived Cowpokes

Don't ever believe that the real honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool cowpokes died with the coming of barb wire and railroads.

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(Continued on page 61)

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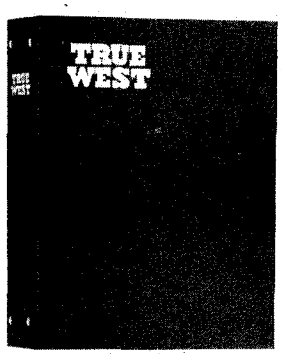

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DEPUTY MARSHAL A LONG SILENCE

By EDWARD W. "TED" JOHNSON

Introductory Note: This manuscript was written by my grandfather, "Ted" Johnson, during 1932-33. The manuscript has never been edited and is just as he prepared it almost fifty years ago. It has never been published or made public in any form. As a matter of fact, it was lost in the family for almost thirty years and discovered just recently.

I believe his account is of historical importance because it contains new primary source material and because, as far as I know, it is the only account of the incident from a point of view other than the Marlows'.—Dennis Glasgow

IN the year of March, 1885, my father, Edward W. Johnson, was appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal, along with Lon Burrison, Ben Cabel, John Godman, John Miller and several others, by Gen. Cabel, U. S. Marshal of Dallas, Texas. My father was sent to Graham, Texas, as Graham was the last U. S. Court north and west of Dallas.

My intention in writing this is to tell the true facts as I remember them. As I was the oldest child, my father has told me many times of this and other hardships he had during the four years of service as U. S. Marshal. Nearly all of his duties were in the western part of the Indian Territory. (When I refer to the Indian Territory I mean what is now known as the State of Oklahoma.) So it is indelibly stamped on my memory, and no doubt I know more about this affair than any man living today.

There have been many fictitious stories written about the Marlow brothers and the mob, but those which I have ever read certainly do not present the facts. They are generally dictated by the Marlows or their friends, as none of the other side care to air it to the public. As my father has been criticized and so cruelly misrepresented, I am writing this so that my children may know the truth; also, at the request of my father when I last saw him alive in 1930, at Los Angeles, California.

At this time he gave me additional data on this and asked me to make a note of it so that his grandchildren may know the truth.

AT GRAHAM, TEXAS

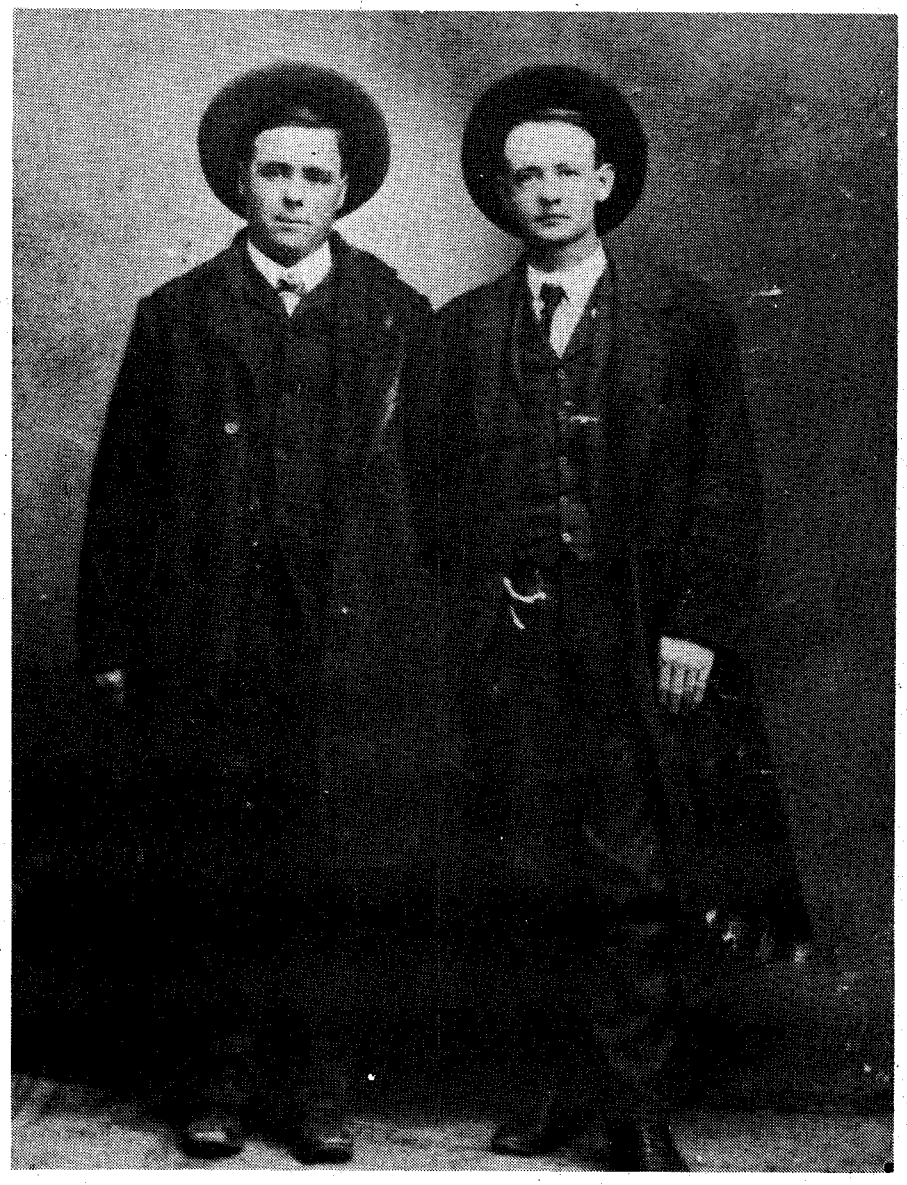
IN the year of 1888, Charlie Marlow, George Marlow, Alf, Lewellen and Boone Marlow, all brothers, were indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for theft of Indian ponies in Indian Territory, the witnesses being a few white men and and several Comanche Indians. Chief Quanah Parker was one of the Indian witnesses.

Along with other indictments were warrants for the five Marlow brothers. These were turned over to my father, Ed Johnson, for their arrest—Location: Indian Territory, Wichita Mountains, Comanche Reservation.

Now at this time, and for many years previous, the Indian Territory was infested with many outlaws, mostly from the states; and here I want to explain that no state officers could legally enter the Indian Territory and arrest a state criminal. Even a U. S. Marshal had no authority to arrest a state criminal without a federal warrant. However, they did, at times, what they called "kidnap" a bad state criminal and bring him across the line to be rearrested by state authorities.

Whether the Marlow brothers were

Author, Ted Johnson (on right) with friend, Jim Woods, taken in Graham, Texas in 1902.



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JOHNSON BREAKS

—and he calls it: "The facts of the Marlow Brothers, their arrest and trip to Graham (Texas) from Indian Territory, and explanation of their character; also the bloody Battle of Dry Creek where they and U. S. Guards were attacked by a mob."

submitted by DENNIS GLASGOW

Photos provided by author

outlaws I am not going to say, but I will give a brief account of them in facts, and let whosoever reads this decide for themselves. (Twelve federal grand jurors and about fifteen witnesses said they were.)

We will now follow their continual moves and arrests and final outcome. We will start out with the Marlow brothers at the Navajo Mountains in Wilbarger County, Texas, close to the lines of the Indian Territory, although, according to their own statements, they had been almost continuously on the move from Missouri, Kansas, California, Colorado, Old Mexico and Texas for a number of years previous.

At their hold-out in the Navajo Mountains, Boone Marlow, the youngest, killed Jim Halstein and was indicted by a Texas grand jury for murder, first degree. Next, they moved very quickly into No Man's Land, this territory being under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Government and forbidden territory for state officers.

In about 1886, Father made a trip into No Man's Land after some criminals who had been run out of the Arbuckle Mountains. There was a certain sheriff of Texas who went with him as his deputy, along with several others. This was the custom on all trips into the Territory when after outlaws. Father was allowed from three to six deputies.

On this trip Boone was not to be found, as he was continuously on the dodge. Now, they move again to the Wichita Mountains, Indian Territory, farther away from the Texas line. I have been told that Boone had sworn he would never return to Texas alive.

NOW, in the summer of 1888, my father and two deputies went to the Territory, and on arriving at Fort Sill and getting the location of the Marlow brothers' hold-out, they were advised by Captain Lee Hall (who was at that time Government Distributor for the Indians, Kiowa and Comanche) that the Marlow Brothers were a bad bunch, heavily armed, and would not surrender easily. He insisted on sending one Indian Police and two soldiers with them. But upon arriving at the Marlow camp, the boys were all gone, the mothers and wives saying they were in the Pottawatomie country, trading.

Upon investigation they were not to be found there. So, after about a week's search, and serving a few subpoenas for witnesses, they returned to Graham. In a very short time Father got a tip that they were at home working their crop. This time he was accompanied by four deputies, including Sam Criswell, as Sam nearly always accompanied him to the Territory; Marion Wallace; Lon Burrison, Deputy Marshal; and Dink Allen. They were reinforced at Fort Sill with two Indian Police and soldiers. On approaching the Marlow house, they saw that two of the boys were plowing the field, while the other two were at the corral close to the house.

Now, part of the officers made a run for the field while others cut the two off from the house. The Marlows all being unarmed, they were easily arrested.

In the meantime, the mother and womenfolk, seeing what was going on at the house, started with guns to the field for the other boys, as the field was not in view of the house. It took considerable argument and persuasion to convince the mother that the other two were then under arrest, and before she would give up the guns. However, she said that Boone and the others would overtake the officers and release the prisoners before they crossed the Red River.

As Boone was not at home at this time, the four arrested were Charlie, George, Alf, and Lep. (Lewellen was generally known as Lep.) He and Alf were, as I have been told, twins. They were placed in irons and immediately started to Texas, staying the first night in Fort Sill.

Next morning my father, in a hack

News article from the *Graham Leader*, January 31, 1889.

BOONE MARLOW KILLED.

Martin Beavers, G. E. Harbolt and J. E. Direkson, who live in the Chickasaw Nation, brought the dead body of Boone Marlow into town last Monday. The remains were readily recognized by a number of our citizens. An inquest was held by 'Squire Starrett. He was killed on Hell Creek, Comanche nation, twenty miles east of Fort Sill, last Thursday night, by the parties who brought him here. They did not want to kill him, but he resisted arrest and they were compelled to kill him. They turned the body over to the Sheriff, and claimed the reward of $1500 offered by our citizens for his arrest, dead or alive. The reward was promptly paid.

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with the four prisoners, and the deputies on horseback, started to Texas. It was August 29, 1888.

The next night they camped on Red River, just over in Texas, at it was always the custom to cross a river before camping.

THE Marlows were shackled in pairs and handcuffed. Everyone except my father and Wallace were sleeping on pallets on the ground. The guards took two hours relay on watch.

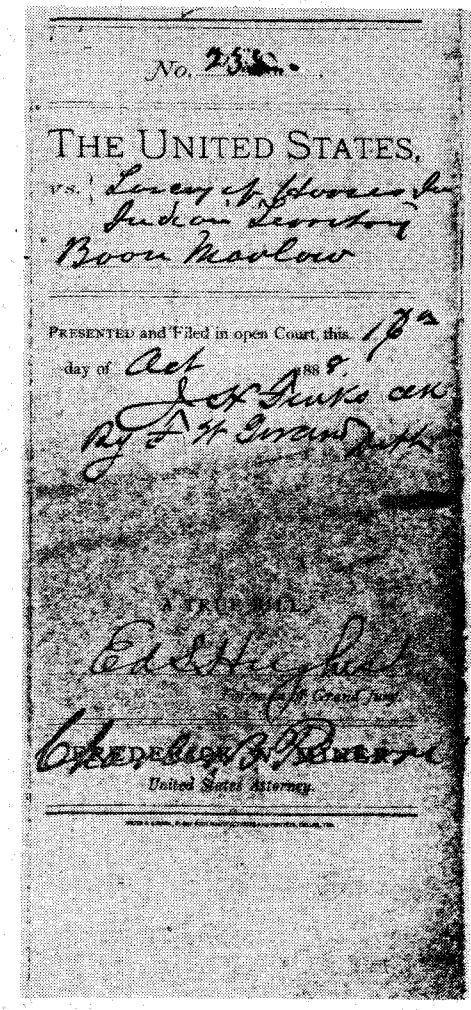
The guard that went on duty at two o'clock in the morning went to sleep sitting against a tree, with a Winchester across his lap. During the night one of the prisoners had slipped the handcuffs and seeing the guard asleep, he quietly awakened the others and they, in whispers, planned their escape. They were to take the breast yoke from the tongue of the hack, as they were sleeping close to it, knock the sleeping guard in the head, take his arms, kill Wallace and Johnson, and force the others to release their chains. Then disarm and take the hack and horses and make their escape.

Whether this plan would have worked or not we do not know, but we do know it would have been a desperate fight. But Wallace happened to awake and hearing the whispers of the prisoners awoke Johnson and they made a search of them, to find the handcuffs slipped. They relocked the handcuffs and sat up the rest of the night themselves.

Next day, by hard driving, they reached Graham, Texas, where the prisoners were lodged in jail. The U. S. Government used the county jail for their prisoners, and the sheriff of the county fed the prisoners. The U. S. deputies assisted the jailers, and during the absence of the Marshal, had sole charge of affairs.

I remember my father telling me about the enormous amount of firearms the Marlow brothers had in the house when arrested—buffalo guns, .45 six-shooters, shotguns and carbine rifles—all of the best makes and plenty of ammunition. Most of this was taken and left at Fort Sill.

IN the early fall of 1888 the four Marlow brothers sawed out of their jail cells, and, by tying blankets together, reached the ground and made their escape. About midnight the jailer, being awakened by some peculiar racket, got



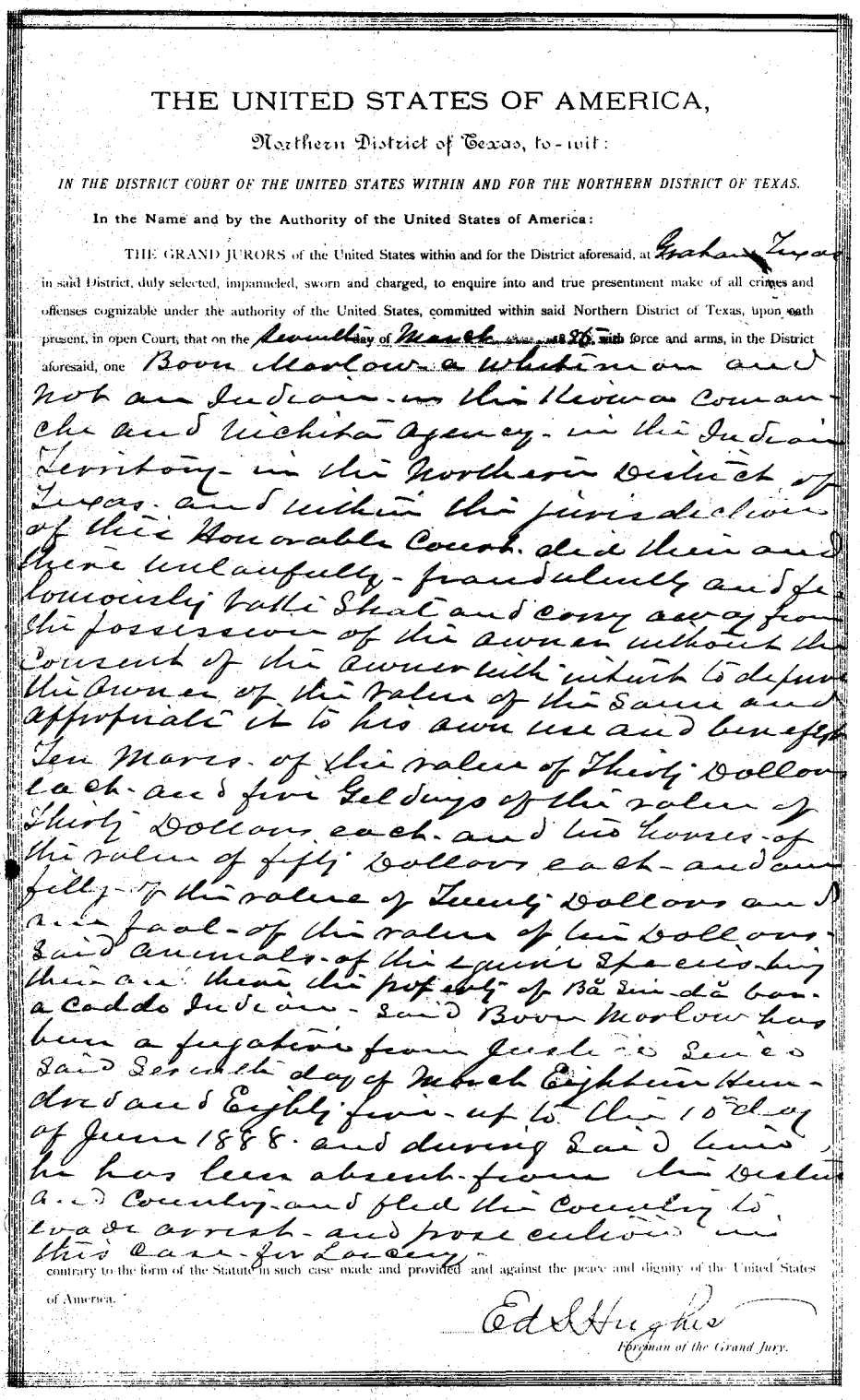
No. 252.

THE UNITED STATES,
vs.
Larceny of horses in Indian Territory
Boon Marlow

PRESENTED and Filed in open Court, this 18th day of Oct 1888
Jas Parks Clk
By J. H. Green Dep Clk

A TRUE BILL.
Ed S Hughes
Foreman Grand Jury

Frederick P. Rinehart
United States Attorney



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Northern District of Texas, to-wit:

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES WITHIN AND FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS.

In the Name and by the Authority of the United States of America:

THE GRAND JURORS of the United States within and for the District aforesaid, at Graham Texas in said District, duly selected, impanneled, sworn and charged, to enquire into and true presentment make of all crimes and offenses cognizable under the authority of the United States, committed within said Northern District of Texas, upon oath present, in open Court, that on the Seventh day of March A.D. 1888 with force and arms, in the District aforesaid, one Boon Marlow a white man and not an Indian in the Kiowa Comanche and Wichita Agency in the Indian Territory in the Northern District of Texas and within the jurisdiction of this Honorable Court did then and there unlawfully fraudulently and feloniously take steal and carry away from the possession of the owner without the consent of the owner with intent to deprive the owner of the value of the same and appropriate it to his own use and benefit Ten Mares of the value of Thirty Dollars each and five Geldings of the value of Thirty Dollars each and two horses of the value of fifty Dollars each and one filly of the value of Twenty Dollars and one foal of the value of ten Dollars. Said animals of the equine species being then and there the property of Ba sin da bon a Caddo Indian. Said Boon Marlow has been a fugitive from Justice since said Seventh day of March Eighteen Hundred and Eighty four up to the 10th day of June 1888 and during said time he has been absent from the District and County and fled the County to evade arrest and prosecution in this case for Larceny

contrary to the form of the Statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

Ed S Hughes
Foreman of the Grand Jury.

Above, the front of the official Grand Jury indictment document against Boone Marlow, for horse stealing. At left, the text inside.

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up and went upstairs and discovered their escape.

They at once notified my father, who was at home at the time, and they formed a force of three different parties for a search. As it was a drizzly, rainy night, they soon took up the trail by using lanterns.

The Marlows being on foot, their progress was slow. They were keen woodsmen and would use rocks to travel on when they could, but they were trailed down about daylight at the mouth of Connor Creek, about twelve miles southeast of Graham, where they had hidden under a large projecting rock. When commanded to do so, they came out and gave up, as all they had was an old cheap pistol.

Charlie Marlow laughed and said the reason they broke jail was to try to get bond, but the suspicion was that they intended to stay in hiding all day and ride out at night. They were placed back in jail.

I MENTION the following just to show to the readers the feeling that existed between my father and Sheriff Wallace. Father had lost his right arm in a battle with Bob James at Wichita Falls, February 29, 1888. He was an excellent shot with a revolver and could shoot fairly well with his left hand at the time. He had to practice quite a bit to get as good as he was with his right hand.

One day, after the arrest of the Marlow brothers, he and Wallace and several others were in Jeffery's Saloon. (Most everyone drank some in those days and a saloon was generally a sort of loafing place.) The question of marksmanship came up and Father made a statement that he could hit a dime on a tree at so and so many steps, three out of four, at which time Wallace offered to bet that he couldn't. Father told him that he didn't bet but that he would show them he could do as he said, at which time several others did put up several bets and the crowd, which amounted to a dozen or more, went out to the edge of town for the trial shoot.

Now Wallace was a popular man and liked by many, a great hand to joke but inclined to be a little overbearing; while Ed Johnson, my father, seldom ever joked but was high-tempered and quick to resent an insult.

After stepping off the distance, Wallace took a dime and started to place it about five feet up the side of a tree, at which Johnson requested it be placed near the roots of the tree. Nothing had been mentioned beforehand concerning the part of the tree where the target should be placed. An argument was started between Johnson and Wallace and the latter called Johnson a d - - - liar. In an instant they went for their pistols and, Johnson being quicker, had his .45 leveled on Wallace, with the demand that Wallace let go of his, which he had only half drawn from the scabbard.

This he did and, through the counsel of friends of both, the bets were withdrawn and the misunderstanding forgotten. Johnson then placed the target as he suggested and hit it three times out of four, as he said he would do, just to prove that he could do it. After this, I have heard my father say and also others, that Wallace had a somewhat dislike or enmity against him.

NOW back to the Marlows. After their jail break and capture, they were able to make bond. A man by the name of O. G. Denson, with considerable land and cotton to pick, went their bail. In a few days after their release on bond, Boone, the youngest brother, was arrested by soldiers at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and was brought to Graham by Johnson and placed in jail about December 12, 1888.

As Johnson had to return to the Indian Territory at once he informed Wallace that he had notified the sheriff of Wilbarger (County) by letter, as he passed through Wichita Falls, that he had Boone and would place him in jail at Graham. Also he cautioned Wallace in particular as to Boone and his character. He told Wallace to be very careful with him, as he had killed one man, shot at another, and further advised Wallace to hold Boone in jail until he received the state warrant from Wilbarger County, which he was sure would only be a few days.

"Tehuacana Jim," a Chief of the Wichita Indians, taken at Graham in 1886, when Jim served as a witness in Federal Court. The revolver in his pants was lent to him by U.S. Deputy Marshal E. W. Johnson.

Of course, the U. S. had an indictment only for theft against Boone, the other being state charges. All of this warning Wallace did not heed, as the second day the brothers of Boone came in and, through their bondsman, arranged bond for Boone on the U. S. charge. With Wallace making no demands to detain him he was released on December 15, 1888, and went with his brothers to the Denson farm.

Boone, thinking no one knew of his being wanted in Wilbarger County, stayed right there. No doubt he had this impression, or he would have immediately left the county. However, the third day after his release on bond, the ill-fated warrant for murder came to Sheriff Wallace to hold Boone for the sheriff of Wilbarger County.

At this time, December 17, 1888, Wallace and his deputy, Tom Collier, went to the Denson farm about twelve miles south of Graham to arrest Boone, arriving [at where the Marlows stayed] around noon. Charlie Marlow came to the door and told them to get off their horses and to come in as it was about dinner time.

Not seeing Boone, Wallace went to the rear and Collier stayed in front. Just as Wallace came to the rear door he was shot and mortally wounded, the shot coming through a crack in the wall. Collier, hearing the shot, ran to the rear and was also shot. It being only a scalp wound, he took refuge behind some corrals.

Charlie Marlow then called to Collier to lay down his arms and come in and assist him in taking care of the wounded sheriff. Collier did as Charlie requested and they carried Wallace into the house.

Now, the two brothers, Alf and Lep, were working about one-half mile away near the Denson house. On hearing the shots they immediately ran home, one of them going by Denson's house to get a gun, but Denson persuaded him to leave it.

Charlie at once put Alf on a horse and sent him on a dead run to Graham after a doctor. Boone immediately saddled a horse and rode away.

NOW I want to say that from this point on, it seems that the Marlow brothers were mistreated and persecuted most unreasonably. Even Alf, the boy who went after the doctor, was immediately thrown in jail by Deputy John Level, and not allowed to return home. The next day, Charlie, George and Lep were all arrested and put in jail.

George was five miles away and the others two and one-half miles away when the trouble occurred.

Dr. Price of Graham, and Mrs. Wallace, wife of the sheriff, and Billy Price, were the first to arrive at the Marlow home, and on asking Wallace who shot him, he said Boone. Billy Price, who now lives in Wellington, Texas, told me just the other day that he asked Wallace in person who shot him, and he said Boone.

Wallace was taken back to Graham the next day and died at his home on December 25, 1888. I have been told that his dying statement was that he did not know for sure who did the shooting,

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Boone or Charlie, and Deputy Collier could not be certain. But there is no doubt in my mind, and also that of my father, that Boone alone did the killing. Boone, however, could not be found, and the four remaining brothers, after Wallace's death, were turned over to the state authorities for action of the Grand Jury, and a reward of $1,500 was offered for the capture of Boone, dead or alive.

It seemed that the friends and relatives of Wallace wanted to lay the murder of Wallace on Charlie, as both shots were fired through a crack in the door; and it was rumored that Boone would naturally leave as he now knew he was wanted in Wilbarger County and also was a single man.

However, it doesn't look reasonable that Charlie would have invited them to come in and dine with them and then shoot them. While Collier said that Charlie closed the door and he heard someone run through the house to the back door, that could have been Boone or both, as Charlie claimed that Boone did grab a rifle and make for liberty and that he tried to prevent him, but it was too late.

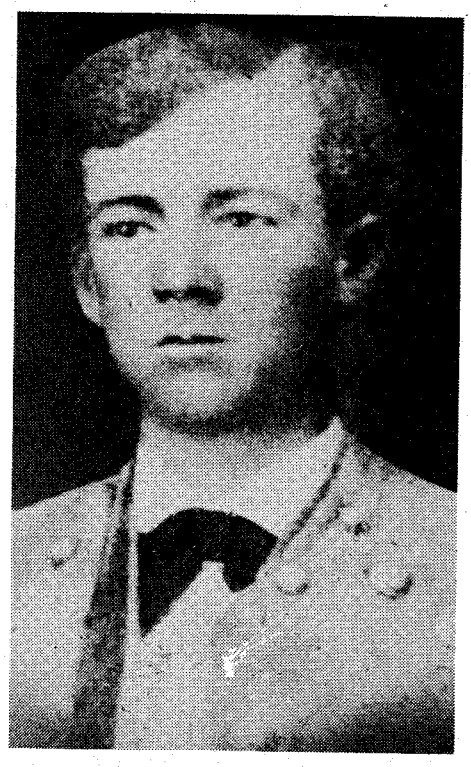
Sentiment kept gradually growing worse among the cattlemen and friends of the dead sheriff, and on the night of January 17, 1889, a mob of fifteen or twenty men overpowered the jailers and demanded Charlie Marlow, but the Marlows had unfastened a waterpipe and with this defended themselves.

It was said that Charlie used the weapon, knocking the leader down. While I never knew of any legal evidence, it was rumored that it was George Hill. However, George Hill died a few days later in the country seven miles from Graham, at his father's house. The cause of death was reported as brain fever. All was kept very quiet as the Hills were one of the pioneers of Young County and respectable people. Uncle Jack Hill, George's father, was an ex-Confederate soldier and ex-sheriff of Young County.

This attack being some time about midnight, the mob dispersed. The jailer, Sam Wagoner, sent a message to my father at once, with the report that a masked band of men had come and tried to release the Marlow brothers but had been driven away. I remember very distinctly my father telling Mother that the story was all bosh and that he suspicioned violence instead of release, and would go get some help to guard the jail until daylight.

He at once secured four more guards and went to the jail, at which time Charlie Marlow told him the particulars. As the Marlow boys were U. S. prisoners first, it was the duty of the Government to protect them. The next day Ed Johnson wired to Gen. Cabel the condition of affairs at Graham.

Cabel wired back to get heavy guard and to start at once to move them to the nearest railroad point, which was Weatherford, sixty miles overland from Graham, then they could be taken to Dallas by rail. Now came the trial of selecting the guards.



Ed W. Johnson wearing his father's Civil War uniform, around 1870, about the same time that E. W. Johnson was Deputy Sheriff in Arkansas.

Two men had already been killed by the Marlows, and the county was divided in opinion, so Johnson held a council with Major Girand, U. S. Magistrate, and Mr. Taylor, Postmaster, and the guards were decided on. All agreed that night was the best time to start, as the county was very mountainous and there was fear of ambush. So, selecting his guards a few hours ahead, and with the strictest orders of secrecy, it was planned to leave Graham about nine o'clock, January 19, 1889, a Saturday night.

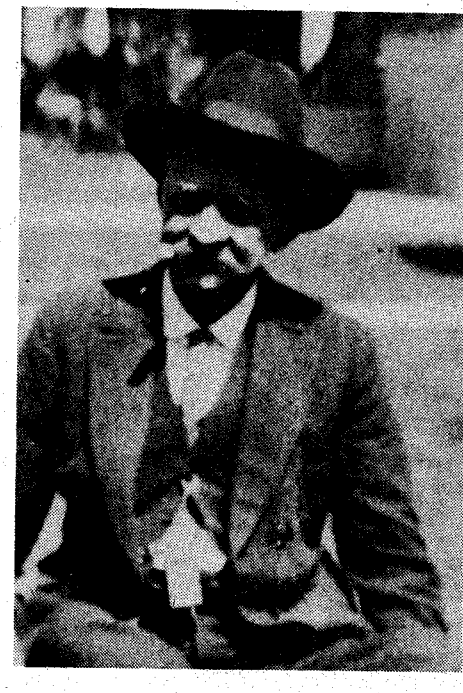
NOW I want to explain with reference to the selection of the guards. As I have said, in holding the council it was agreed to get part of the guards from among the friends of Wallace, to prevent ambush and also to prevent them from organizing a party of violence.

The guards were summoned to meet at the jail by dark. The guards selected were P. A. Martin, County Attorney; Sam Criswell of Belknap (an old Deputy of Johnson's); John Level (a Deputy of Wallace's); Little Marion Wallace (a nephew of Wallace); John Girand (son of Major Girand, U. S. Magistrate); Sam Wagoner (Jailer); and Bill Hollis and Jean Logan of Belknap.

Logan said, at the time he was summoned, that he would have to go home and change horses, but that he would be at the jail on time. But for some unknown reason, he was not at the jail when the time arrived to leave. However, I understand he sent word that he would catch up with them.

Now, there were good horses in those days and good riders and somebody snitched. News must have spread quickly, as some of the mob left on the battlefield were seen an hour before sundown at their homes, about twenty-five miles away.

The time arrived to leave with the prisoners, conveyances being one three-seated hack, one two-seated hack, one single buggy, and two horseback. The four Marlows—Charlie, George, Alf, and Lep



E. W. Johnson about 1918—toward the end of his law enforcement career.

—with two other U. S. prisoners (Burkhart and Pitts) were shackled in pairs. The four Marlow brothers were in the two back seats, and Burkhart and Pitts on the front seat with P. A. Martin as driver. This was the lead.

Next came the other hack with Deputy Marshal Ed Johnson in charge, occupied by Sam Criswell, John Level and John Girand (guards). This hack contained all the extra arms, such as Winchester rifles and a supply of ammunition.

Next came the buggy with Little Marion Wallace and Sam Wagoner (guards), and in the rear two mounted guards—Will Hollis and Jean Logan. Although Logan had not shown up when they left the jail, it was proved later that he caught up with Hollis about a mile out of town.

One of the guards suggested to Johnson that he handcuff the prisoners, but being of a suspicious nature Johnson refused to do so, and told Charlie Marlow that he would leave their hands free, for which Charlie thanked him at the time.

So, all ready, they left the jail about 9:30 P.M. and quietly moved on.

ABOUT one and one-half miles out of town, someone suggested that they

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all stop and take a drink, as the night was very cold. This they did and Johnson took the bottle back to the hack the prisoners were in and they passed it around. I have been told that Charlie Marlow told the boys not to swallow the whiskey, as he looked for trouble before morning.

About one-half mile ahead was Dry Creek, with very steep banks at each entrance. Just as the front hack with prisoners, and the second hack of guards reached the far side and top of the creek bank (the buggy and horsemen still being in the creek bed), a number of masked men came out of the brush (mostly from the south side) with drawn pistols demanding "hands up" to guards and prisoners.

Martin, the driver of the front hack with the prisoners, surrendered at once. Three masked men with leveled pistols halted the second hack. Johnson and Criswell being in the front seat, and Johnson seeing part of his guards jump out and run and his trusted old Deputy (Sam Criswell) badly excited knew at once that he was doublecrossed.

So, in an instant Johnson fired the first shot, no doubt killing the leader of the trio of the three masked men, shouting at the same time to the Marlow brothers to come to his hack, if possible, where there was plenty of arms, and to fight for their lives.

When Johnson fired, there was a perfect volley of shots. In fact, he told me it seemed like a perfect blaze of fire, and while waiting for the blindness of the fire to recede, someone from behind or at the left side grappled Johnson's pistol, which he held onto until he was pulled from the hack. He being one-armed, the pistol was wrenched from him.

On left, Ted Johnson; right, Edward W. Johnson, taken in 1930.

Charlie Marlow claimed, in some of his stories, to have been the one that disarmed Johnson. But Johnson said not, for at that time the Marlow brothers were grappling with the mob in a hand-to-hand fight, and within a few feet of the hack in which the guns were stored. My father has told me many times that while he did not know the man who wrenched his pistol, he *did know* it was *not* Charlie Marlow. He was of the belief it was one of his own guards.

At this moment, someone from behind opened fire on Johnson, the first shot taking effect in his only hand, literally tearing it to pieces. He then turned around and the party was still firing at him at close range with a Winchester. Turning sideways to his assailant, Johnson edged off to the left, as both sides of the road were fenced. He called to the man that he was wounded and unarmed, but to no avail, and whoever it was took deliberate aim and shot at him nine more times, and he could hear every one of them whine.

All this time there was a constant volley of fire from the brush, and also the Marlows had succeeded in disarming some of the mob and reached the hack and procured more arms. The fight was on proper now. Johnson, being wounded and under fire, made his way through the fence on the left side and entered the creek.

Now Johnon must have borne a charmed life, for in the first volley fired by the mob, the front top of the hack was literally riddled with bullets just over his head, and out of ten shots fired directly at him, only one took effect, as above stated. However, there were three separate bullet holes through the front lapel of his overcoat and one through his hat and another bullet completely cut a plaited hair watch chain in two.

Poor Sam Criswell, Johnson's trusted guard, was found dead about twenty feet from the rear of the hack, with his neck broken by a large caliber bullet. Whether he died fighting or running it was never known for certain, but it was always the opinion of Johnson that he died game, as Johnson said he had seen Criswell tried many times and knew he was fearless.

THE MOB finally retreated to the bushes where, after about twenty or thirty minutes of constant firing from the mob and the Marlows, the firing ceased. The mob could be heard leaving through the bushes, the Marlows begging and cursing them as cowards to come back and finish their job. There were several wounded in the mob, bloodstains were traced in several directions, but who they were was never proven.

Now, Johnson, being the last one to leave was, as he said, very thirsty from loss of blood and found some water in the creek bed. After quenching his thirst he said he could hear the moaning of the wounded and could recognize the voice of Charlie Marlow. Knowing the awful thirst of a wounded man, he got his hat full of water and making it to the road, started up the bank and called to the

(Continued on page 48)

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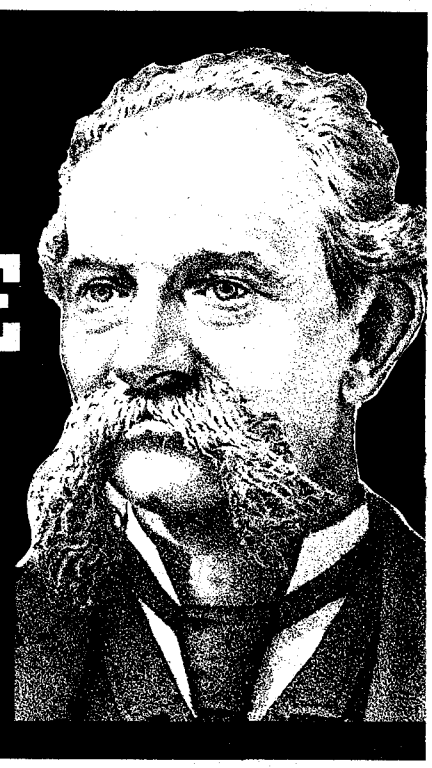
THE VIGILANTE YEARS

"Better be called a coward than a corpse . . ."



Colonel George Hunter.

By GEORGE HUNTER

Explanatory Note: As this episode opens, George Hunter has just recovered from mountain fever after being nursed back to health by kindly Mormons and the post physician at Fort Douglass, Utah. He, in company with another man, has been engaged to carry the express to East Bannack and Virginia City, Montana.

FROM Salt Lake City to East Bannack and thence to Virginia City, is a distance of some four hundred miles, parallel with the Rocky Mountains, which we crossed on the way. We made reasonable time, taking into consideration the snow and other obstructions.

At Virginia City or Stinking Water we heard all about the Vigilantes' operations of the fall before.

It appears that one McGruder, of Lewiston, Idaho, had taken a pack-train from the latter place to the Stinking Water mines, taking with him some men from Lewiston.

On his (McGruder's) selling out his goods, some of these men returned with him a part of the way. Reaching a lonely part of the mountains they killed McGruder in camp and one of them rode his favorite mule back to Lewiston. They went on to San Francisco where they were captured, brought back to Lewiston, tried and hung—except one Page who turned state's evidence. Page was killed some years later after a brawl.

There were many hung at East Bannack, Virginia City and Nevada City; among them, Sheriff Plummer, Boon Helm, Dutch Slade and several others.

Soon after my arrival I joined a party of eight, myself making the ninth, and started out prospecting.

We went down the Beaver Head and across the mountains to the Prickly Pear country, east of where Helena now is. Nothing occurred worthy of note until we got into the Yellowstone country. Here we camped one night near a small stream that cut a deep channel through the loose soil near a bluff. We had supper, staked and hobbled our horses out to graze just under the bluff, then lay down for the night.

As we had not seen any sign of Indians or heard of any hostilities, we had no thought of danger. My bedfellow was one Raymond, if I remember; we were sleeping in our blankets as were the rest, around our camp-fire. Just as day was breaking we were all aroused by the firing of guns and the yells of Indians from the top of the bluff. I said "all"—but Raymond, poor fellow, was just awakened, as a rifle-ball killed him by my side as we lay in our blankets.

I felt a sharp sting in my thigh. It required but a glance to take in the situation. Hurriedly we tumbled the grub, blankets and saddles into the bed of the creek which protected us from the fire from the bluff above. Myself and one other, after a hurried consultation with the others, concluded to get the horses, as it would be sure death to be left afoot.

Directing the others to keep up a brisk fire at the top of the bluff, we, when all was ready, started and ran as fast as we could to our horses, and cut the picket ropes and hobbles. My comrade mounted the bell horse, I another, whipping the others ahead of us. We dashed away keeping well under the bluff for some distance and until we were assured we were out of range of the guns on the cliff, then we made for the gulch and into the deep cut, then led them up to our camp where we had left the rest of the party.

We dragged the remains of our dead companion into the gulch and buried him under some rocks and gravel. Another victim of the "noble red man's" hospitality; another old timer had "passed in his checks;" another daring, brave and energetic frontiersman had sunk his last prospect hole, and without a moment's time allowed him to implore the aid or forgiveness of God, was cut down in the bloom of youth, and hurried to that "undiscovered country." No relative stood near to close his dying eyes.

As he had nothing upon his person that gave us the address of his family or friends, and we were not sure that we even had his right name, we had no means of communicating with his kindred and friends, and as many pioneers had been and many more were, we left him in an unknown grave, saddled up and started away, following the gulch or ravine some distance. Then we struck across the country on our return to Stinking Water.

Getting eight or ten miles from the place of attack, we came to a small stream of cool water, and as we had not seen anything of the Indians following us, I got off my horse and told the others I would look after my pet. Pulling off my boot I found it and the sock saturated with blood which had flowed from a deep flesh wound in my thigh. This was the first intimation any of the others had of my being hurt. As it was not painful, I wrapped some pieces of cloth around the leg, then saturated it with cold water. We filled our canteens and moved on.

As we now had evidence of the hostilities of the Indians, we made the best time we could for Virginia City. I kept the wound in my thigh wet with cold water, and a small piece of rusty bacon thrust into the openings to keep them from healing too soon, so I suffered but little inconvenience during our return trip.

UPON our return to Black Alder, or Stinking Water, I engaged in mining, hiring out to a party of eleven men to run a drain-race to their claim under the stream.

After working a couple of months I started one day down a shaft to see some timbers put in, when the rope gave way, and I fell some thirty feet to the bottom, bruising me up very severely. This laid me up for some weeks.

Just at this time a man came along with whom I got acquainted at Camp Douglass, by the name of Doc Vanvalsey. "Van," as he was called, was an old Forty-niner. He had passed through many hardships, and led a wandering life, and

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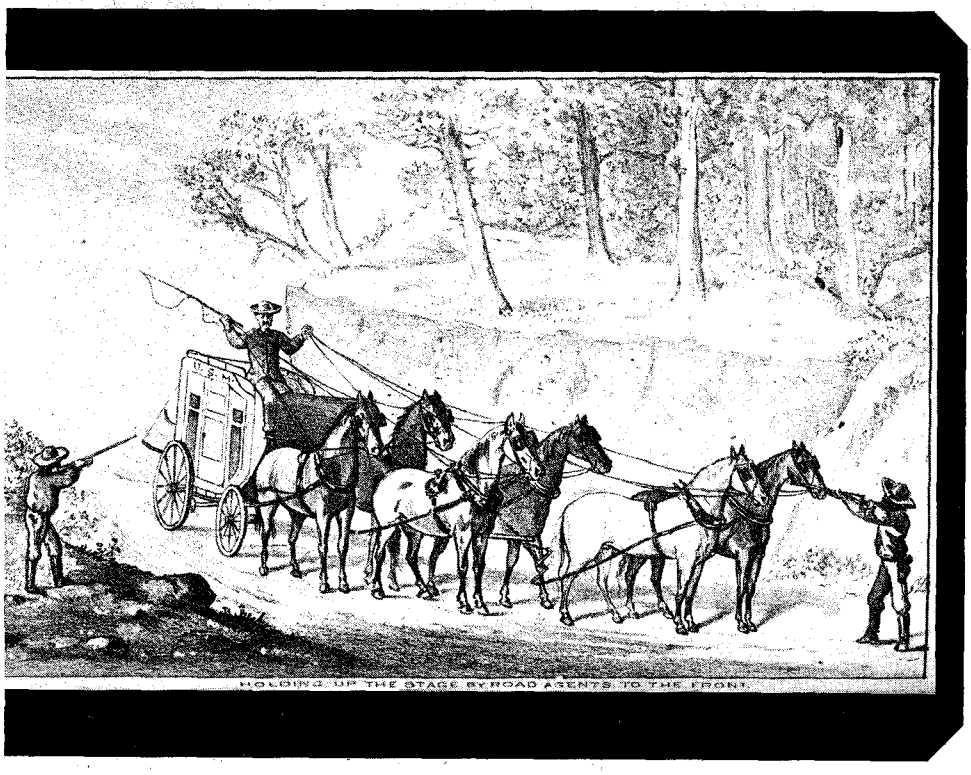
at last found himself at Salt Lake City, flat broke. Being too proud to beg, he enlisted in Connor's division at Camp Douglass. A warm friendship had sprung up between Van and myself while I was at Salt Lake, he being a brother Mason.

Some time after I left Salt Lake he had a difficulty with a young "doughboy" infantry lieutenant, finally ending his relations with Uncle Samuel's business-man by striking him on the head with the hilt of his saber. He then sprang onto his cavalry horse and skipped for a more healthy camp. After getting well away he left his horse and saber to be returned to his Captain (Smith), got in with some teamsters, and came on to Virginia City, where he heard that he could find me, and made his appearance at the cabin where I was lying at the time bruised and broken from my recent fall.

He told me all about his trouble. I called the foreman of the company (the Nevada Company) to me and related Van's story to him, and he repeated it to the others of the company. Van was sure there were soldiers following him under command of the lieutenant that he had polished off with his saber, and said he was not at all anxious to return to Camp Douglass, as they had a bad "breast complaint" there, and the pills they prescribed for the complaint he had been attacked with would prove very hard to digest; so he preferred to stay where he was.

All of the company being Masons instead of soldiers, and being in need of workmen, they hired Van to run a car in the drifts; and, as his clothes were much like those worn by soldiers, and quite unfit for underground work, he borrowed a suit from one of the boys and repaired to the drifts; and so great was his *care for the interests of his employers* that he never left the drifts from daylight till dark.

Soon after Van's appearance Captain Smith came to our camp. He had heard of me as Van had. Smith, in conversation with me, said: "Hunter, we heard of Van's coming up this creek; and I believe, as does the lieutenant, that you know where Van is. That is your business; but I'm afraid it would go hard with Van if he was caught; and this lieutenant will catch him if Van hasn't some good friend that will help him out of the country."



This adventure was taken from **REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER**, Memoirs of a Pacific Northwest Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout, Colonel George Hunter. Published in 1887 by H. S. Crocker and Company, San Francisco. Other episodes will appear in chronological order.

The captain took dinner with us, shook hands, and returned to Virginia City, where a detachment was camped on the watch for Van.

A few days later four of the company sold out to their partners, and I with them determined to start for Fisherville, a new mining-camp struck on Studhorse Creek in British Columbia, some five hundred miles distant.

These four men's names were Brents, Roarer and two Scott brothers. The Scott brothers and Brents repaired to town to purchase horses for the trip. We would require for the trip five riding-horses and three or four for packing; but as they had a chance to buy in a lot cheap, they took all the party had, which was six riding-horses with riding-saddles, and five others, with *aparajos* for packing. The same party that sold them this outfit having a large supply of guns and pistols, they bought one of each for each of the five of us, and were presented with an extra gun and revolver, as a mark of great respect, from the gentleman they had bought of.

On their return with the horses and an entire outfit to last the party to Kootenia or Fishers, and the weather being warm, we concluded to go a short distance that night.

Just as we were shaking hands with our other friends, Van said that as we had an extra horse, saddle, gun and pistol, and as he had never been in "Her Majesty's possessions," he believed he would accompany us. We having plenty of grub, and Van being a thorough good fellow, we could not find it in our hearts to refuse his slightest request.

All being ready, we took leave of our friends, and rode swiftly away in the dark for the new *Eldorado*.

NEAR morning we reached Beaver Head, rested a short time, and then went on our way from day to day; crossed the Big Hole river, and on to the head of Deer Lodge river, passing on down this stream to near the mouth of Little Blackfoot, or near Grant's place, where we stopped a day to fish and rest.

Evening came, and just as we were sitting down to supper, Captain Smith came riding up to us, and after giving and receiving a friendly salutation, dismounted, sat down and partook of our meal. He told us that he had come in company with "our" lieutenant and that he was encamped a mile or so above Grant's, on the Deer Lodge; that he (Smith) had come on ahead to see after provisions, etc., at Grant's, and hearing of us and our camp, concluded to come on and see us before he returned to his camp.

Smith didn't appear to recognize Van. We were careless in those days, and didn't introduce him—in fact, I don't think it was expected.

After we had finished our supper, the captain said he would return to his command, and if we did not start too early in the morning, he would join us, and most likely keep company with us for some time.

We told him we thought most likely we would move on that night, as the mosquitoes were not as bad in the night as they were in the daytime. He said the lieutenant had frequently suggested the same thing, but he was not fond of night rides, and should not attempt one for a few days if he could help it. He then bid us goodnight.

We were soon on the road, and making good time. This was the last we heard of our soldier friends.

Day after day we kept on our journey, passing Hellgate and the old mission on the Jocko, and on to Flathead lake.

Here we again stopped for a few days, fishing and hunting and letting

(Continued on page 42)

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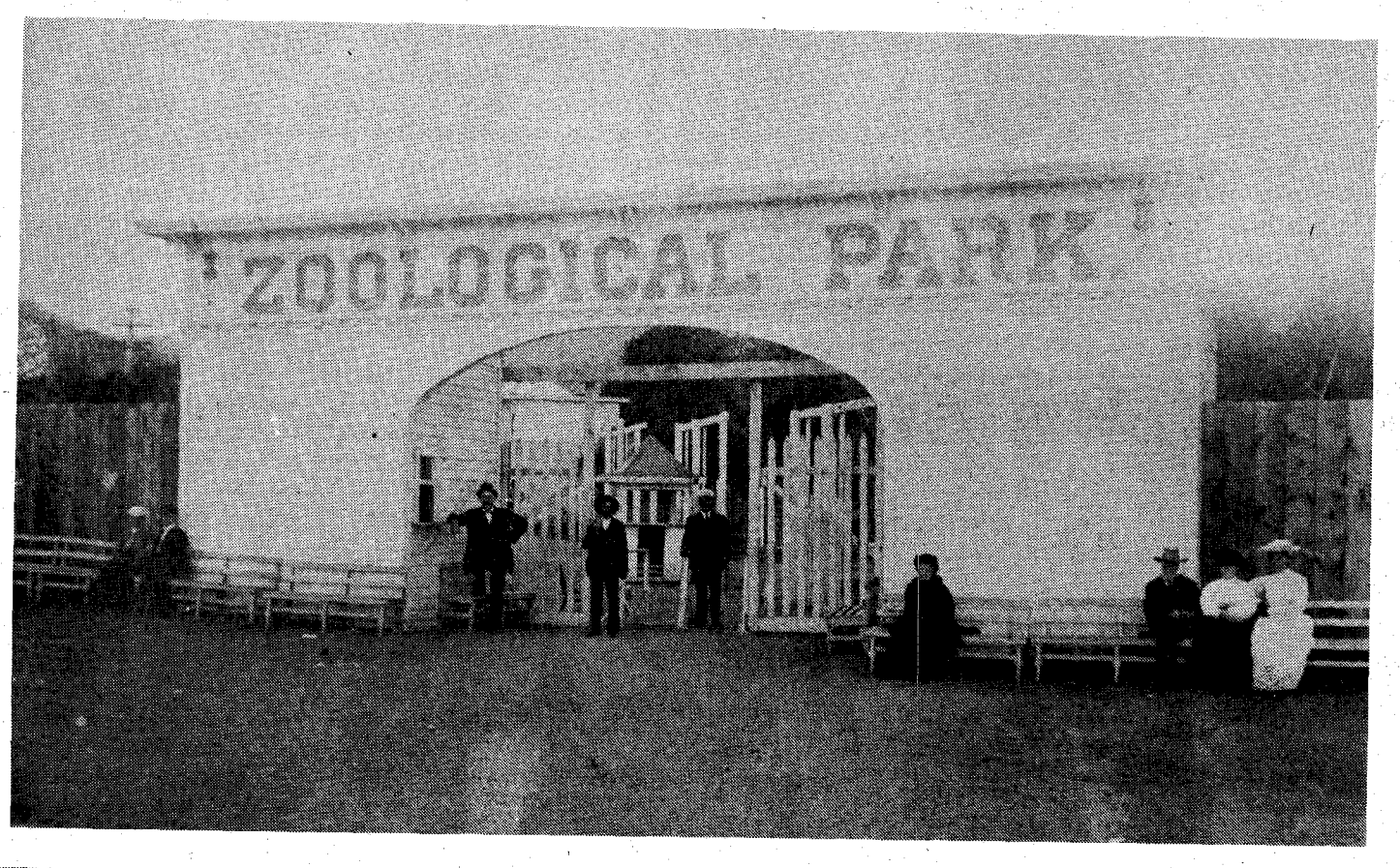

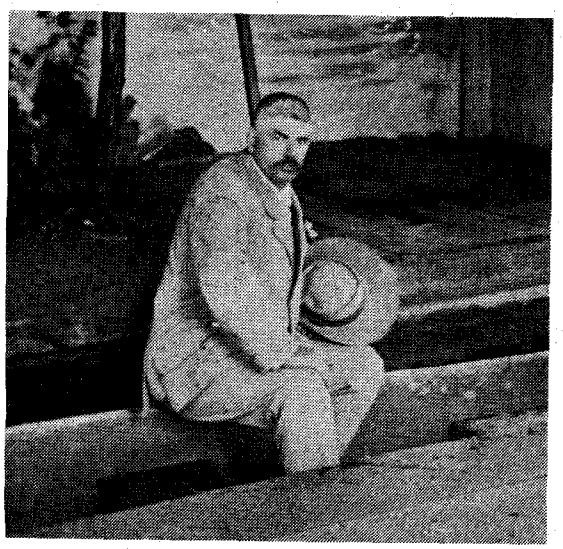

BATHHOUSE JOHN'S COLORADO COME-DOWN

By A. J. BRUENING as told to HANK GIVENS

Photos provided by author

Top of page, ten cents admission was required at John "Bathhouse" Coughlin's amusement park and zoological gardens. Coughlin built his Colorado attraction with money he had accumulated from years of political payoffs in Chicago. At left, John Coughlin was elected boss of Chicago's first ward in 1892.

About the Author: Alvin J. Bruening's father arrived in Colorado in 1887 and purchased an 80-acre ranch on Cheyenne Creek near Colorado Springs for $35 an acre, adding to it until he had 320 acres.

Alvin was born in the family home at 222 Cheyenne Road in 1888. His mother died there in 1895 and four days later, his grandmother died, leaving his dad and a succession of housekeepers to raise the family of four kids ranging in age from four to fourteen. Alvin started attending Cheyenne School when he was four.

"Otherwise, there wouldn't have been enough kids to warrant a teacher," he said.

The Bruening family bought only bacon, salt and coffee. "We grew feed, alfalfa, timothy and fodder, and kept horses and milk cows. My brother Arthur and I used to deliver milk in lard buckets to customers, which included Henry Ford and his family, who spent the summers at 405 Cheyenne Road. We delivered two quarts of milk a day to them at five cents a quart, and played with Edsel and his brothers."

Besides chores around the ranch, Alvin mowed the outfield in the Western League Baseball Park in Ivywild, and in the 1890s he hauled hay to Buffalo Bill's horses when he presented his circus in Colorado Springs.

For a time, he did some assessment of mining claims for his father and some

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of the latter's friends in New Mexico. From 1913 through 1915 he worked for the U. S. Forest Service on the Black Range, Pinos Altos, and Mogollon National Forests.

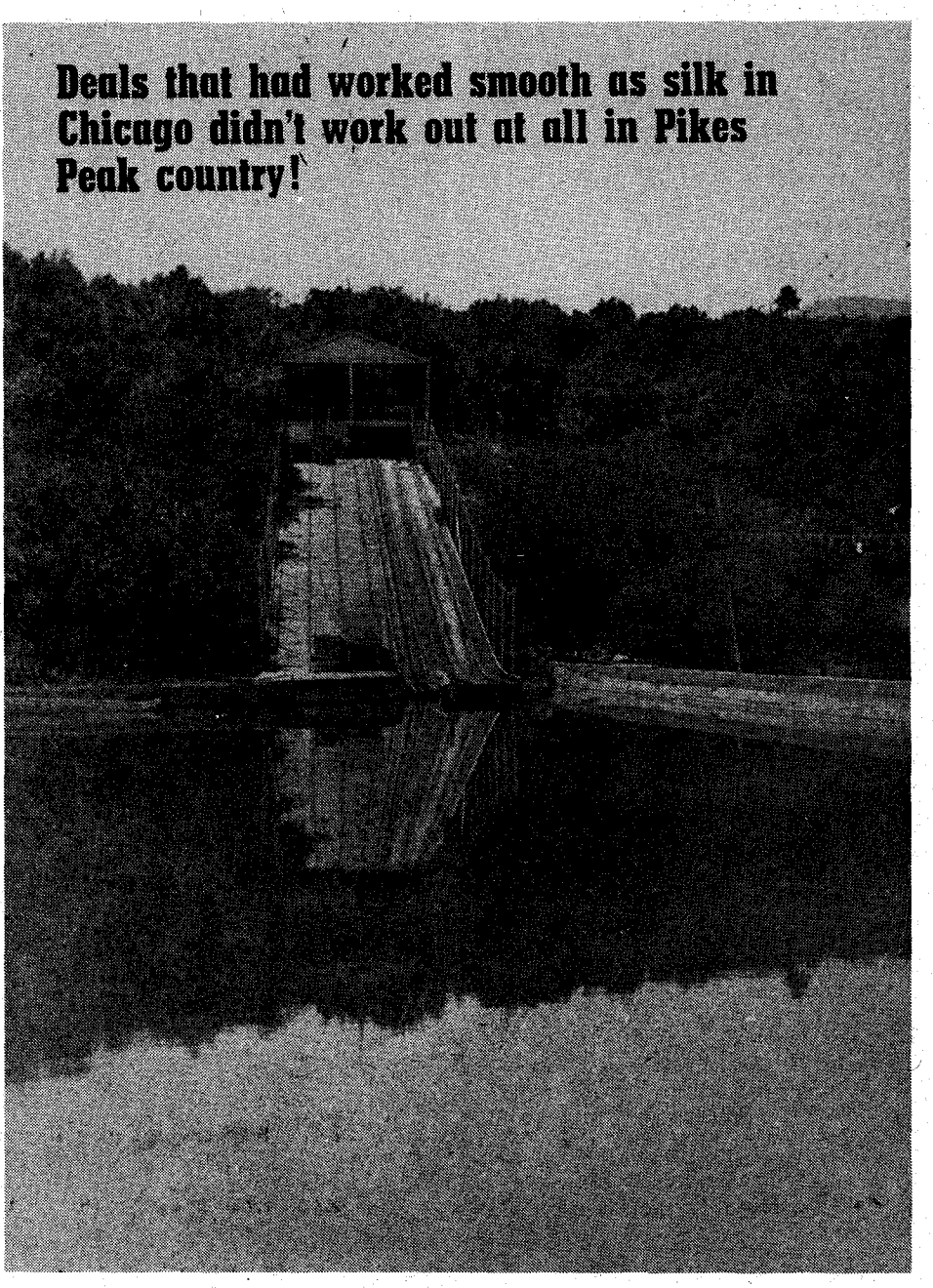
"I wanted to be a railroad engineer, but didn't have 20-20 vision," he lamented. But that didn't slow him down. He had a number of jobs on the West Coast, including one at Borax Smith's Idora Amusement Park, and he sacked feed and coal, and was in the billboard business at one time. Once in Seattle, he had fifteen jobs in eleven days, working all of them during that time!

Alvin was also in the Holstein cattle business with his brother Harry in South Park, Colorado but quit to move back to Colorado Springs and the dairy business when the drouth of 1922 came along.

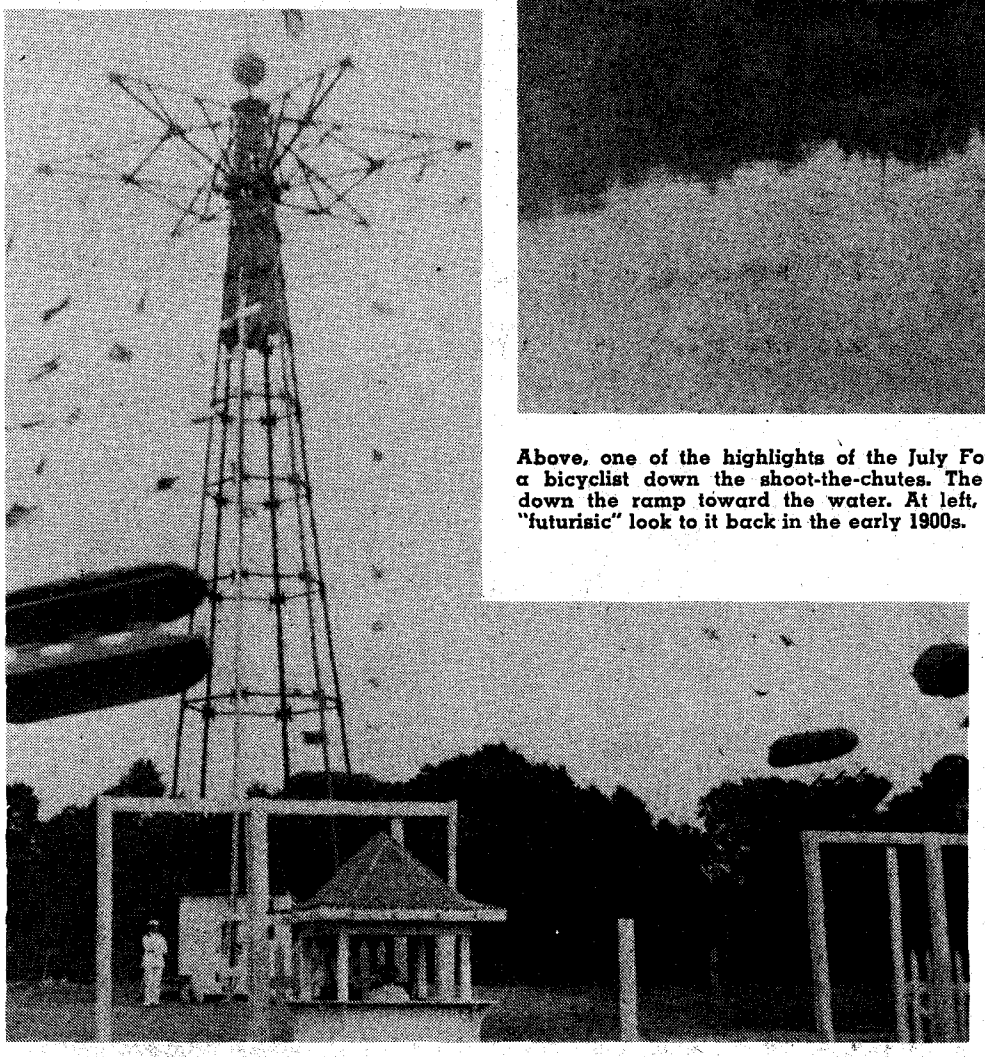
Alvin Bruening, who has two sons, still drives his car, but not in the heavy traffic of Colorado Springs. When he observes his birthday next July, he will probably spend part of the day as usual, riding his bicycle over to feed the fish and a sizeable flock of wild ducks on a lake on property he once owned.

Alvin was sixteen when he went to work for Bathhouse John Coughlin.—Hank Givens

Pioneers' Museum photos



Deals that had worked smooth as silk in Chicago didn't work out at all in Pikes Peak country!



Above, one of the highlights of the July Fourth celebration was a spectacular ride by a bicyclist down the shoot-the-chutes. The bike, outfitted with flaming torches, sped down the ramp toward the water. At left, the 110-foot high circle swing had a very "futurisic" look to it back in the early 1900s.

WHEN I worked for John J. "Bathhouse" Coughlin, one of the more interesting summer residents of the Pikes Peak Region, I was probably the envy of all the other kids because I got to take care of Princess Alice, a snub-nosed elephant. I also operated and repaired the concession rides at Bathhouse John's place when it was one of the finest zoological gardens and amusement parks west of the Mississippi.

In 1909, residents of Colorado Springs sat up and took notice at the arrival of Coughlin, colorful alderman of Chicago's first ward, and the five trunks he brought along to carry his splendid wardrobe. Some said that he was looking for a retreat from the pressures of politics.

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Others believed that he was curious to see the place where loyal, voting prostitutes recovered anonymously from consumption and where ward bosses could freely spend their payoff money without questions being asked.

Whatever the reason for his visit, Bathhouse John liked the area so well he decided to spend the summer months here and go into ranching, a decision that no doubt brought big guffaws from the area's cowboys. However, it was a decision that brought community approval after Bathhouse John got sidetracked from ranching and established the amusement park and zoo on his property.

He purchased the Mary E. Johnson Ranch on Cheyenne Creek in Ivywild, a suburb of Colorado Springs, and bought a few mules for pasture and to stock the place. In addition, he and his wife, whom he called "My Queen," built a comfortable home on the property known at that time as Lower Broadmoor.

Coughlin was an Irish native of Chicago, and the name Bathhouse was naturally attached to him after he started out as a "rubber" at a spa and eventually became the owner. He was elected alderman of the first ward in Chicago in 1892 and it was rumored that within ten years he was receiving a five-figure income in payoffs.

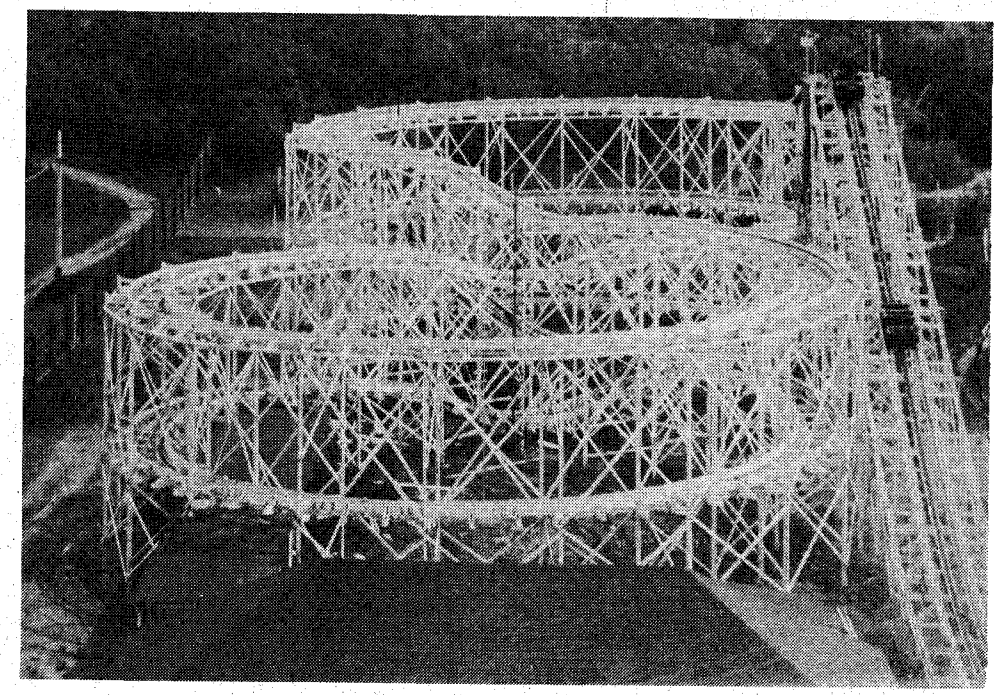
To area ranchers, Bathhouse John probably appeared to be the dude to end all dudes. Taller than six feet, he weighed more than 200 pounds and all this was emphasized by his colorful suits and polka-dotted vests. Word got around that his wardrobe included more than twenty pairs of yellow buttoned shoes. His dark hair was combed back in a bushy, close-cropped pompadour and he kept the ends of his mustache sharply waxed. He drove fancy horses and had coach dogs aboard when he and My Queen took part in the big local summer event, the Flower Festival Parade.

He was about average as a husband and father. He didn't drink or swear excessively, he attended church regularly, and was true to My Queen.

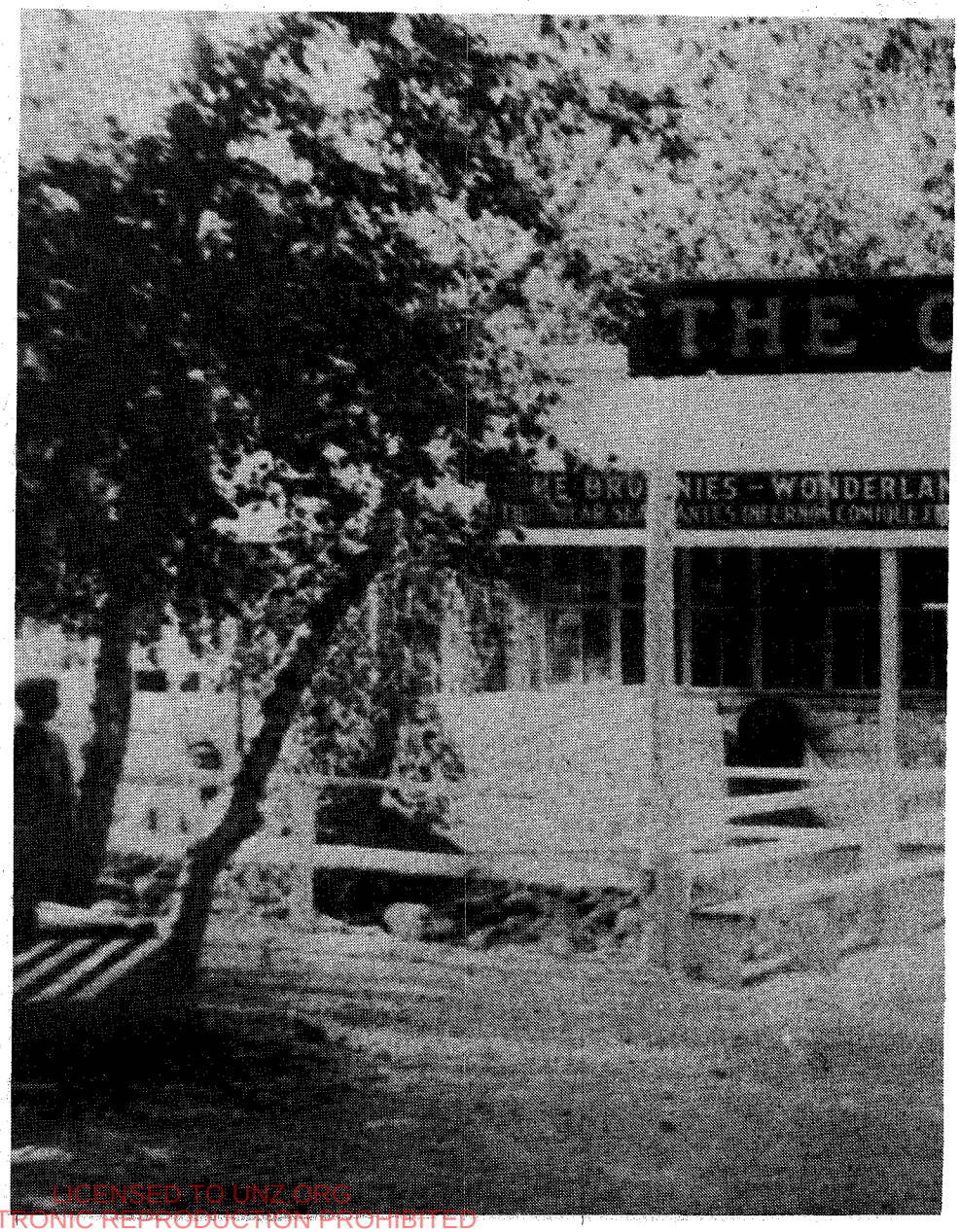
BATHHOUSE JOHN was an incurable animal lover and welcomed any unfortunate creature that was lost, ill, abandoned or "too old." They reminded him of Princess Alice, an elephant residing at Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, whose trunk had been amputated a few inches from the end in an elevator accident.

Back in Chicago that winter, Bathhouse John asked the city council to ship Princess Alice to his ranch on Cheyenne Creek, where it was rumored that he prescribed his own treatment when she took a bad cold and she thereafter gained local fame as a confirmed lush who drank a pint of Jim Beam every day. Perhaps she was given booze before I started taking care of her, but to my knowledge nobody ever gave her a pint of whiskey a day while I was there.

Bathhouse John began importing exotic animals to keep Princess Alice company. Included were monkeys, two leopards, a tiger, a couple of lions, a bear, a camel,



Above, the prospect of traveling an unprecedented 50 mph in two minutes enticed the crowds to try out the park's giant roller coaster, which was 50 feet tall and 2,000 feet long. Below, monkeys housed in the 2,000-foot-long Old Mill ride provided an additional thrill when they attacked female boat passengers.



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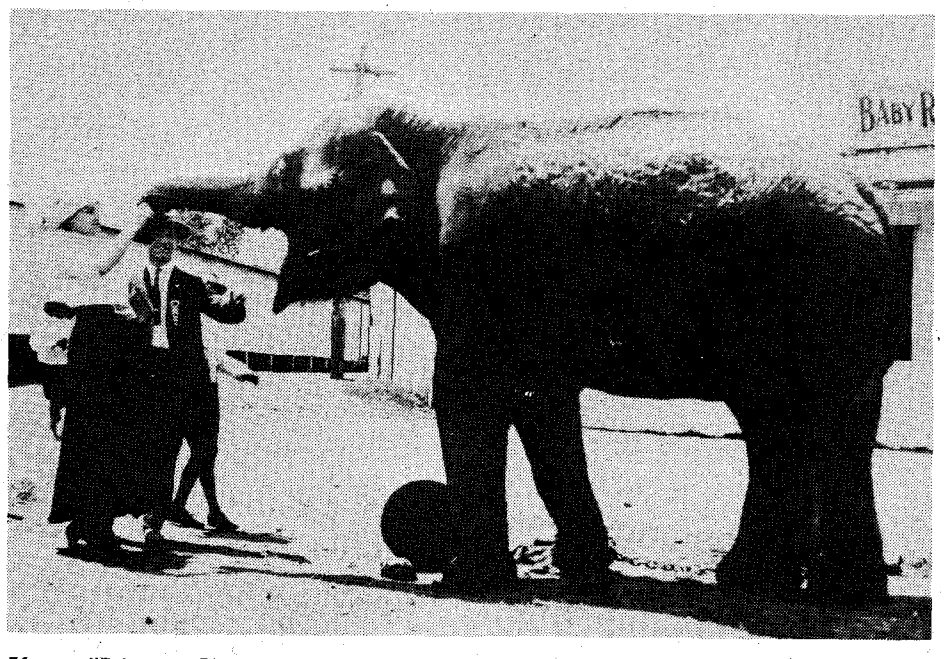
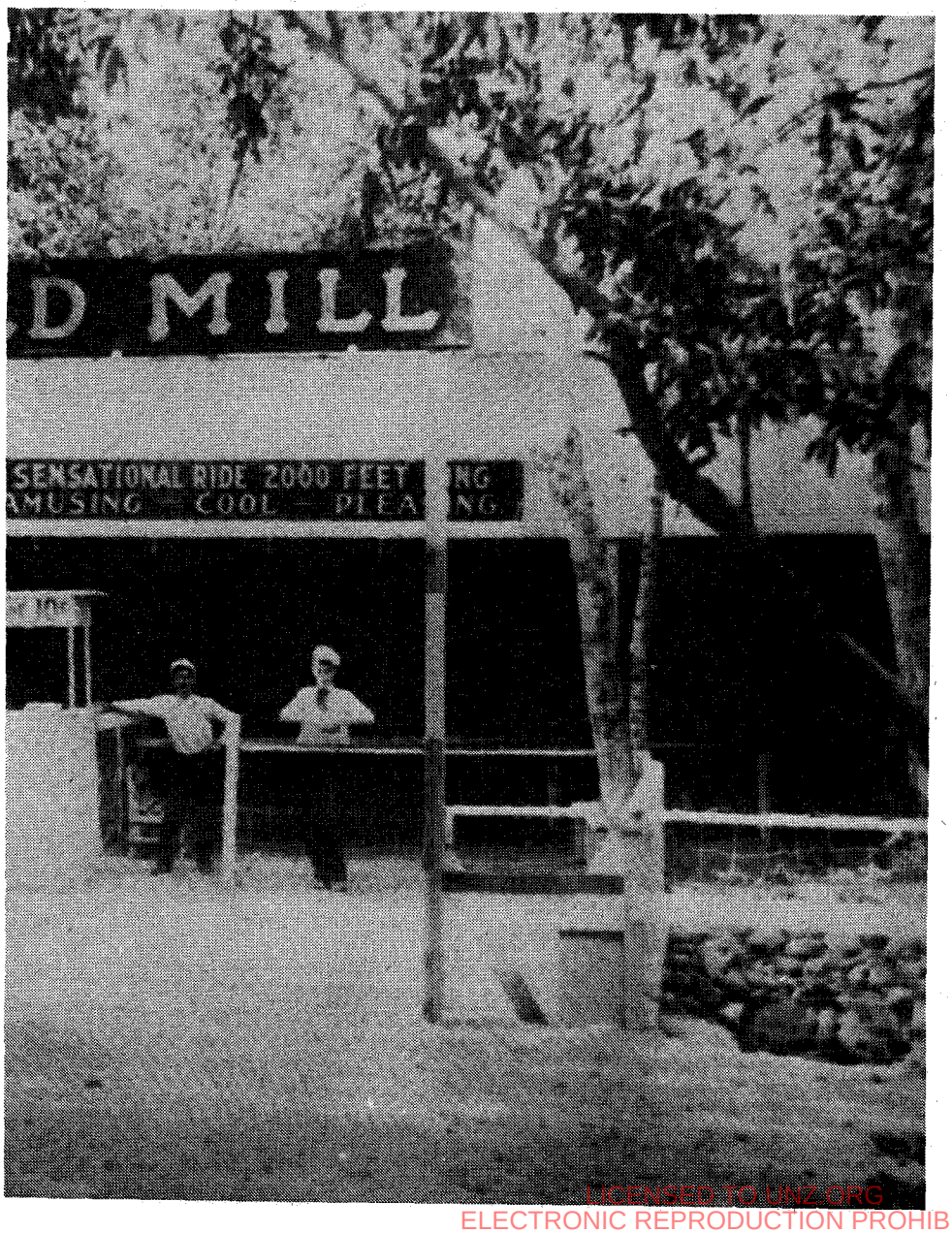


Above, "Princess Alice," the snub-nose elephant from Chicago, was a prime attraction at John Coughlin's zoological park, located near Colorado Springs.

Pioneers' Museum photos



a sacred bull from India, and an American buffalo. With the zoo established, he began thinking about all those amusement concessions from the 1893 Chicago World's Fair that he had been storing for free on city property. He purchased some of them to make an amusement park, and in 1904, Pikes Peak Region residents began lining up to get to the fun.

I went to work for Bathhouse John at $2 a day, seven days a week, which seemed a good way for me to save enough for tuition to business college.

In the winter he had to have a nice warm place for Princess Alice and the monkeys. At one time it was my job to keep the temperature of her building about 70 degrees by keeping a fire going in a big pot-bellied stove. Princess Alice was used to me because I was around her a lot when firing up the stove.

One day, she somehow got loose. The other kids and I were eating lunch on the sunny side of the schoolhouse when we saw her coming down the road. She went down into some rocks and I followed her until she came to a place where she had to turn around. With a stick, I touched her leg and she calmly followed me back to the road with the other kids trailing along. They wanted to play with her, so I had Princess Alice lie down and they climbed all over her back. An elephant's hide slides all over its body and it was great fun to scoot her skin back and forth until it scooted you right off.

Then, as I headed her for the zoo, we ran into a problem. We met a team of horses that were terrified of Princess Alice. I had to get her 'way off the road so they would go past her, and after they did, they really took off!

During the years I worked for Bathhouse John I learned to operate and repair the main rides. One of the favorites was the "Flickering Flick," where the fifty seats on a rollered floor were generally filled as the lights went out and the five-minute movie began. You could hear a pin drop as the audience became part of a movie train ride, because their seats had a motion simulating it.

The little coal-burning engine puffed over rolling countryside among peaceful scenes that lulled the audience into forgetfulness. Suddenly, lightning struck the bridge ahead of the train. The structure collapsed and the train was falling to pieces! Simultaneously, their seats tilted and the audience slid, giggling, screaming, to the floor.

I also had plenty of experience running the roller coaster, which was comparable to any in the country. It was 50 feet tall, 2,000 feet long and had a double figure-eight all the way down. There were ten cars in which four people could ride and it took two minutes at 40-50 miles an hour to make the trip. I can remember only one mishap. A fellow stood up on a dip and fell out of the roller coaster. We found him clinging to the framework for dear life, not realizing that he was only a foot off the ground.

You had to pay a dime at the front gate to get into the park, because we wanted to keep out undesirables. The merry-go-round cost a nickel to ride and all other concessions were a dime. The

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first thing on your right after you went through the gate was the 110-foot tall Circle Swing. Next was the Fun Factory where mirrors made you into different shapes. Then there was the Fun House and a roller skating rink that doubled as a dance floor upon occasion. There was also the Happy Hooligan where nobody believed they could climb the stairs which were made of glass with water flowing under them.

The Old Mill was a tunnel-of-love sort of thing, 2,000 feet around. The first thing you encountered after your boat started through it was a big mirror, and you got the impression you were going to crash into another boat.

Some of the monkeys got loose one time, discovered that mirror and loved it. But eventually the female monkeys started attacking female passengers in the boats. After we had to pay for three new dresses for customers in one day, we went in with a B B gun and killed some of the monkeys.

Going on around the park one came to the merry-go-round, the shooting gallery, a penny arcade, and a shoot-the-chute for boats (couple of hundred feet high). Each year Bathhouse John added new attractions and the park became one of the places to go around Colorado Springs. One drawing card was a ball park where good games could be seen and noted ball players from all over the country were brought in.

THE Fourth of July was a really festive holiday at the amusement park and during one Fourth we took in $1,500 in admissions. Bathhouse John always paid out a few thousand dollars for fireworks for a big celebration. One time a fellow got on a bike at the top of the shoot-the-chute with lighted sticks like sparklers all over his bike. He rode into the lake which extinguished the burning sticks. At the same time, a guy at the other end of the lake dived off a 30-foot tower.

The fireworks display was prepared by a man who arrived on the scene about a week before the big day. One Fourth of July a fine singer from Denver sang "Stars And Stripes Forever" when the American flag appeared in fireworks. Thousands of residents and visitors came from all over the Pikes Peak Region to view the big show in the sky and afterwards boarded street cars to take them back to town.

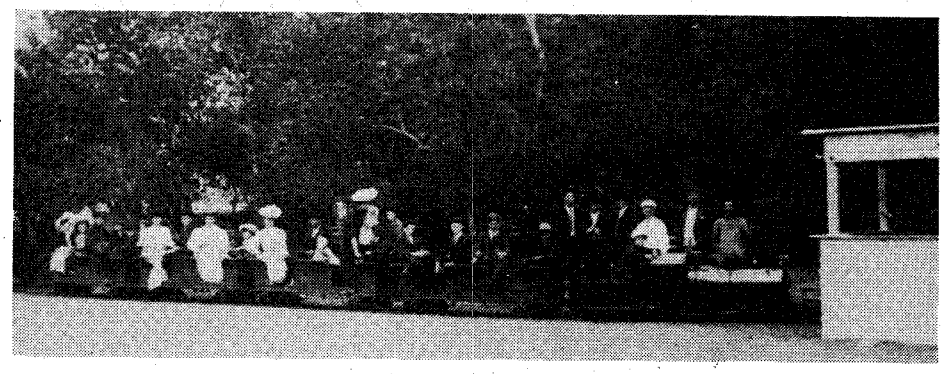
Bathhouse John's lifestyle began to change in 1911. That was the year that reform measures in Chicago began to reduce his income, and admissions to the zoo and amusement park began slackening off since most residents had experienced the fun of the park and had satisfied their curiosity about the zoo animals.

During the big snow of 1913 Princess Alice died of pneumonia because her keepers didn't keep the fires going, and during the winter of 1914-1915 local bankers refused Bathhouse John backing to feed the animals. In 1916, the home he and My Queen had built on Cheyenne Boulevard burned to the ground, Mary E. Johnson foreclosed on the property, and the state of Colorado voted in prohibition—a triple blow.

Bathhouse John was so disgusted with the whole situation he swore he would never set foot in Colorado again. He told Walter Colburn, his manager, to liquidate the park's facilities, and some of the zoo animals ended up as steaks at local restaurants.

Back in Chicago, Bathhouse John bore the new order of politics, his payoffs rumored to be only a fraction of what they once had been. After sharing his political income with Pikes Peak Region residents and providing pleasure, particularly for children, until the beginning of World War I, Bathhouse John Coughlin died broke in 1938.

One of the most popular places at Coughlin's amusement park was the theatre, where the audience "participated" in a filmed train wreck. Below, at a time when trains brought many tourists to the Pikes Peak region, visitors could not resist a ride on the miniature train.



Below, most Colorado Springs residents had only heard about buffaloes before John Coughlin put one in his zoological garden.

Pioneers' Museum photos

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

ME--AN OLD-TIMER?

The following appeared in January *Frontier Times* but we are going to repeat it here since there are approximately 20,000 more people who buy *True West* on the newsstands than pick up its podner *Frontier Times*, and we don't want anybody to miss the good news.

I have been writing about old-timers all my life. It never occurred to me that somewhere down the line I might be called an old-timer myself. Nobody has called me that yet, and I suppose I might as well be the first and get a head jump on everybody. Besides, if you sort of get used to something it isn't so bad when it really happens—generally. When I was in my thirties I kept calling myself forty for at least five years before that time came. Even so, I didn't wake up that morning feeling a whole lot better. Now, forty sounds young. . . .

I suppose I could be thought of as an old-timer is some respects. After all, my lifetime has spanned a period when many of us had only horse power to move us and our machinery around. Stretch this period out to the time when our country put a man on the moon and you have covered a good bit of ground! In fact, more so-called progress has been made during my lifetime, you might say, than was made during all those thousands of years that the world existed before me.

For me, I haven't made up my mind yet whether that is good or bad. I am a simple sort of cuss that don't like to turn loose of the old ways too fast—like when you'd go off and leave your house unlocked for a full week and come back without a thought that someone might have come in and taken something.

Memories like that don't die easily. And it was the *many* things of that nature that make my generation look back upon the times as "the good old days." What wasn't so good about them was the fact that you worked from dawn until sundown for a dollar and you were glad to get it.

I remember one case in particular that was before my time—or at least it was as my time was just starting. Ed Marek told me recently that he and Lucille had just gotten married and actually were hurting from a food standpoint. It was early fall and they simply didn't know what they would do that winter. He hit Papa up for a job. In Ed's words as closely as I can remember them, "I went over to see Mr. Small and he gave me a job at 50¢ a day and board and room—and I knew I had it made!" I can still see the excitement in Ed's eyes as he recalled that moment fondly. Shelter, food and 50¢ a day for a man and his new wife—how many people would be excited about that this day and time? According to him, that was about the going wage at that particular time, and it was years later before people were paying a dollar a day and found.

If anybody is curious about this general period, I was born March 18, 1914. I've got to get back with Ed and get some more of those stories about the life and times of that general period. I also need to talk to Horace Kornegay. The Kornegay family lived within a third of a mile of us. I remember going out on the back porch many an early morning, looking across the field and seeing the sun shine off Mr. Kornegay's bald head as he bent over to wash his face on his back porch.

How strange all this must sound to people who never lived in the country or people who were born in the late thirties. I will never forget the words of Dr. Walter Prescott Webb who was the second of only two men west of the Mississippi River to become president of the American Historical Association. He said to me once, "Joe, fifteen years from now it will be hard for people to believe that anybody lived like the pioneers did. The only way they will have of learning about this is through history or your magazines—and your magazines give a really first-hand look at it." Well, that was over eighteen years ago.

It probably is hard for people these days to believe that pioneers lived like that. Fact is, it's hard for even me to believe that a man could be excited, thankful and feel secure on food, shelter and 50¢ a day the year I was born!

AFTER digesting some of the above, you can understand what a shock it is to me to go into the computer age. But in one respect I am ready for it! Our girls in the circulation department do their very best but there is still room for human error. Added to some error on the part of our subscribers (forgetting to include your name and address for one thing), and then what the mail does after everything is straightened out—there is room for considerable improvement in this department.

It really breaks a publisher's heart to see a brand, spanking new magazine come out shining like a red colt hit by the early morning sunlight—and then see it after some subscriber returns it in an almost unrecognizable form. There is that blamed name and address sticker slap-dab on the front cover, and the magazine is tattered and torn to the point that nobody would want to claim it. We know the careful planning and the sweat that goes into bringing out an issue, and to see the final product after it has been delivered in bad shape to a subscriber is a shade rough on the digestive system. For years it wasn't so bad but now it is getting worse all the time.

Then I ran into Chester L. Krause, who had a country upbringing similar to the overall hardships I had in Central Texas. He has computers and all kinds of machines that are not exactly trained to make mistakes! He is going to take over the complete subscription department effective with this issue and, thank goodness, in time for the Christmas gift subscription rush. Now this may not eliminate mistakes completely, but given a little time, I think it will cut them down to a trickle so I am sure this is a very happy announcement for all of you.

This applies also to orders for binders, books and prints. Chet will handle all of these, as well as new subscriptions, renewals and change of address.

Added to this, the magazines will be wrapped. It will eliminate that sticker on your cover and it should get the mazazines there in reasonably good condition unless they are run through some sort of demolition machine on the way. This should be the best news that you subscribers have had in a mighty long time, and I think it should encourage many of you who have possibly dropped your subscriptions because of this sloppy delivery to give us a subscription-try again.

Also, Chet will take care of the advertising end of the deal. So anything of an advertising or circulation nature should be addressed to Chester L. Krause, 700 East State Street, Iola, Wisconsin 54945. He is one of those people that you like to ride the river with, and I bet you one thing for sure, if there is some mistake made on your subscription, he'll kick and choke one of those computers until it coughs up the truth! It's good to have him on our side.

We will continue as usual with the editorial part, so keep addressing anything of an editorial nature to us here at Western Publications, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.

"Editorial nature" is a loose term we use for stories, pictures, queries, Trails, just shooting the breeze, or whatever doesn't pertain to subscribing, advertising, or ordering something.

I've been trying so long to figure out a way to give you readers better service that I'm glad we all lived to see it! Dadgum, may every one of you have an easy saddle, free horse, good weather on the trail, and plenty of good water, wood and grass at your sundown campgrounds. See you later.—Hosstail

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Written by a man whose family lived on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the Gila's East Fork, when Ma-Si was raiding through the Mogollon and Black Range

MA-SI...

IN September 1886 when Geronimo surrendered to General Nelson Miles at Skeleton Canyon in Arizona, one of his warriors was more bitterly opposed than any of the rest to being shipped out of the land of his birth. This was Ma-Si, who vehemently protested being loaded onto the train at Bowie Station, Arizona.

Even before the train had pulled out, Ma-Si was trying to formulate a plan of escape. This quieted him down and made him less conspicuous.

At first the guards were very alert in the coach that contained Geronimo and his band and used every precaution against escape. Every four hours soldiers with rifles walked through with pencil and check list, recounting the thirty-eight Indians being transported.

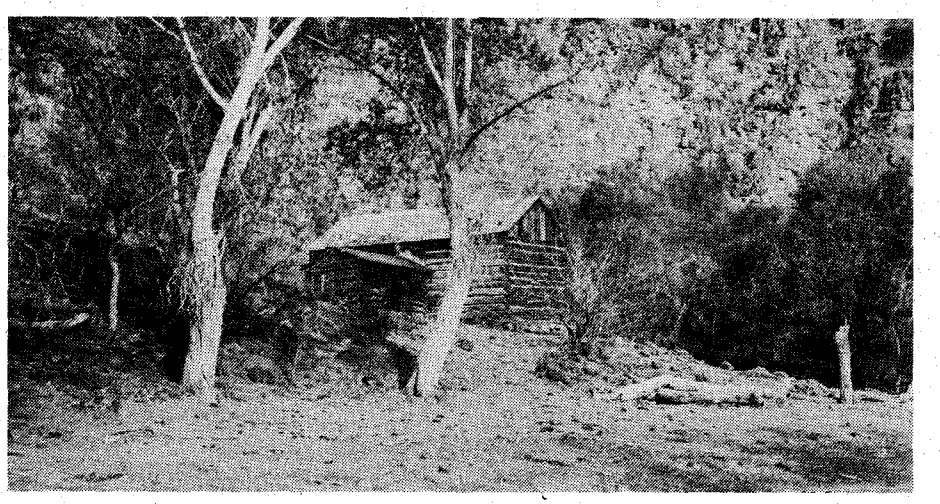
Travel was slow because the train was often "in the hole" —standing on a siding for other trains to pass. After several days, taking a tally of a carful of hot wretched people must have become a very unpleasant task to the soldiers. It is likely they checked in a more or less hurried and careless manner. If this were so, Ma-Si would have noticed it, for he was watching every move.

When a squaw riding in the seat behind him gave birth to a papoose, he reasoned if he could talk her into keeping the baby hidden until he made his escape, and then presenting it for the count, the tally would still be the same. This may sound almost impossible to the average person, but Indian women were usually able to take care of themselves in any emergency.

Ma-Si supposedly escaped as a circus train passed the coach containing Geronimo's Apaches, while it was standing on a siding. All the Indians except Ma-Si and the new mother rushed to the windows, while the guards went to the front and back steps of the coach to see the bright colored circus cars and the animals. All of this was on the opposite side of the coach from Ma-Si, so he might have opened a window and slid to the ground, then crawled away through the high weeds.

At any rate he made his escape near Springfield, Missouri, 1,500 miles from his homeland. It seems almost a miracle that he could travel that distance to the Mescalero Indian Reservation in New Mexico without being detected, but he did and was soon raiding against the white men, for whom he must have had a great hatred.

Ma-Si was said to have been a student at the Carlisle Indian School at one time, and after staying there two or three years he returned to the San Carlos Reservation. If so, he could read, write and speak English.



Above, the Kemp cabin on Beaver Creek. It faced a 500-foot cliff on the south side of the creek. Below, (L to R) Clara Keene, Frank Davison, and Billy Keene, in 1898.

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ALIAS APACHE KID

By BEN W. KEMP
Photos provided by author

By January 1889 Ma-Si had several murder charges against him. Several of the victims were women of his own tribe—women he had stolen, and then killed when he tired of their company. This made him an enemy of the red men and white men alike.

WHEN the roundup of Apache renegades was made in 1889 they failed to capture Ma-Si. He was not, therefore, with the eight prisoners who overpowered and killed Sheriff Glenn Reynolds and his deputy, Hunkadory Holmes, on the morning of November 2, while the Indians were being transferred to the prison at Yuma from Globe.

A few miles out from Riverside, Arizona, at the foot of a sandy slope, the stage was halted and the Apache Kid, and another prisoner named Hos-cal-te, were chained to the coach seat. Sheriff Reynolds had six Apaches handcuffed in pairs, and an unhandcuffed Mexican prisoner named Avot, removed from the coach to lighten the load in pulling the stage up the half-mile incline.

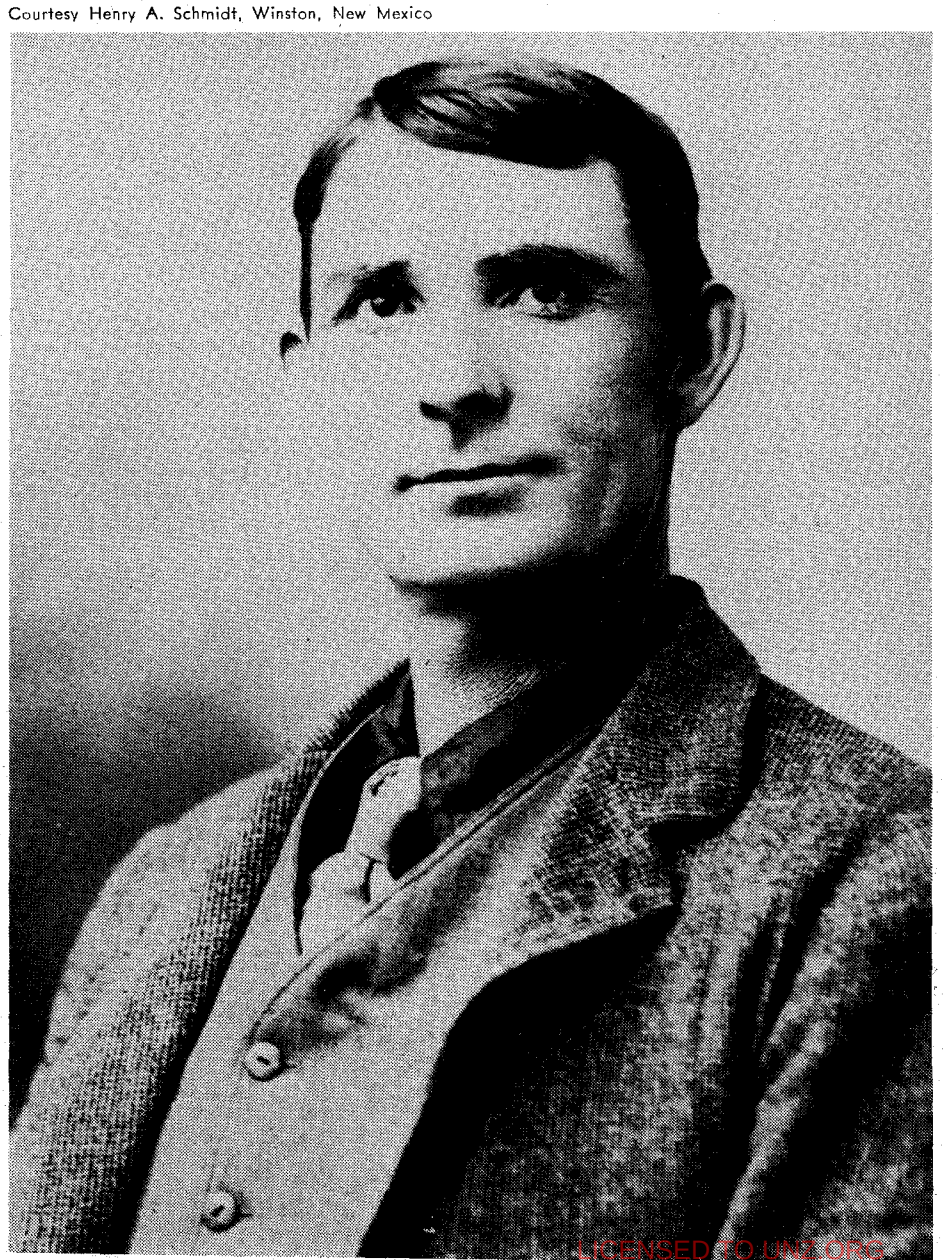
The stage pulled ahead and the sheriff took the lead in marching the Apaches up the sandy road, while Deputy Holmes brought up the rear. The two officers were not watching the Indians close enough and the lead four gradually closed the distance between themselves and the sheriff, while the other two lagged back and closed the distance between themselves and the deputy. When the Indians had reached the proper distance they gave a warwhoop and fell upon the two lawmen, killing them in a few seconds.

Taking the keys to the handcuffs from the sheriff's pocket, they unlocked their manacles and grabbed up the dead officers' firearms. They followed the stage to the top of the slope where Middleton, the stage driver, had stopped to await the arrival of the sheriff and his prisoners. Avot, the Mexican prisoner reached the coach a short distance ahead of the Apaches. He tried to warn Middleton, but was too late; Pash-ten-tah, using Holmes' rifle, shot the driver through the neck, paralyzing him momentarily. He fell from the coach seat to the sandy ground, as if he were dead. The Indians thought he was, and this saved his life. Avot ran past the stage and hid in some bushes, managing to escape.

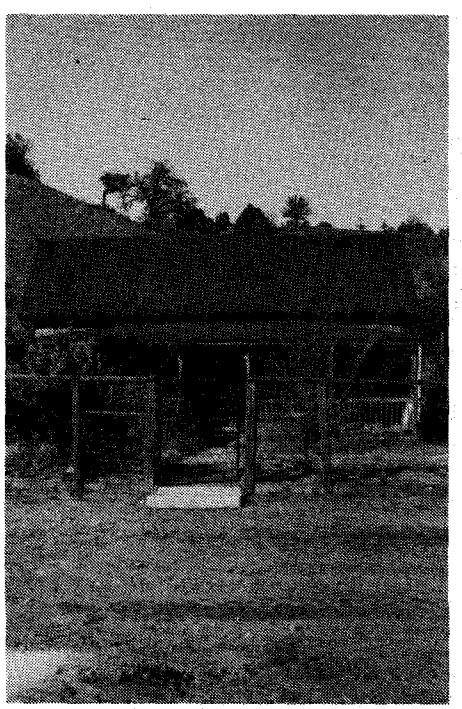
The murderers soon had the Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te free of their irons and by this time they had forgotten Avot, so they all returned to the bodies of the sheriff and his deputy, robbing them of their personal effects.

The Apache Kid took possession of Sheriff Reynolds' six-shooter, watch and money pouch. The other Indians chose firearms over coats and hats, and all

Courtesy Henry A. Schmidt, Winston, New Mexico



Left, Billy Keene in 1905. Below, the Keene home at Chloride, New Mexico in 1906.



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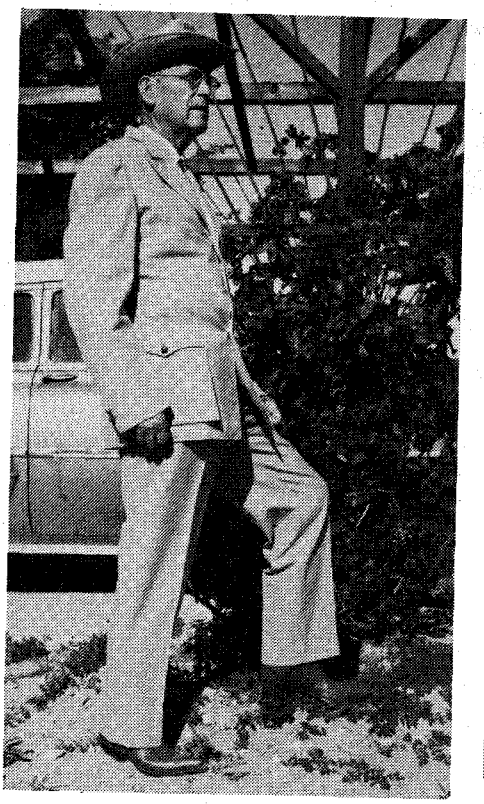
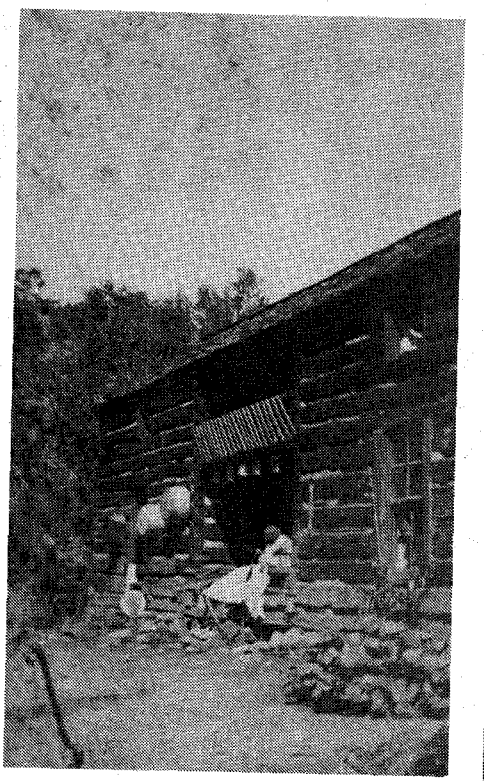
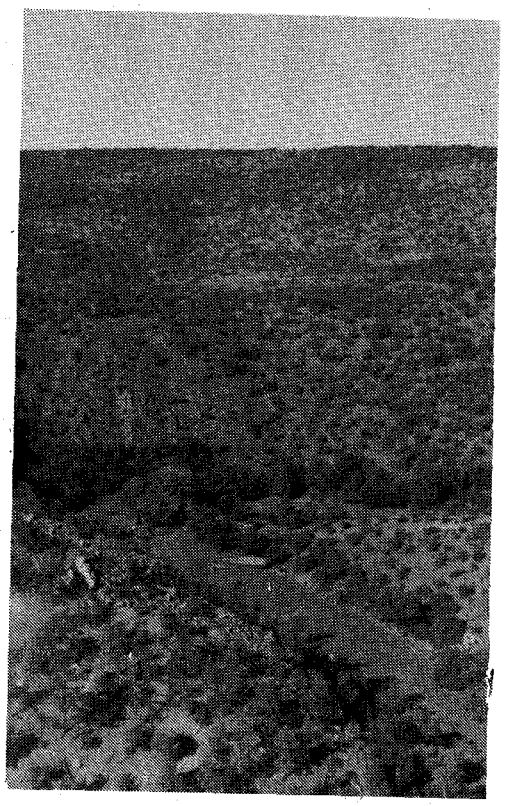


Ben W. Kemp, ex-Sheriff of Catron County, New Mexico (1935-36).



The Kemps' four-room, double-story log cabin, located on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the East Fork of the Gila River.



Another view of the Kemp homestead on Beaver Creek.

faded into the mountainous and semi-desert country of southern Arizona and New Mexico Territories.

Then began the most intensive manhunt ever staged in this section of the country.

In the latter part of May 1890 General Emilio Kosterlitzky, and his Rurales were making a scout along the northern boundary of the State of Sonora, Mexico, when some dogs they had with them for trailing fugitives scented something and began to bark. Two of the Rurales went to investigate and found that the dogs had discovered three Indians on a rocky ridge. One of the Rurales reported back to Kosterlitzky, who was two miles back in camp with the main body of his men eating dinner.

Kosterlitzky and his Rurales cautiously advanced to where the dogs were barking around a rocky knoll. A battle began and when it was over, two Rurales, three Apaches and a dog lay dead. Kosterlitzky searched the bodies of the Indians and found that one of them was carrying Sheriff Reynold's six-shooter, watch, and money pouch. There is virtually no doubt that this was the body of the Apache Kid, for he would not have parted with his prized possessions in such a short length of time. The Mexican Government returned these items to Globe, about June 11, 1890.

FROM this time until September 1906, however, Indian raids through the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico continued to be credited to the Apache Kid although no positive record of anyone's having seen him was established.

In March 1896 my father, Ben Kemp, moved the family from Alpine, Texas to the headwaters of the East Fork of the Gila River. There were still reports that the Apache Kid was raiding into the Mogollon and Black Range, but this did not deter him. He filed a homestead on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the East Fork. Beaver Creek was a semi-box canyon with a 500-foot cliff facing our log cabin on the opposite side of the creek.

When the Apache Kid was reported to have killed a man near the mining town of Mogollon, about forty miles west of us, my father realized the cliff across the creek would be an ideal place for someone to hide and take pop shots at anyone around the house.

He received a Winchester Arms catalogue each year, and had noticed a .30-40 caliber rifle listed, one that had an extreme range of two miles. This far outranged the .38-55 carbine he owned, and he estimated he could pick Indians off the top of the cliff from the house.

The first chance my father got, he traveled the hundred miles to Magdalena, New Mexico, where Carl Dunagan (later Munson, Dunagan and Ryan Hardware of El Paso) owned a small grocery store. Father had him order the .30-40 Winchester from St. Louis. This rifle was the first of its kind to reach our community and was the talk of the neighborhood. Our nearest neighbor Bill Keene always borrowed the rifle when he took hunting parties into the Black Range.

Between 1887 and 1889, word came that a renegade Apache had killed an Apache woman, wounded two others, and had stolen a young squaw off the San Carlos reservation. He had also killed Sabino Quiros, a Mexican woodcutter near Globe.

On May 20, 1901, the Apache Kid was given credit for the death of a prospector named Jimmie the Dog, in Deep Creek north of Mogollon.

On September 20, 1902 Apaches killed a Mr. Batteslore while he was working in a garden. He was an employee of the Mogollon Gold and Copper Company. A posse followed the trail of the Indians to the head of Deep Creek.

Batteslore had fired two shots from his six-shooter and must have hit one of the Indians for they left a bloody trail to Corner Mountain.

On April 10, 1903 Ab Alexander, a rancher who lived at the N Bar Ranch seventeen miles northeast of Mogollon, found one of his yearling heifers butchered. He and two of his cowboys followed the tracks of two horses into Deep Creek. They took the Indians by surprise and killed one of them, but two adults and two children escaped.

In 1905 six Indians, of which Apache Kid was supposed to be the leader, were camped on Bear Trap Canyon at the north end of the San Mateo Mountains. They were stealing Al Clements' young horses.

Jim Long, Jack Bess, Jonny Olsen, and another man surrounded their camp one night and at daybreak made an attack. They killed one Indian, but five escaped.

The Apache Kid could read and write English and on one occasion when he was making a raid into the Mogollon Mountains he got over onto the headwaters of the East Fork of the Gila.

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There he ran short of provisions, so he. broke his rule and visited the Fullerton Ranch on the southwest end of the San Augustin plains. It was a miracle he didn't massacre everyone at the ranch and take what he wanted, but instead he asked to stay overnight and was granted permission.

Will Fullerton said he asked for all the newspapers they had and sat up late reading them. Next morning the Fullertons provided him with the supplies he needed and he left, going to the August Kiehne range where he stole two of Kiehne's best saddle horses and headed for main Elk Mountain.

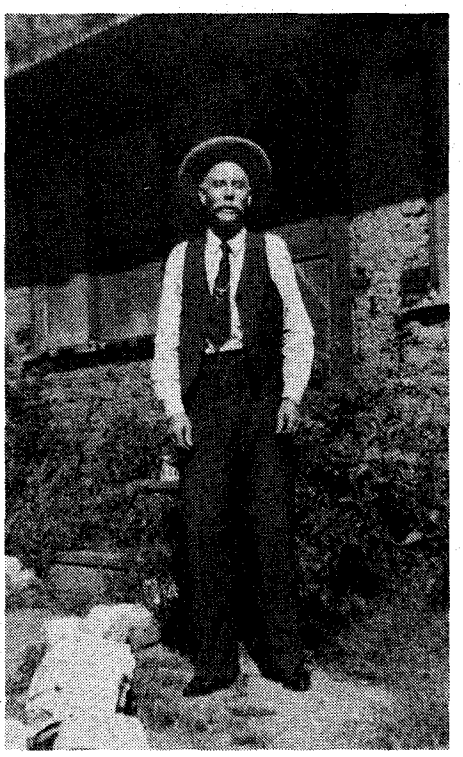
Kiehne, who rode his range regularly and was a crack cowman, soon missed his horses and notified his neighboring rancher, Ab Alexander. They took the horses' trail and followed it to a small saddle a quarter of a mile west of the highest point on Main Elk Mountain, altitude 9,780 feet. Here they discovered the Indians' camp.

The Apaches had selected their site with care. It was atop the Continental Divide, where the ridge was running west. The north side of the ridge was covered with a dense growth of fir, pine and aspen, and was exceedingly steep, with rock slides and small cliffs, while the south was a gentle glade covered with tall grass interspersed with boulders and pine trees. When the two ranchers discovered the campsite they were real close. Kiehne gave a Rebel yell as he ran his horse through the camp, but no one was there. The wily Apaches had made their escape into the dense timber on the north side of the mountain.

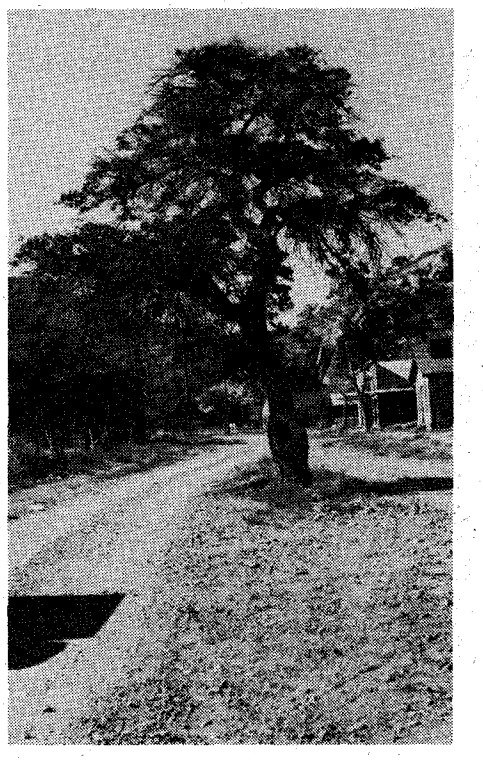
After scouting around awhile, Alexander and Kiehne rounded up the horses which were grazing in the glade south of camp and drove them eight miles to Alexander's N Bar Ranch where they were turned loose in a fenced field. There was some discussion as to whether this was the right thing to do, but the men finally decided the horses would be safe. This was a mistake. The next morning they were gone. The Indians had followed on foot and stolen the horses out of the pasture. Alexander and Kiehne tracked them to Iron Creek before losing their trail and the horses were never heard of again.

About the first of September 1906, Indians ambushed and killed a man named Saunders, who was hunting some lost goats around Berenda Canyon south of Kingston, New Mexico. They took his .30-40 rifle and a gold-filled watch. The next place they raided was the James Brothers' ranch on South Prong Canyon, a few miles south of the little mining town of Chloride. No one was at the ranch when the Indians arrived. Charley Anderson and his family, who were living there at the time, had gone to Fairview (now Winston), New Mexico after their mail.

When Anderson returned he found the house ransacked. What the Indians couldn't take with them they tried to destroy. Flour, feathers, and pieces of cloth covered the yard in front of the house. A search of the horse pasture revealed that four horses and a pack mule were missing. One of the horses was the noted Baldy Sox which Ben Kemp had caught out of the wild bunch in 1899, as mentioned in the book *Cow Dust and Saddle Leather*. Anderson had purchased the horse only a few months before. Another was Eddy James' favorite cow pony, Comanche.



Above, Henry Clay Graham at Apache Creek, New Mexico in 1943. Clay chased Ma-Si's wife and children to a point south of Rosedale, New Mexico.



Above, Chloride Oak, located in the center of the street in the mining town of Chloride. Billy Keene, leader of the posse that ran down and killed Ma-Si, lived here.

The day after the horses were taken, Johnny James and Jim Hiler, Anderson's brother-in-law, rode up to the ranch. Anderson told them of his bad luck and the three men picked up the trail of the stolen horses headed north. Anderson sent Johnny James back to Chloride to get help and report that the horse thieves were headed north up the Continental Divide toward the Mud Holes.

When Johnny James reached Chloride he contacted Billy Keene, and they proceeded to collect enough men to form a posse: Mike Sullivan, Harry James, Walter Hearn, Charley Yaples and Burt Slinkard. Keene was selected as leader.

THE POSSE left Chloride at 4:30 on the afternoon of September 4, 1906. They headed north toward Walter McClure's ranch at the head of Wild Horse Canyon, arriving there at dark. They stayed overnight and by daylight were in their saddles.

They cut across the Continental Divide at the Mud Holes but found no tracks. The Indians had turned east before reaching the Mud Holes and had ridden the north side of Wild Horse Canyon, causing the posse to ride over their tracks at the mouth of Straight Gulch Canyon without seeing them. This delayed the posse until a rancher named Sebe Sorrells told them he had cut a trail that might be that of the stolen horses, as there was a mule track among the horse tracks. The trail was leading east along the north rim of Wild Horse Canyon, a tributary of the Alamosa Canada.

The posse was ready to take the trail immediately and Sebe wanted to go with them. They followed the Indians to Alamosa Creek but couldn't find where it left the canyon. They could tell by the horse tracks that Hiler and Anderson were still following the Indians' trail until they reached the Alamosa where they were delayed some, circling for sign.

The posse found later that Anderson and Hiler had discovered where the trail crossed Alamosa Creek and entered a canyon that headed northeast on the San Mateo Divide. Several miles up this canyon the two men had found the stolen horses hobbled and grazing in a grassy glade. Seeing no one around, Charley Anderson had dismounted and stooped down to unhobble Baldy Sox. He was wearing an unbuttoned vest and just as he touched the hobbles the crack of a high-powered rifle rent the still mountain air and a bullet zipped through both sides of his vest missing his chest by a hairbreadth. Anderson leaped back into his saddle and he and Hiler beat a hasty retreat down the canyon towards Ojo Caliente.

Billy Keene and his men, after losing the trail, traveled up West Red Canyon with the intention of cutting for sign on the San Mateo Divide north of Milligan

(Continued on page 56)

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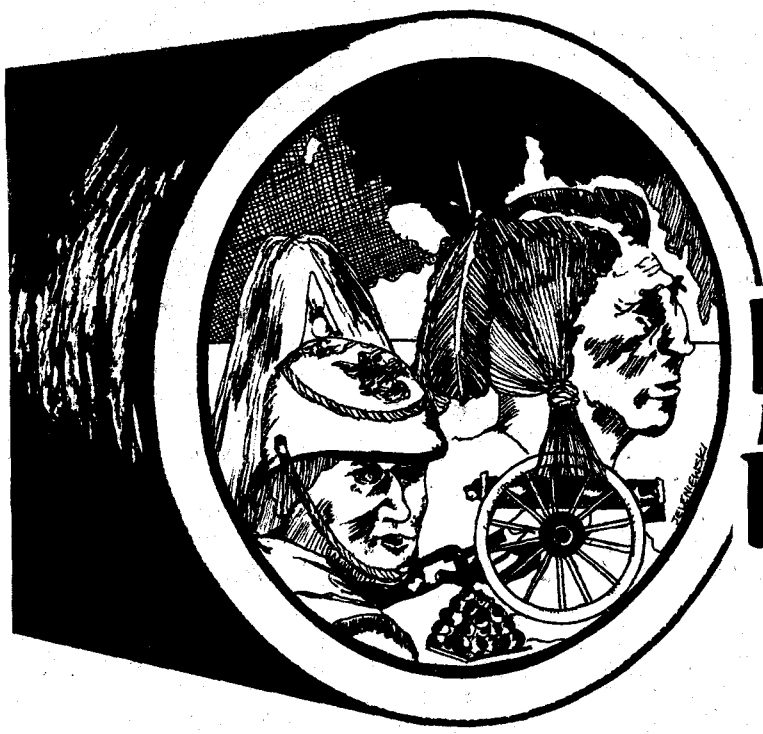
In the "Winning of the West"



ARTILLERY HAS NEVER BEEN GIVEN ITS DUE

By ROBERT M. STEGMAIER
Illustrations provided by author

Excerpted by permission from "Artillery Helped Win the West" by Robert M. Stegmaier © Kansas Quarterly 1978

IN THE winning of the West, cavalry, the glamor branch, received maximum publicity. Artillery, a forgotten arm, found its role largely ignored.

Artillery merits recognition. In the struggle for the West, the Indian was the principal foe. . . . He had fatal weaknesses which artillery was able to exploit: he lacked knowledge of the use of artillery; he had a superstitious dread of artillery fire; and he rarely accepted the large loss of life necessary for victory.

History consistently shows instances of the Indians' failure to use artillery when it came into their hands. Back in the 1750s, some Navajos, having captured a cannon (probably from the French along the Platte River), brought it to the Taos fair, the annual trade fair in New Mexico. They brought it not for use, but for sale.

About the same time, on the Texas Red River, the Spanish abandoned two cannon after a futile attack on the Twin Forts; twenty years later, Athanase de Mézières salvaged the two weapons from the battlefield.

At Wheeling (now West Virginia) after capturing a boatload of cannonballs, Indians wound chains around a hollow log, crammed into its cavernous mouth an overload of powder, chucked atop the powder many cannonballs, and applied a match. The resultant explosion blew the log and its would-be crew to bits.

At the battle of Pea Ridge, Missouri in 1862 the Confederate Cherokees captured a Union battery. The victors, placing harness about their necks, danced around the guns neighing like horses; when other Union batteries began to fire charges at them, they ran.

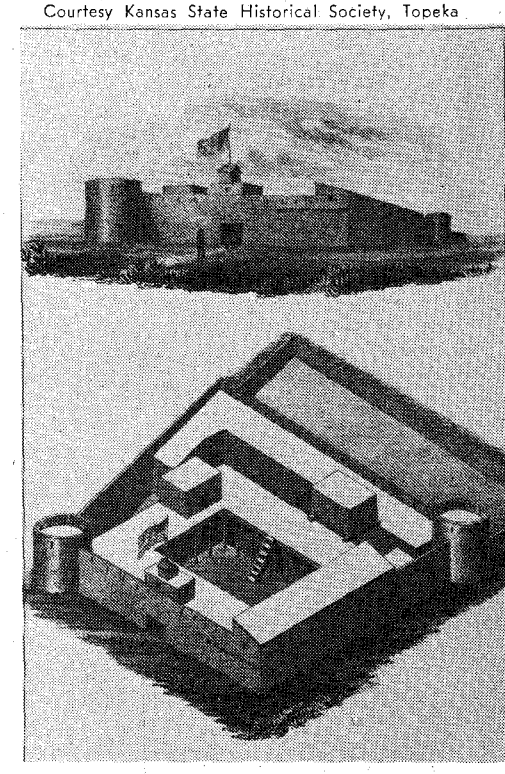
Even Chief Joseph, one of the few Indians who fought artillery successfully, had no notion how to utilize captured artillery; on one occasion he abandoned the weapons and in the other he hid the wheels.

What Indians mistakenly did was to associate the white man, with his artillery, with possession of the powers of the Great Spirit. Ever in awe of nature, Indians feared such natural phenomena as thunder, lightning, fire, earthquake —and attributed to them a sense of the supernatural. Yet here stood men, mortals like themselves except white-skinned, having at their fingertips those powers of the Great Spirit. With a touch of flame, the cannon gave off a clap of thunder, lightning flashed, the earth shook, and a deadly bolt (the cannonball) shot out, even to great distance, to topple tepees and to kill humans. To the tribesmen these newcomers, possessing such extraordinary faculties, had to be favored by the heavens above.

Alfred Jacob Miller (1837) wrote of the guns in Fort Laramie: "Over the front entrance is a large blockhouse in which is placed a cannon. . . . The Indians have a mortal horror of the 'big gun' which rests in the blockhouse as they have had experience of its prowess and witnessed the havoc produced by its 'loud talk.' They conceive it to be only asleep and have a wholesome dread of its being waked up. . . ." Artillery inspired in the Indian a superstitious awe of the unknown.

As to the third characteristic which enhanced artillery's overwhelming effect—the Indians' desire not to die in battle—Odie B. Faulk, in his *Crimsoned Desert*, stated of Comanche belief: "The Comanche warrior out to count coup had no wish to die in battle. . . . He wanted horses, he desired plunder, and he would

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



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Above, Lt. General Nelson A. Miles, Chief of Staff of the Army. At left, an illustration of Bent's Fort in 1845.

take women and children captive if he could, but he did not want to die. To die in battle was to risk scalping, and a scalped warrior could not enter heaven. . . ."

James Mooney, in his *Calendar History of the Kiowas*, says: "Should one of the war party have been killed, all the others go into mourning and do not rejoice or paint themselves as they return even though bringing back a scalp."

Black Hawk, a Sauk-Fox chief, sourly commented upon white man's way of fighting as follows: "Instead of stealing upon each other, and taking advantage to kill the enemy and save their own people, as we do (which, with us, is considered good policy in a war chief), they march out in open daylight, regardless of the number of warriors he may lose. Those chiefs would do to paddle a canoe but not steer it." White men, not the Indian, conceived large casualty lists a concomitant of battle.

IT WAS not much different when Plains Indians fought; as described by Colonel Richard I. Dodge, an expert in their methods of warfare: "The strength of the Indian is in surprises or ambuscades, and I have heard of no instance of battle, except as preliminary to some huge trap, or when relying on some preponderance of force. His tactics are always the same; never to receive a charge, but by constant breaking, to separate the enemy into detached fragments; then suddenly concentrating to overwhelm them in detail. . . ."

If the terrain or the opportunity did not appear to be advantageous, the Indian simply disappeared—there was no disgrace in retreating to save lives. Head-on attack was tolerated only in defense of village, friend, or family. Rarely, therefore, did a fort receive a mass assault; the loss of life would be too sure and too great to justify mere victory. Only in open field warfare, the Indian, through mobility and horsemanship, became equal to, if not superior to, his blue-clad opponent.

In open field combat prior to the Civil War, the Army encountered problems. Infantry had a decided drawback—it could not keep up with the greater speed of the mounted warrior. Even cavalry had trouble in maintaining pace with the Indian (who had no baggage train but a string of horses from which to draw fresh mounts).

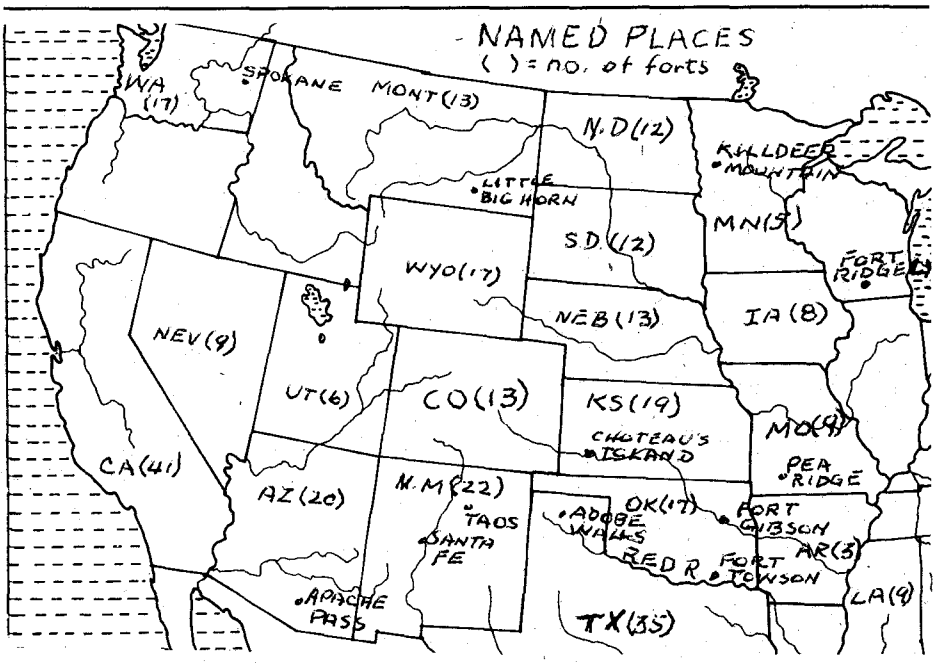
During the 1850s, adverse comment reached Washington on the inability of Army horses to catch Indian ponies. Colonel E. V. Sumner in New Mexico in 1850 found his horses "unequal to Indian ponies in speed or bottom." Two years later, Governor Calhoun of New Mexico informed Secretary of State Daniel Webster: "The troops of the United States are at present totally useless, on account of the inability of the mounted men to perform their duty, the feeble and half-starved condition of their horses will not allow them to travel, and Infantry is of no use whatever in checking Indians who are well-mounted and whose animals are in the best order."

Early on, Americans learned the respect of Indians for the effects of artillery. Lewis and Clark, in a journal on their group's travels, gave this account when Sioux attempted to capture Captain Clark: "To their astonishment the so greatly outnumbered Americans manifested an instant readiness to fight. Clark drew his sword, companions paddled furiously to his rescue, and the cannon on the keelboat were brought to bear. . . ." The Sioux hastily lost their martial urge. The following day, as the boat was about to cast off, some chiefs seized the mooring rope. Clark aimed the swivel—a cannon holding sixteen musket balls. The chiefs backed off, stating they only wanted tobacco.

Lewis' and Clark's opinions on respect for force (and for artillery) were reinforced five years later by the experience with the Missouri River Arikaras related by Thomas James, a mountainman: "We drew up the cannon and prepared to encamp. The whole village came out in a body, as it seemed, to meet us. They had not come far toward us when an old chief rode out and motioned back his countrymen from before our cannon. . . . They agreed to come to us and hold a council if the company's force would lay aside their guns and turn the cannon in the opposite direction."

Americans in the early nineteenth century took steps to exploit the Indians' aversion to artillery. The most garish of the attempts was the trip up the Missouri in 1818 of the *Western Engineer*, a stern-wheel steamer.

On its deck were three brass cannon which fired repeated salutes at each village passed. To make the display more dramatic, the steamer was constructed to represent a sea serpent, on whose back the boat was carried. To further the illu-



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sion, live steam was bypassed to escape out the mouth of the serpent's figurehead. The stern-wheel kicked up undulating foaming waves which threatened to swamp any approaching canoe or dugout.

Colonel Henry Atkinson, who in 1825 traveled with troops up the Missouri, reported the effect of such demonstrations: "All the way up the river, the Indians were astonished by the thunder of artillery salutes, exhibitions of fireworks [rockets], the roll of martial music, and the glitter of troop parades." Many tribes signed treaties of friendship.

THE MOST vivid description of the terror artillery inspired was that of George Catlin, a well-known artist and friend of the Indian (he was aboard the *Yellowstone* on the Missouri in 1830): "We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels . . . and at the approach to every village, they were all discharged in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement. Some of them laid their faces to the ground and cried to the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended. . . ."

Upon return from his first Western expedition, Lieutenant John Charles Frémont suggested to this nation: "If it is in contemplation to keep open the communications with Oregon Territory, a show of military force in the country is necessary. . . ."

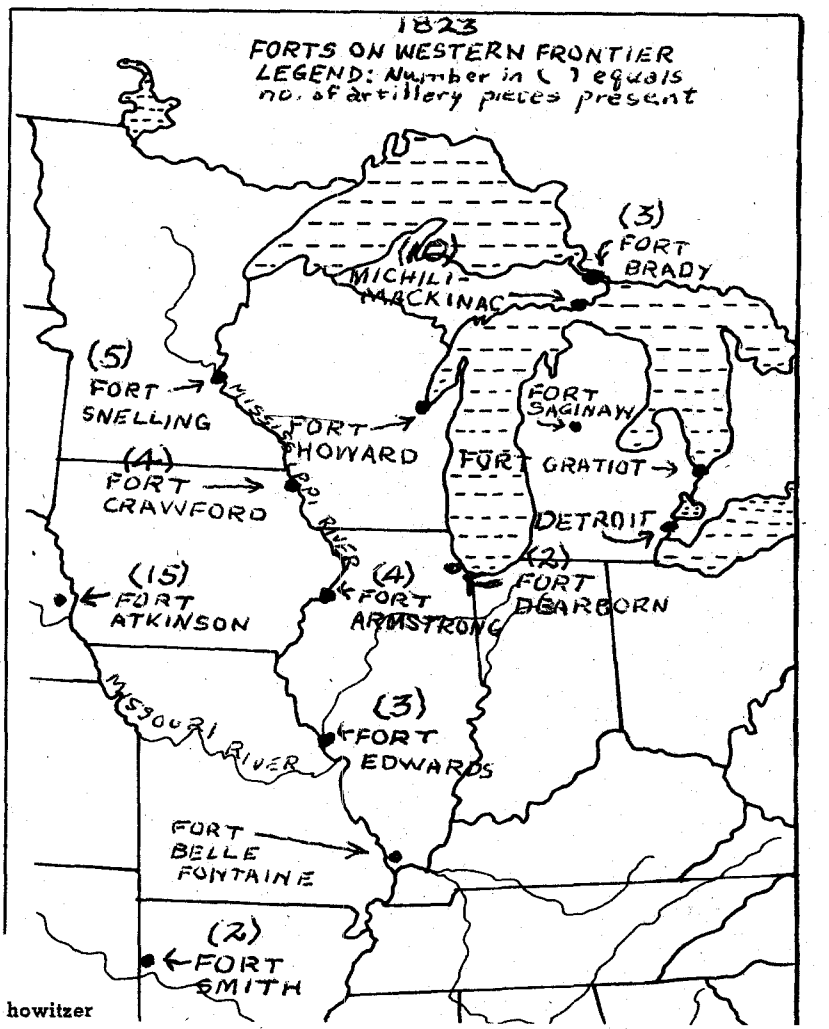
Acting upon Frémont's recommendation, Major Clifton Wharton, two years later (in 1844), was sent out onto the Plains with a detachment of Dragoons. Two 12-pound howitzers accompanied the expedition. To the Pawnees, he said: "He [the President] has sent us into your country fully armed and prepared for war, but, notwithstanding, he has sent us here on an errand of peace, and we therefore come to you to speak the words of truth and kindness."

That night, to place the specter of might behind his words, he sent up a few rockets. To the Otoes, Wharton exclaimed: " . . . and if there be further complaints, he [the President] will punish you. A few shots from yonder big guns would prostrate your towns, and scatter your people before the wind." He gave force to his words with rockets on high.

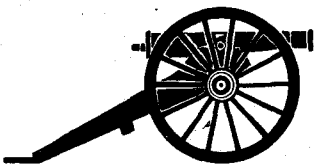
The Sauks, likewise exposed to oratory and artillery fire, "did not like the idea of fighting an enemy that used such fearful weapons as 'fire hawks'."

Captain Philip St. George Cooke, a member of the expedition, reported: "The Indians say they can stand the bow and arrow, or even the rifle pretty well, but they object to being shot at by a wagon [cannon on wheels]."

The summer following Wharton's successful foray, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny put on a parade at Fort Laramie followed by oratory. For evening inspiration, he melodramatically promised: "At night I will send stars [rockets] which will tell the Great Spirit that you have listened to my words." Francis Parkman, the famed historian, who was present,

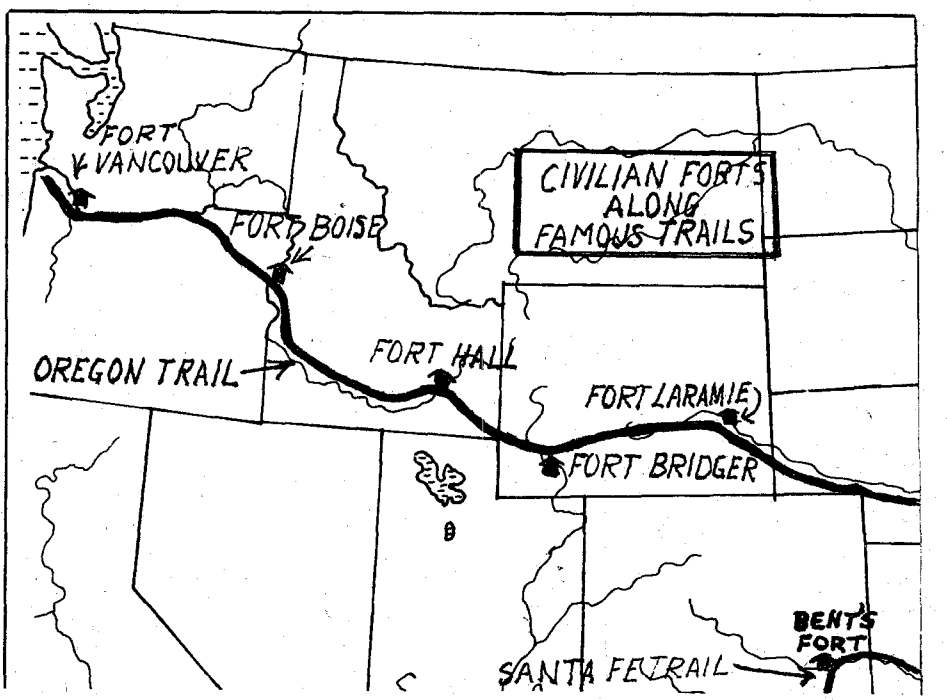


Mountain howitzer



described the firepower demonstration in these words:

"Among the rest, the Arapahoes came in considerable numbers to the fort. They had lately committed numerous murders and Colonel Kearny threatened that if they killed any more white men he would



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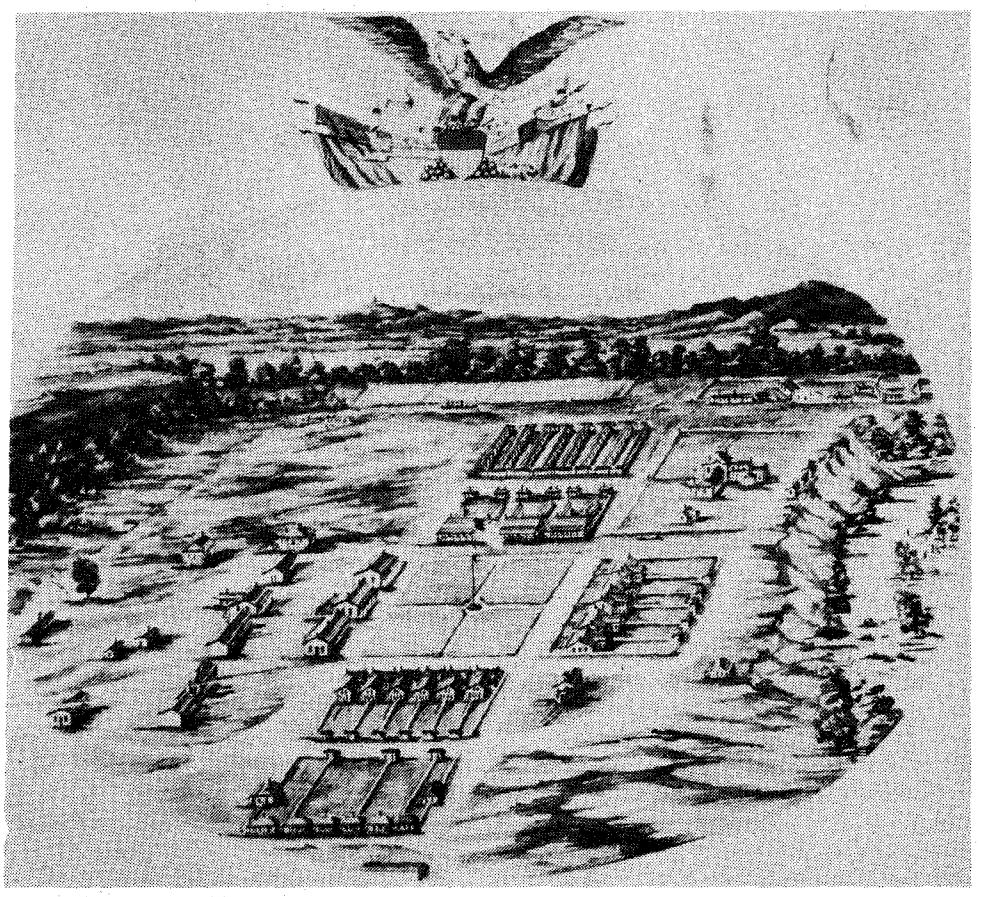

Fort Sill, Indian Territory in 1876.

turn loose his dragoons upon them, and annihilate their nation. In the evening, to add effect to his speech, he ordered a howitzer to be fired and a rocket to be thrown up. Many of the Arapahoes fell flat on the ground, while others ran away screaming with amazement and terror. On the following morning, they withdrew to their mountains, confounded at the appearance of the dragoons, at the big guns which went off twice at one shot (time bursts), and the fiery messenger which they had sent up to the Great Spirit. For many months they remained quiet and did no further mischief."

By taking advantage of the Indians' superstitious awe of artillery fire throughout the period of 1804-45, the Army helped maintain relatively peaceful conditions on the Great Plains in that period.

AT the same time that these demonstrations were carried out, the United States, to assert dominion over the lands of the Louisiana Purchase, established lines of forts in the West with artillery as vital armament. Lewis and Clark recommended forts to be built along both the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. By 1827 the western line of forts extended from Fort Snelling to Fort Leavenworth to Fort Gibson to Fort Towson—at the eastern edge of what had been described by Stephen Long as the Great American Desert.

The Indians' attitude toward mass casualties was the key to the success of forts and explains why the forts could exist deep in hostile territory. Forts in the early days were generally of rectangular construction; at two diagonal corners were the blockhouses. Cannon, death-dealing weapons on a grand scale, were normally positioned in these blockhouses so as to cover close-in the four walls, thus making any mass assault costly in lives. Rarely therefore were forts attacked by Indians. Forts, bastions of strength along the famous trails westward, became oases for trail-weary caravans in the midst of unconquered lands.

Most western forts were well protected by artillery. Between 1813 and 1823, Pittsburg Arsenal transferred 108 pieces westward.

During the 1820s another use of artillery became common. Along the Santa Fe and later the Oregon Trails, caravans began carrying cannon for protection enroute. On the Santa Fe Trail the lucrative Marmaduke-Storrs expedition had along a cannon; Thomas James, mentioned earlier and now a trader on the Canadian River, positioned a swivel on a pirogue to protect his land camp; Jedediah Smith, that intrepid explorer, lost his life when, to find needed water, he left the protection of his wagon's artillery.

Up north in 1826 Henry Ashley, a fur-trading entrepreneur, moved a cannon on wheels across the Great Plains to his Bear Lake camp—the feat showed the feasibility of wheeled travel westward. Wagontrains carrying settlers soon followed. Forts became necessities to insure safe travel, and civilian forts, actually trading posts, became centers of migrating traffic: Bent's Fort on the Santa Fe Trail and Forts Laramie, Bridger, Hall, and so forth, on the Oregon Trail.

Forts, by their multiplicity, showed their continuing value until the end of the Indian Wars. Herbert Hart in his *Forts of the Southwest* declared that 1000 or more such structures existed during the winning of the West. Robert W. Frazer in his *Forts of the West* registers on maps 318 forts and details the presence of many others. That fortified sites were considered essential in times of emergency was testified to in the Yakima War. Washington State volunteers built thirty-five stockades, blockhouses, and forts; other civilians erected twenty-three more; and the Regular Army constructed seven. To indicate the mounting respect Indians developed for forts, they eventually were constructed without fortified walls and yet they remained unassaulted.

Forts became centers from which troops were dispatched to escort caravans, to seek out marauders, to reconnoiter, to administer punitive action, to form expeditions, and so on. With forts secure and deep in hostile areas, the third phase of Indian subjugation was entered into—field operations.

THE YEAR 1829 marked one of the first of the field expeditions. On the Santa Fe Trail, where trade caravans were annually molested, Captain Bennett Riley with four companies of the 6th Infantry and a 6-pounder was ordered from Fort Leavenworth to escort the yearly caravan.

Up to the Arkansas River, the boundary between Mexico and the United States, there were no threats of attack. After Charles Bent's wagons crossed the river, Riley and his troopers set up a camp near Choteau's Island to await the fall return of the wagons. Bent's convoy was barely six miles into Mexican territory when they were surrounded by Indians. Help was needed.

At dusk, Bent loaded his accompanying small cannon with powder and pellets. When it fired, Indian ponies bucked and ran away panic-stricken. Taking advantage of the surprise, volunteer horsemen raced through the hole cleared by the shot and made it safely to the Army camp.

The following morning, Riley's infantry with its 6-pounder appeared on the scene; with the firing of the big gun at long distance, the Indians fled. Bent went his way and the troops returned to camp. Artillery had helped save a trade caravan.

Throughout that summer, Riley's force was besieged. The men were virtually confined to camp. The 6-pounder continued, however, to show the natives the deadliness and effectiveness of artillery. Manned by Second Lieutenant D. Searight and an experienced crew of infantrymen, the cannon dropped a roundshot into an Indian gathering a mile away. While Riley learned that infantry was powerless to pursue marauding hostile forces, the Indians learned respect for

(Continued on page 54)

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Look Out for

Train Robber and Murderer.

$1000 REWARD

For the Arrest and Conviction of

FLEMING PARKER

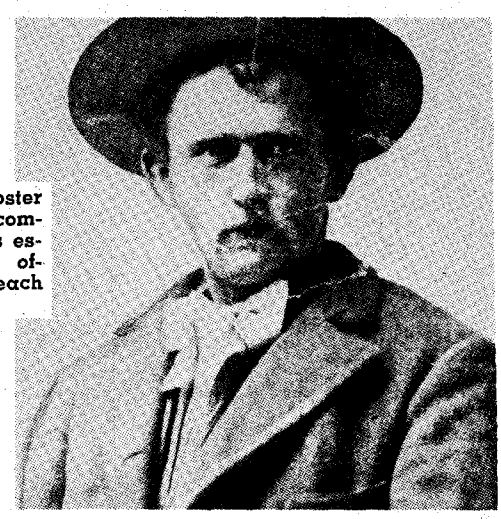
Who escaped from County Jail at Prescott, Arizona, on or about May 13, 1897. In making his escape he shot and mortally wounded the Deputy District Attorney.

DESCRIPTION.

Fleming Parker, alias William Parker, is now about 31 years of age; 5 feet 7½ inches high; weighs 165 lbs.; light grey eyes; brown hair; size of foot 6½ inches; teeth in fair condition; high, full forehead; round features; straight nose; small mouth; round chin; vacine mark on left forearm; mole back of neck; scar on left side of head. Usually wears his hat on back of his head; is a cowboy by occupation, and a native of Tulare County. His picture as given hereon is a perfect likeness of him. He has served a term of five years in San Quentin for burglary. When last heard of he was heading for Nevada or Utah; had a repeating rifle with him. He was arrested for attempting to rob the A. & P. R. R. train at Peach Springs, Arizona, and was being held for trial in the Prescott Jail when he escaped. His partner Jim, alias Harry Williams of Utah, was killed at the time of the attempted robbery. There is no doubt of his conviction if captured. If arrested telegraph Sheriff Ruffner, Prescott, Arizona, or the undersigned.

J. N. THACKER,
SPECIAL OFFICER, WELLS, FARGO & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18, 1897.



A Wells Fargo reward poster issued by the express company shortly after Parker's escape. Governor Franklin offered an additional $500 each for Parker and Miller.

Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona

"TELL THE BOYS I DIED GAME"

IT WAS bitter cold that night of February 8, 1897. The area was far in the western wilds of Arizona on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad line. As a train approached Rocky Cut, some eight miles east of Peach Springs, the engineer saw a lantern waving in the middle of the track.

Engineer Bill Daze had been on this road since 1883 and probably began wondering what the stop was for. Perhaps there was an accident, or a stranded traveler to pick up. A track obstruction was most likely. He signaled with two blasts of Engine 45's whistle and when he braked to a stop the drivers were opposite the watchman's dark form beside the tracks.

Ed Allen, the watchman, was silent when Daze asked what was wrong. By the time he asked again, a figure had appeared on the tender, leveling a pistol at both Daze and the fireman. Telling the fireman to get off, the gunman fired several shots as he stepped down.

"Hurry up or I'll shoot off your heels!"

After marching off down the tracks, the fireman met up with another bandit who ordered him to uncouple several cars. Daze's nerves had barely calmed down after the first shots, when two more were heard toward the rear of the train.

Express Messenger Summers had been puzzled when the train had stopped, but guessed what was happening when he heard the first shots. The fireman had nearly finished uncoupling the express car when Summers and another trainman jumped from the express car and ran forward to see what was going on.

As Summers came abreast of the express car, he saw an armed man standing on the rear steps. Summers had already drawn his pistol and now fired instinctively, hitting the man over the heart. As the figure threw up his hands and fell, Summers fired again, hitting him in the head.

At that moment the train started up and the startled Summers and his partner watched as the cars began pulling away. Again proceeding west, the train stopped a few miles up the tracks at a place called Nelson Siding. Here Daze was compelled to leave the engine and enter the mail car with two of the bandits. After obtaining some packages of registered mail, they made Daze back up the train a mile or so.

He even "lived" game

One of the robbers commented about "missing two men," and when he fired several shots as a signal, he failed to receive an answer. Daze was told to return to Nelson Siding. The two outlaws disappeared.

Posses from Yavapai and Coconino Counties were soon on the trail. It was just a week later that Yavapai Sheriff George Ruffner appeared in Prescott with a prisoner. Ruffner had telegraphed news of the capture on the way back and a crowd was waiting for him. Reporters who shouldered their way up to the lawman and prisoner found the sheriff noncommittal, however.

"I have been in the field for four nights and days without rest," grumbled the lawman. "I must go to bed."

THE PRISONER turned out to be Fleming Parker, a cowboy who worked around Flagstaff. "Jim" his friends called him and there were those

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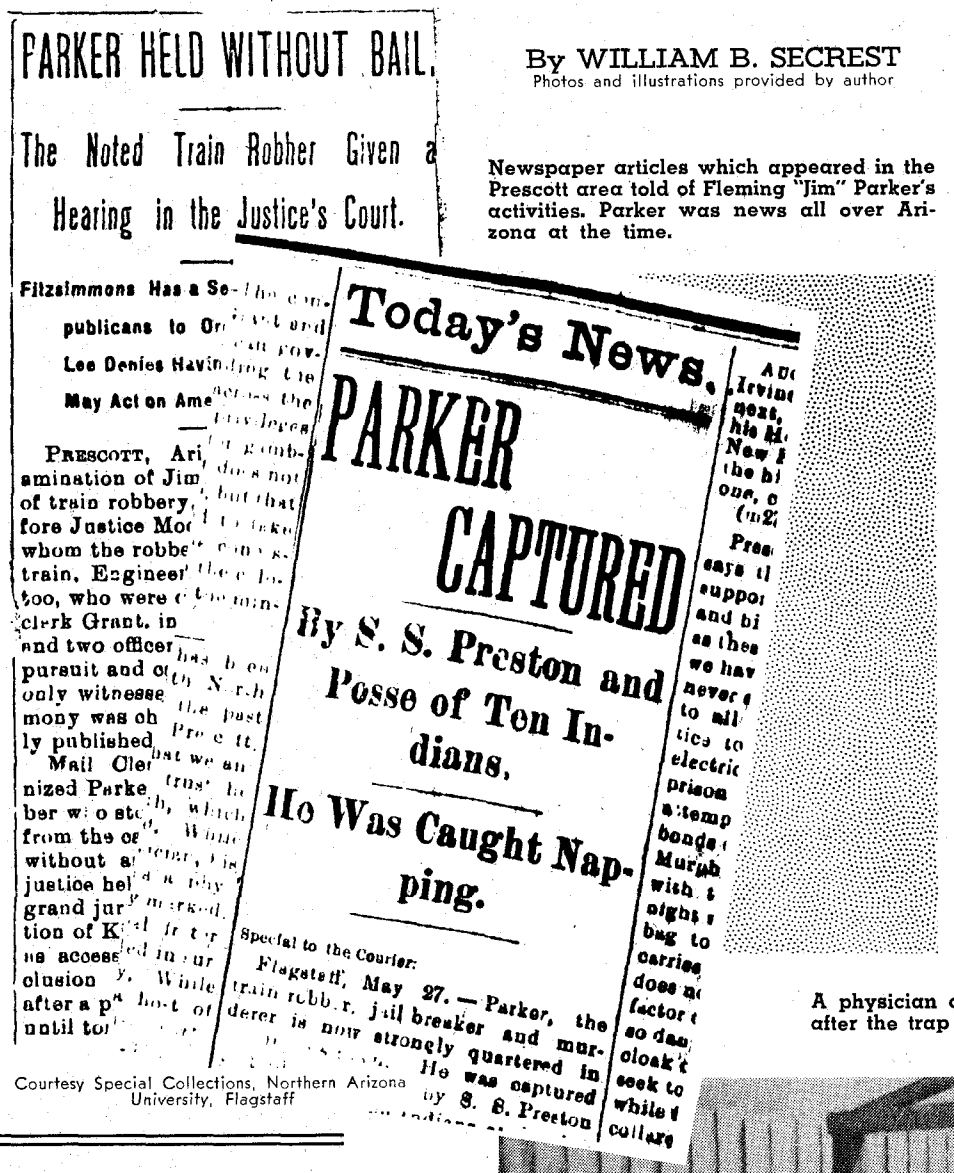
By WILLIAM B. SECREST
Photos and illustrations provided by author



PARKER HELD WITHOUT BAIL.

The Noted Train Robber Given a Hearing in the Justice's Court.

Fitzsimmons Has a Se- publicans to Or Lee Denies Havin May Act on Ame

PRESCOTT, Ari amination of Jim of train robbery fore Justice Moo whom the robbe train. Engineer too, who were clerk Grant, in and two officer pursuit and o only witnesse mony was ob ly published Mail Cle nized Parke ber who st from the o without a justice hel grand jur tion of K as access clusion after a p until to

Today's News.

PARKER CAPTURED

By S. S. Preston and Posse of Ten Indians.

He Was Caught Napping.

Special to the Courier:
Flagstaff, May 27.—Parker, the train robber, jail breaker and murderer is now strongly quartered in ... He was captured by S. S. Preston

Courtesy Special Collections, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff

Newspaper articles which appeared in the Prescott area told of Fleming "Jim" Parker's activities. Parker was news all over Arizona at the time.

— for a part of his life...

who recognized him as a contestant in the Prescott rodeo two years before. It was soon learned that he was a native of Tulare County, California and had served a term at San Quentin for burglary. Although the sheriff wouldn't talk, others who had been in on the manhunt told what had happened.

Tracking the train robbers had been a difficult job through rugged country and much of the pursuit had been on foot. On the 14th Sheriff Ruffner, three deputies, and several Indian trackers were following a trail north toward the Grand Canyon. While the sheriff and two deputies dropped behind to butcher a beef, Deputy Rogers and the Indians continued the pursuit.

Shortly after splitting up, they ran onto Parker and captured him without a fight. Making camp with the prisoner, Rogers waited until Ruffner could catch up.

Parker quickly proved he was no ordinary prisoner. When an opportunity presented itself, the outlaw snatched up a rifle and had his captors covered before they knew what was happening. Rogers retreated a few steps, then turned and ran as a bullet whined past his head. The Indians turned and fled. Parker again headed north.

Ruffner and Deputies Buglin and Riley met the Indians the next morning, heard what happened, and began working their way up Diamond Creek. Suddenly, they saw Parker ahead. He was coming downstream toward them, evidently making his way into the Grand Canyon. Quickly preparing an ambush, the lawmen stationed themselves on opposite sides of the stream. Parker hadn't seen them and in a few minutes he was abreast of Ruffner's position.

"Hands up," growled the sheriff.

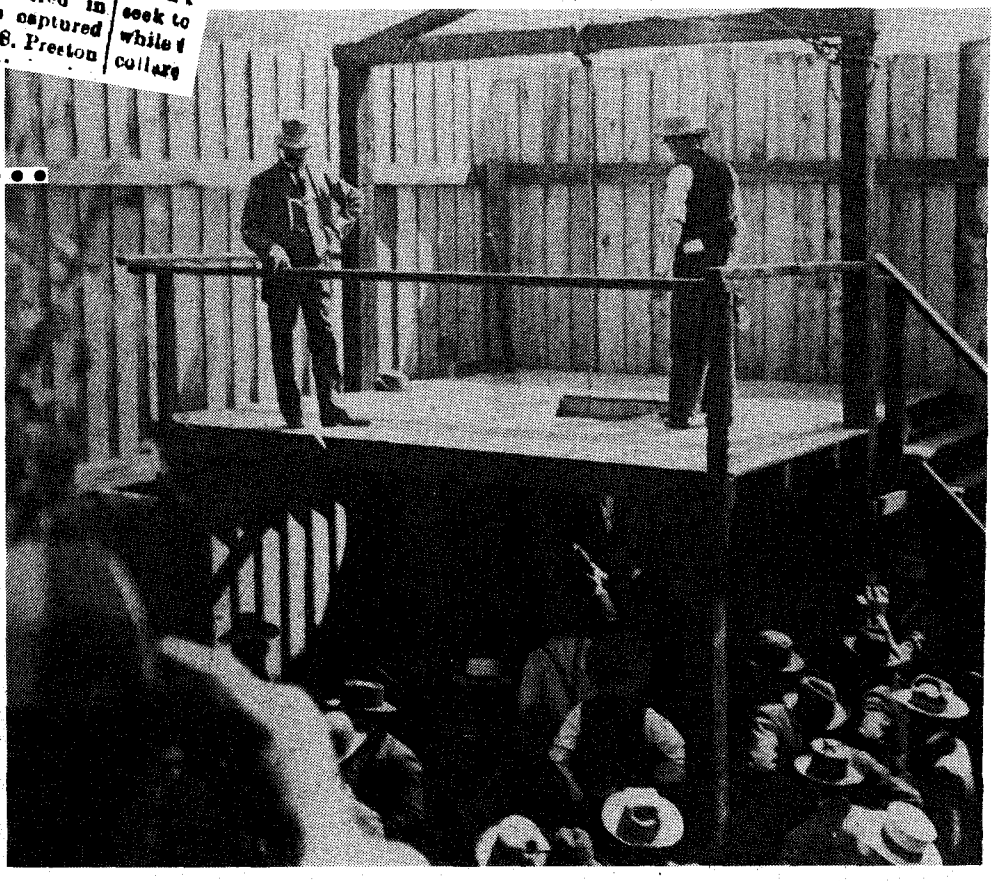
Parker threw down his Winchester and was again a prisoner. The exhausted group then headed south to Prescott.

Parker was examined before Justice J. M. W. Moore on February 23. Two alleged accomplices had been picked up by this time—one "Kid" Marvin and Abe Thompson. The dead bandit was later identified as Harry Williams of Utah.

The trainmen gave their testimony, mail clerk Grant positively identifying Parker from his voice. It looked like an open-and-shut case and Parker was held without bail for his appearance before the Grand Jury. As the jail door

A physician checks Parker's lifeless body, a few minutes after the trap was sprung.

Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona



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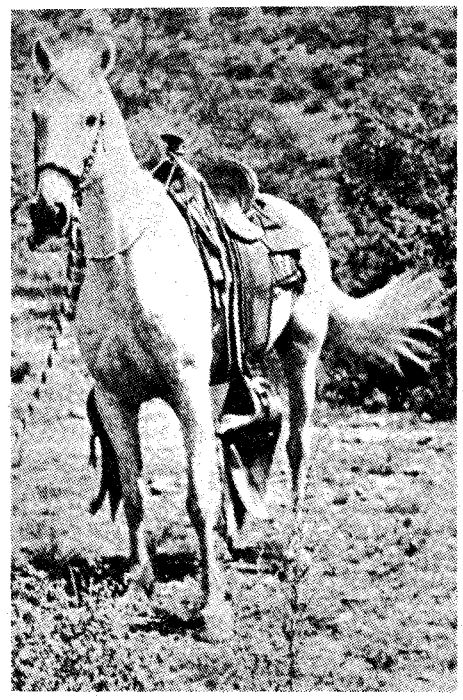
slammed shut behind him, Parker must have wondered what had gone wrong. The cowboy-outlaw didn't relish being returned to prison. In his state of depression, the glint of desperation in his eyes went unnoticed.

ON Sunday morning, May 9, Prescott was quiet. As couples walked to church and buggies clattered briskly along the streets, Jim Parker and other inmates in the county jail were making plans. A Mexican and a forger named Lew Miller were the principal conspirators with Parker. The best escape plan they could come up with was to have the Mexican ask for a bucket of water. It was customary for the jailer to allow one of the men to refill the bucket when necessary, and as soon as he stepped outside the cell the Mexican was to grab the jailer and hold him. The others would then burst through the door and help him.

When the Mexican stepped to the bars and called to the deputy, it was almost one o'clock. Jailer Bob Meador was unconcerned as he unlocked the jail door and let the Mexican out. He had done the same thing hundreds of times. Suddenly he was fighting for his life. Taking the deputy completely by surprise, the Mexican wrestled him away from the jail door and tore the large cell door key from his grasp. As Meador screamed for help and tried to free himself, the Mexican smashed him on the head with the key, causing a vicious gash.

Parker and Miller had meanwhile dashed through the cell door and sprinted into the jailer's room adjoining the entrance to the jail. Grabbing a shotgun, a



Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona

Winchester and a pistol, Parker leaped out into the hallway again just as Assistant County Attorney Lee Norris was coming down the stairs.

Norris must have known immediately what had happened and when he saw the prisoners loose, he turned and fled back up the stairs. Throwing the shotgun to his shoulder, Parker let go one barrel at the fleeing man and watched as Norris threw up his arms and dropped from sight.

By this time the Mexican had released Meador, who scrambled to arm himself. As Parker, Miller and the Mexican fled down the hallway, the jailer fired three shots, then watched them disappear. Once outside, they ran to Sheriff Ruffner's stable which was adjacent to the courthouse.

The stablekeeper was told to get his hands up and keep out of the way while the men hurriedly selected two horses and led them to the yard at the rear. The prisoners were undoubtedly beginning to panic now as groups of curious people began peering into the darkened stables wondering what was going on. Whether by design or chance isn't known, but Parker selected Sure Shot, the favorite white horse of the sheriff.

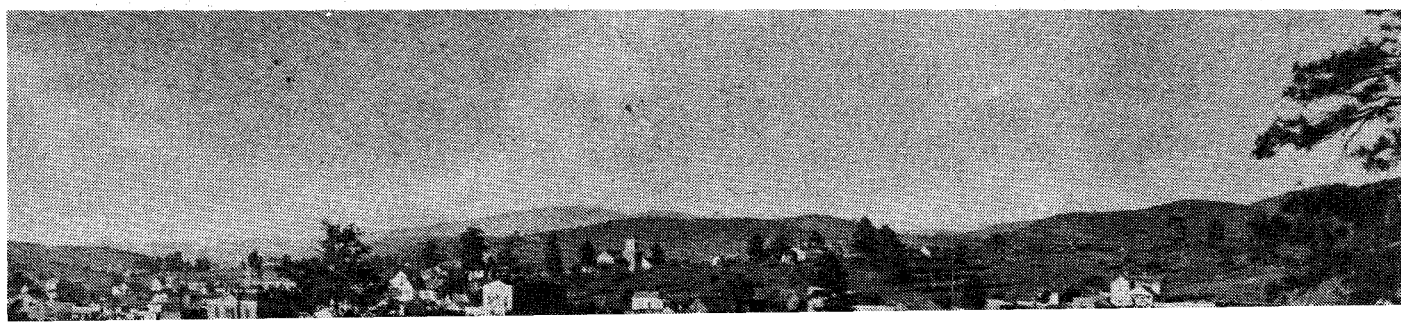
Not taking time to saddle, Parker mounted Sure Shot while the Mexican and Miller scrambled aboard another horse. Just at this moment Chief of Police Prince and an ex-chief named Archibald came running up and quickly guessed what had happened. Both men were unarmed, however, and had to watch helplessly as the prisoners galloped out of the yard and disappeared up the alley.

With Parker leading the way, they left the alley at Carleton Street, rode west one block to Cortez Street, then turned south. At one point Miller and the Mexican fell off their mount and sprawled in the street. By this time people were running after them and watching from street corners, but no one was really sure about what was taking place. Nearly a hundred people watched as the three outlaws rode out of town and over a hill toward Lynx Creek.

(Continued on page 57)

Above, "Sure Shot," Sheriff Ruffner's horse, was crippled as a result of the frequent shoe changes made by Parker in his efforts to fool the posse. The outlaw took the sheriff's horse when he made his escape from the Prescott jail. Below, Prescott, Arizona as it appeared a few years prior to Parker's stay there.

Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona



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THE SPINNIN' HORSE and the MONTANA KID

By MONTE H. "CAP" HASH

Photo provided by author

Together they won a good Stetson!

THE RANGE in Montana along the Big Dry where I got my start, such as it was, has turned out some mighty good bronc riders. I'm proud to say I knew quite a few of them in bygone days, but most of the ones I knew best only had local reputations—which sure as heck don't mean they weren't among the best. A few that did make the headlines as top champions came from around Miles City or that vicinity, among them being two world champions, Paddy Ryan and Bob Askin. But, in my opinion, several I knew as personal friends were fully as good but never reached out for the big shows and therefore were never recognized.

One of the very best of the old-time bronc stompers was a fellow I knew from kid days and up until I drifted from that part of the range. This was the "Montana Kid." His real name was William Searle but he was familiarly known on his home range as Billy.

In the early days of his career, Billy had been associated with the 101 Wild West Show and was their exhibition bronc rider. To hold down that job took qualifications, and was recommendation enough to keep a man in good standing as a top hand.

But—and the Montana Kid would be first to admit it—'the bronc don't breathe that can't be rode, nor does the cowboy live that can't be throwed.'

Lee Caldwell was a great bronc rider in his day and won a world championship and everlasting fame on a horse called "The Flying Devil." This was at Miles City in the year 1914. Billy Searle had drawn this horse the previous day at the Miles City Roundup and the horse fell with him, which called for a reride. If this famous bucker had held his feet there was a good chance the odds would have favored the Montana Kid. As in all sports, Lady Luck is a good girl to have handy in rodeo events.

The range south of Miles City and north to the Missouri produced some bucking horses, and I'm sure still does, that have become famous on the circuit. Some of them were Skyrocket, The Flying Devil, and one I remember well around Jordan was a horse called simply the Oliver bay, owned by Charlie Oliver. This was one bronc that, to my knowledge, was never successfully contested. Even the Montana Kid could never set the old Oliver bay.

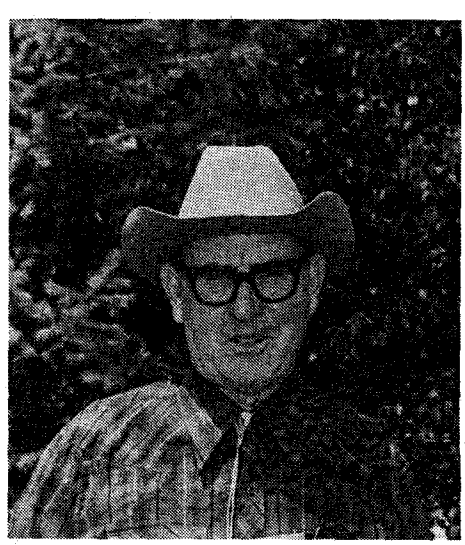
But of all the celebrated bucking horses, the one that would still be remembered among a few real old-timers was the famous Spinner.

In the early days of rodeo, bucking stock was furnished by almost any rancher that thought he had a hard bucker. Most of the time these cayuses would be discovered in the breaking process, and if a stomper got one in his string that turned out to be a little too many for him, this bronc would turn up at some show or other. If he kept on with his waspy ways and was successful in unloading rodeo contestants, naturally his reputation grew along with the price.

Among the bucking horses that got their start in this way was Midnite, Steamboat and others at a later date like Hell's Angel, Little Middy or probably better known as Quarter to Midnite, and Trail's End.

Courtesy Edmund Gerspacher, Saco, Montana

Above, Leonard Stroud winning the Bronco Busting Championship in 1918. Below, Monte H. "Cap" Hash.



I'VE listened to rodeo fans in the grandstand and have come to the conclusion that most of them don't really understand much of what they are trying to explain concerning the different events. Especially when they're expounding their theory of bucking horses.

I heard a fellow explaining to his wife about "well trained" bucking horses. Well, if a bronc has to be trained to buck, then a bullfrog has to be trained to hop. Each just does what comes natural. A good bucking horse is simply a spoilt one and usually pretty smart to boot. Their sole aim in life seems to point to one principle—as far as humans are concerned—"Stay to hell off my back!"

The good ones don't come out of the chute and blow their stack like a lot of folks believe, either. But they do have a wonderful memory and a bagful of tricks all designed for the purpose I just mentioned. They usually put their all into the first few jumps and then if they haven't slipped their pack they'll quit at the sound of the welcome horn. Of course, there are blind buckers that will pile into anything and seem to go hog wild, but this kind usually doesn't last long and no contestant likes to draw one. The bareback stock is more apt to belong in the blind bucking class, as these are usually younger and more unpredictable.

If I remember right, the Spinnin' Horse was brought the first time to Miles City's roundup by Smokey Nickol, who had his headquarters on Sunday Creek a few miles to the north of town. Smokey didn't own him but that wasn't uncommon. I suppose the old boy hadn't quite got around to putting his iron on the Spinner, or possibly, after he'd tried to set him, he decided against going to the trouble.

Anyway, the first contestant to draw this cayuse was a Crow Indian with the scholarly name of Bird in the Ground. As Spinner went into his act the Indian vised to the safety biscuit and managed to stay on until the horse finally fell. The Indian went staggering one direction and the horse the other, which I imagine was somewhat comical to see.

Several claims of ownership to the now famous horse were made, so eventually a court hearing was held at Miles City and the owner was determined to be Jim Jasper, a rancher of the Hell Creek breaks north of Jordan. Searle was trailing some horses north to the Jordan range and returned the pony to his rightful owner but later traded Jim out of him. *(Continued on next page)*

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The Spinner became a celebrated bucking horse at many rodeos and was recognized as one horse that couldn't be rode. Billy Searle proved this wasn't so, however, as he broke the little bay and made a good cutting horse of him. But only Billy could handle this horse with any degree of certainty because Spinner never got over his old habits and was always unpredictable. He was a one-man proposition as long as he lived.

Long after the Montana Kid had transformed the little bay into an apparently well broken cowpony, he decided the little horse was getting to that age where he'd better cash in.

Representatives of the British Government were purchasing saddle stock to ship overseas and were paying good prices for gentle stock. A horse sale was to be held at the livery stable one day and Billy rode in, leading the Spinner, and put up at the Hash stable.

Naturally a sale brought many ranchers to the little cowtown on the Big Dry, and a certain amount of them took advantage of the occasion to catch up on some celebrating.

The Montana Kid headed toward the most popular and handy thirst parlor for a little round of adventure. Here's the way it went.

AS Bill bellies up to the mahogany at Floyd's he's joined by a well known, but not always popular, breed whose actions speak plainly that what he's been partaking of wasn't soda pop. This character is making himself generally obnoxious, which happens to be a habit of his. He has a fair reputation as a bronc twister but his bragging ways don't please most folks, and he's often been known to brag himself out of standing room at the bar. He's run out of cash and is bumming his drinks, trying to keep the fire kindled.

The Montana Kid slides some silver on the bar and of course Mr. Loudmouth invites himself in. He offers Billy the information that he'd like to do a bit of exhibition riding to gather up some cash. This is the opening Billy's looking for and he's soon in an argument.

"Hell," ventures Billy Searle, "I just rode in on a pony that can crow-hop some, and maybe we could take up a collection, providing you think you can set him."

"Listen," answers Big Mouth, "if you can ride him he must not be much rougher than Grampa's rocking chair. Just lead me to him."

"Tell you what," Billy comes back, "you've got a pretty good looking Stetson there. I'll take up a collection, and if you scratch this old pony straight up, you get the money. But if he throws you, I'll keep the money and take that hat you're wearing."

"Mister," and the bragger motions the bartender, "you heard the bet. If you'll trust me for another round, I'll pay you with interest after I've topped this cayuse."

The horse sale at the livery stable has drawn a goodly crowd and Billy passes the hat and explains to all that there'll be an exhibition ride for some extra excitement. So, during a lull in the proceedings the little bay is led out and saddled.

Now Spinner was a famous horse and well known, and if the breed hadn't been so busy showing off and carrying on, he'd have tumbled. He'd seen Spinner perform, but being slightly drunk and plumb overconfident of his riding ability, he didn't recognize the pony.

He's borrowed a pair of fancy Angora chaps from Del Hubbard and he's doing a ragtime shuffle for the benefit of the spectators, at the same time paraphrasing a popular tune of the day: "See that old bay pony over there, watch me scratch his shoulders in the air, ever'body says that he's a bear" etc. The tune was "Everybody's Doin' It."

As the crowd takes to the vantage points along the pole corral, Big Mouth mounts, and with a wild cowboy yell he sinks the steel into Spinner's shoulders. Now this old pro doesn't require any further encouragement, and coming unwound like a busted clock spring, he goes into his famous spin. At around the third revolution his rider's scratching, and what he's scratching is daylight. He's plumb lost his hoss and a hell of a chunk of pride. And his landing is in a pile of something that could hardly be mistaken for wild honey.

Too late he knows he's been had, as he recognizes the cause of his downfall. His remark as he shuffled away was, "Searle, I'll get even with you if it takes me the rest of my life. Damn you, that's that old Spinning s-o-b!"

Pocketing the collection jingle, and setting the newly won Stetson at a jaunty angle, Billy mounts the Spinner and rides out of the corral to the accompaniment of much cheering from the crowd who sure got their money's worth.

THE Montana Kid like most of his kind, was gifted with a craw full of sand and fighting gravel, and was never known to back off from trouble. He was game, and in most rough and tumble brawls he'd hold up his end. But on one occasion he tangled with a knife-wielding Kentuckian and not only lost the battle but came within a fraction of crossing over to that other range.

This took place in the near vicinity of my father's livery stable and, although I didn't witness the fight, I saw Billy as he was being carried away and from his appearance I thought he might drown in his own blood. His opponent, name of Charlie Counts, had slipped a long-bladed pocket knife under Billy's ear and started running circles, and he didn't leave much to hold Billy's head on. But the quick work of Doc Baker with a sack needle, and the Kid's rugged constitution, brought him through.

After Billy's recovery the life expectancy of one Mr. Counts became very uncertain and he wasn't long flagging it for his home in the hills. I'm sure, knowing the Montana Kid the way I did, that Counts' departure added a few extra years to the Kentuckian's life.

Spinner's performance at the horse sale eliminated the chances of selling him to the British as a cavalry horse as they weren't in the market for buckers, and after a few years he died of distemper.

The Montana Kid continued to break horses until finally old age broke him. Searle in his prime was, in my opinion at least, a talented man with horses and one of the few who could break and train a saddle horse. Very few bronc busters could turn out horses as well broke to rein, and none I ever knew could quite come up to Billy's standards. He was a specialist in the business.

The Montana Kid was still breaking and handling horses long after he was over the hill, and was a fair rider even in old age. But you have to remember that this old Range Rounder was quite a bit thornier than average. I don't know how Billy come by the cash-in but I'd be willing to gamble he met it in his natural way—which was cool as the breeze that drifts from an Eskimo's igloo. I never saw him show much excitement in life, and I doubt that the final call would change him any.

"Every wedding anniversary Paw goes down and takes a shot at the parson!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION required by Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST (ISSN 00413615), published bimonthly; subscription $4.48 for 6 issues. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher: Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. Stockholders: Joe Austell Small; Small Brothers Company, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 162,478; last single issue: 163,300. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 58,633; last single issue: 59,792. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 21,033; last single issue: 20,571. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 79,666; last single issue: 80,363. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Total distribution during last twelve months: 80,166; last single issue: 80,863. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. Average number returns from news agents during last twelve months: 81,312; last single issue: 81,437. Total average (net press run) during last twelve months: 162,478; last single issue: 163,300. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 20, 1979.

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INDIAN GEORGE

— most famous guide and scout of the Panamint Tribe

IN 1928 California set aside 560 acres of rock-strewn mountainside, saline marsh, and desert sands bordering Death Valley, for the remnant of the Panamint Indians. The government designated the area as a rancheria—not a reservation.

At the foot of the Panamint Mountains, facing west, was the winter home long used by these Indians, a place they called Warm Springs. Government records referred to it as Indian Ranch Rancheria. Others coming into the area called it Warm Springs Ranch, Warm Springs George's, George's Panamint Ranch, or just George's Ranch. Regardless of name, the Indian settlement was widely known for its hospitality. From the early 1860s no hungry, thirsty or weary traveler was ever turned away.

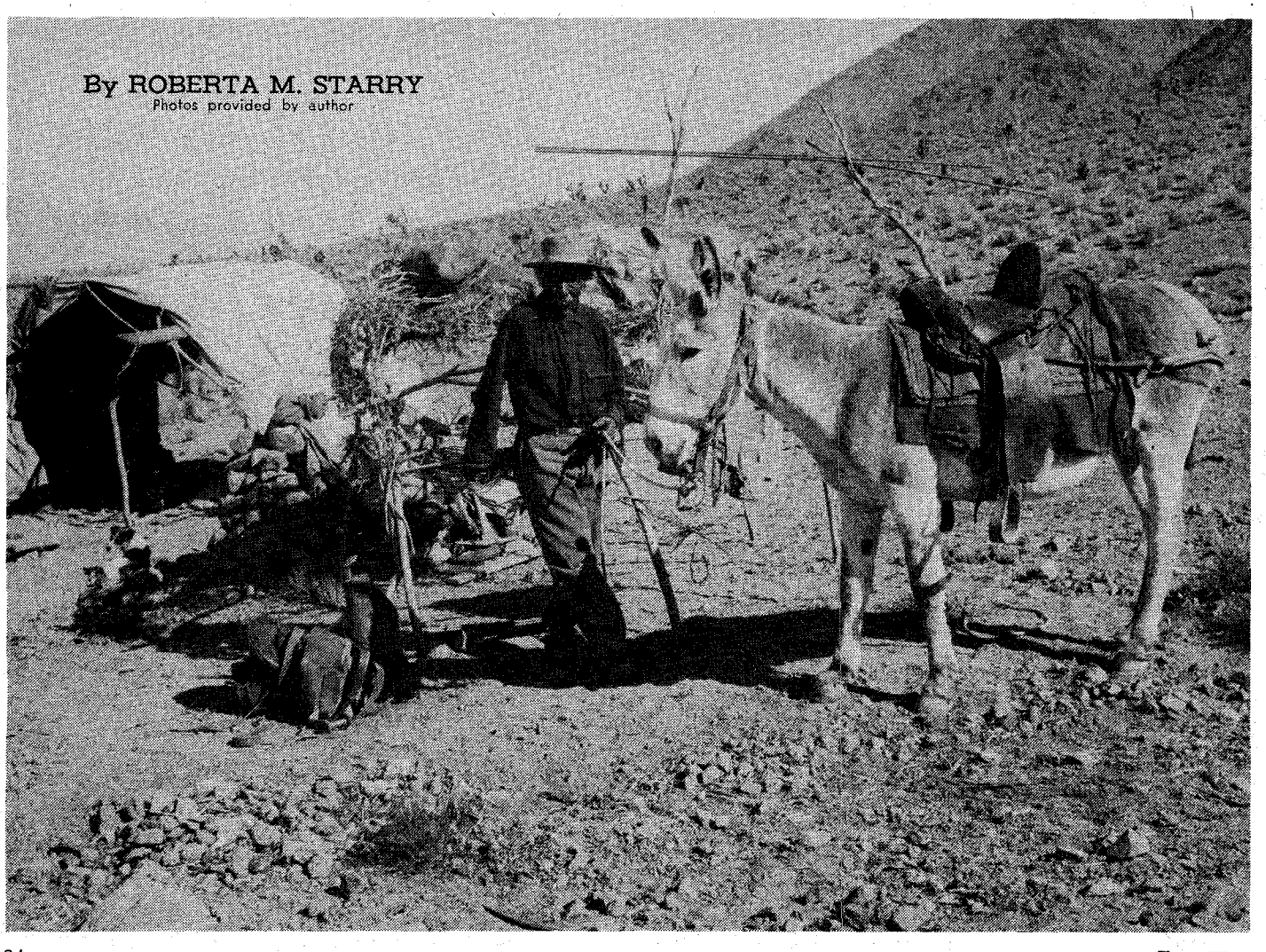
Even better known than the ranch was the head of the group, Indian George (also known as Panamint George). His fame grew through the years as he guided surveyors, prospectors and hunters of the big horn sheep. Indian George's expertise as a wild horse wrangler was equaled only by his sons' who worked with him as a smooth operating unit on the yearly roundups. The horses were for their own use and that of the ranchers and settlers who were attempting to tame the desert sands.

Indian George was born in Death Valley. The year can only be guessed but he was old enough to remember the emigrant train that struggled through Death Valley in 1849. In George's own words he "was just a boy." He and his father were on a hunting trip when they saw members of the Jayhawker party scouting the east side of the Panamint Range for the easiest passage. It was late December when Indian George first saw the pale-faced men with hair covering the lower portion of their faces and strange-fitting garments hiding their bodies. Strangest of all was one whose yellow hair was almost as pale and sick-looking as his skin.

Fear gripped the Indian boy as he quietly lay in hiding with his father. There had been talk about the people who were coming into their valley. Desert winds ahead of the emigrants had brought word that the strangers killed Indians. They had killed a young man who had led them to good water when they and their animals were thirsty.

The emigrants suffering for want of food and water in Death Valley were

By ROBERTA M. STARRY
Photos provided by author



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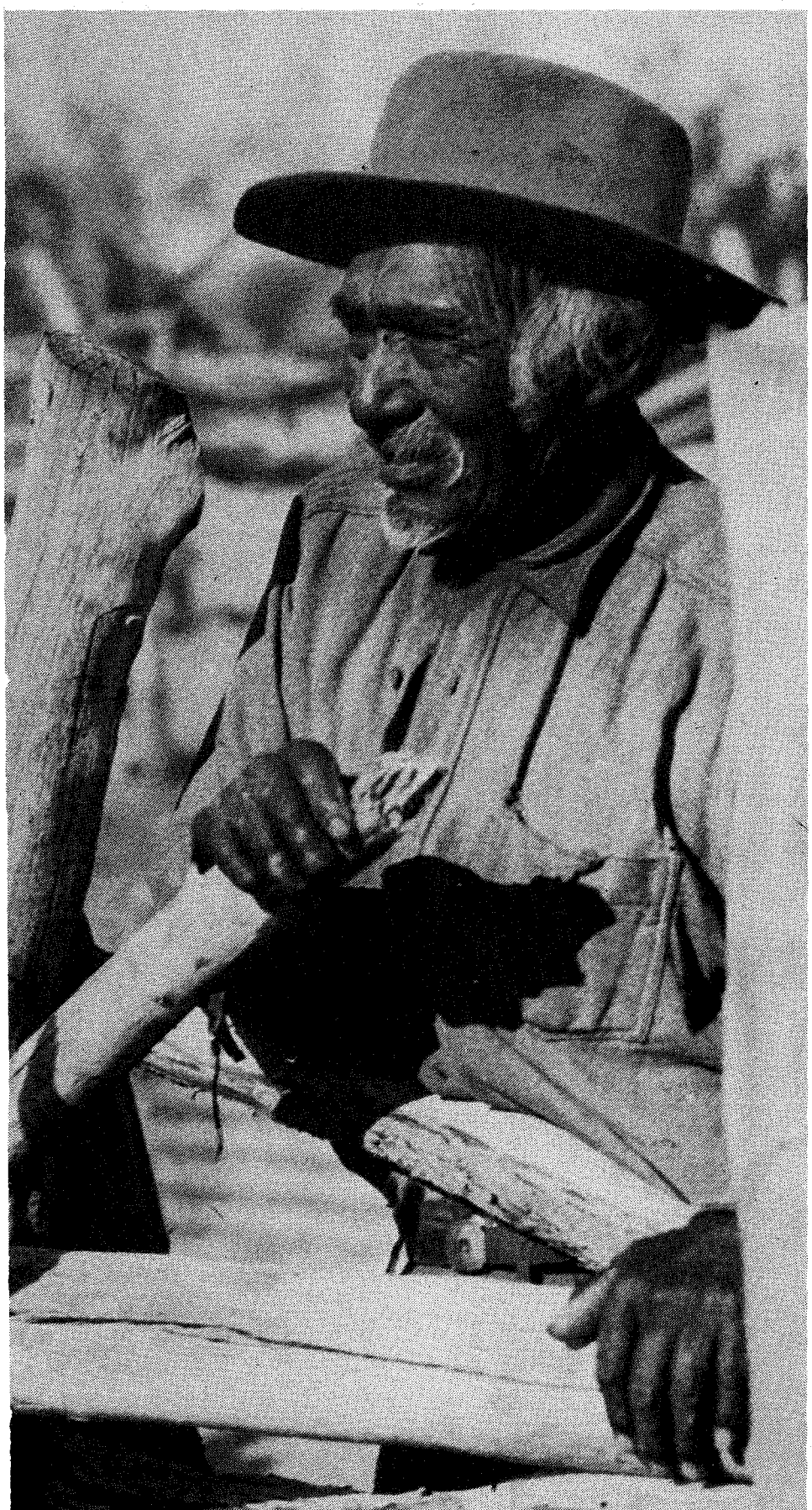

Above, BAH-VANDA-SAVA-NU-KEE (1843-1943), last Chief of the Panamint Indians, known to most as Indian George. At left, Indian George sets up a temporary camp while on a wild horse roundup in 1923.

part of a train that was attempting to reach California and its gold fields via an uncharted short-cut. Because of their lack of understanding of the desert, hunger and thirst stalked their path. They camped in mesquite thickets that would have provided nourishment in the form of beans; they passed within a few feet of fresh water when perishing for want of a drink; they traveled difficult terrain instead of the easier Indian trails.

The Indians could have shown them the covered holes of water—covered to keep out animals, blowing sand and to slow down evaporation. They could have pointed out the mesquite beans and showed the strangers how to make a rich meal, but they were afraid of being killed after their knowledge was no longer needed.

To the young Indian and his father the actions of the white men were puzzling—they were doing all the wrong things and most puzzling of all was what seemed to be a religious rite. The travelers killed the large horned animals that pulled their big lumbering vehicles, then burned the vehicles and started across the salt flats on foot carrying bundles on their backs.

Antagonism increased as the strangers raided the brush homes of the Indians, and let their oxen eat the cornstalks from small garden plots. They stole squash, and in one incident ate the sweet round balls they found stored in a cave. These balls, made by pulverizing a cane-type reed then working it into a ball of gum-like material, were one of the Indians' treats and eaten sparingly. Apparently the white men ate all they could find, and later reported having been quite nauseated.

One young Indian was captured in hopes of getting him to show them a way out of the valley but he managed to escape in fear of his life, never understanding what they had wanted of him.

OF ALL the studies made of Indians, little attention was given the Panamints. Very few scientists ever visited this small but hardy group that survived in one of the country's most difficult areas. Even the Department of Indian Affairs has little information. Most of what is known of the Panamint people has come through Indian George and his family—the man who managed for at least a century to live in two worlds: the traditional Indian world and that of the gold-seeking strangers.

To cope with the white man's demand for a name or be called "Joe"—a name which was bestowed on all Indians —George had taken the name of a man he admired, a Dr. S. G. George who came through the area in 1860 looking for the lost Gunsight Mine, an alleged mountain of silver sighted by one of the '49ers. It is believed that Indian George was a guide to this prospecting party. Again to meet the white man's custom, he settled on Hanson for a "full name." Some say he liked the sound of the name Hanson, others say it too was selected because of a man George liked. On government records, the best known of the

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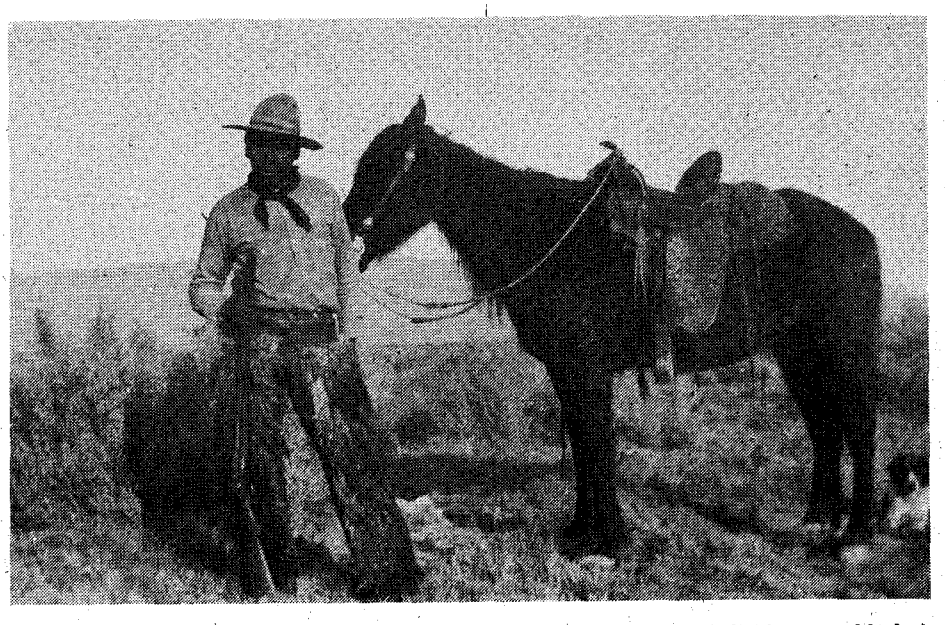
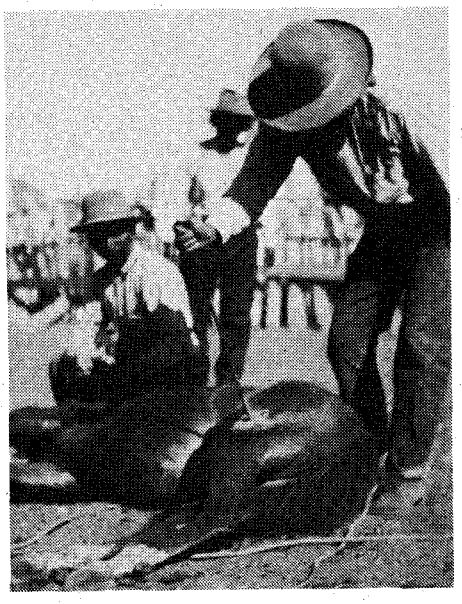


Above, Mike Hanson, son of Indian George, at Junction Flat in 1918. He wore his hair long, and sported black goat-skin chaps. His favorite horse, "Curiosity," had a sterling silver "Eagle" bit, given to him by Elizabeth Mecham, member of an early-day mining and ranching family.



Above (left photo), branding wild horses in May 1916. George Hanson (Indian George) in center background, on left is George Gregory, while Mike Hanson does the branding. Photo on right is of Isabelle Hanson, daughter of Indian George, taken shortly before her death in 1964. Below, Warm Springs Ranch in 1923, or as it was later known, "Indian Ranch," home of Indian George and his family, and headquarters of the Panamint Indians. Located on the edge of the barren Panamint Valley, the ranch was fed by water from springs in the Panamint Mountains.

Panamint Indians is George Hanson—not Bah-Vanda-Sava-Nu-Kee.

The Indian name meant "Boy Who Ran," a permanent name given as the young boy entered manhood. The ceremony of becoming an adult started with older men singing songs about the youth's new status just as the morning star appeared. As day dawned the young man would run to the nearest stream and, regardless of temperature, dive in to wash away his childhood. Leaving the stream he would run several miles up the side of the mountain to show endurance, speed, and ability to overcome hardships. While running he would think on strength, courage, and goodness encompassed in manliness in relationship to the laws of nature in his desert world.

That desert-mountain world was one of the toughest places to survive. Food was never plentiful, water sources were often miles apart, and extreme temperatures baked the body in daytime and chilled it to the bone at night.

Maturity of boy or girl among the Panamint people meant simply shouldering more responsibility, for they were already trained in survival. They knew how to recognize and use every edible plant from grass to pine nuts, and animal life from lizard to the wily big horn sheep of the highest cliffs. Willows provided the boy with bow and arrows, the girl with basket-making material for cooking, storing and wearing. Rabbit drives honed the boy's ability to provide meat and the girl's skill in curing the hide to make into wraps and blankets.

THE PANAMINT INDIANS had their beliefs and rituals as do all people. And the weather was a point of interest just as it is in most people's lives today. Normally hot and dry, the days were still watched for signs of change. The tribe believed in rain makers but trained no one among their own people. When the water supply was running low due to prolonged drouth they would send for a rain maker from the tribes to the north, hiring him for however long it took.

A ring around the moon was a storm signal to early pioneers; to the Panamint people it meant a cold spell within a week. The time, and the degree of the storm, could be judged by the depth of color and size of the ring. When Mah-ha, the new moon, first appeared, the slant of the crescent was the key to coming weather. If near vertical, dry weather would continue; but if it was lying on its rounded back, heavy storms were due. Flash floods with torrents of rain were familiar to these desert dwellers.

Until the advent of mechanical go-anywhere transportation, the Indians' brush wickiups could be found in canyons all through Death Valley and the Panamint Range. These conical homes were for seasonable use; low valley ones were used in winter, those high up and near water were summer homes. Made of willow and mesquite boughs, the six-feet high structures were erected over a foot-deep circular pit which served as a central fireplace.

A young couple lived in the home of

(Continued on page 60)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Honeycutt

Does anyone remember reading about a party hunting for buried treasure along the Buffalo River in Marion County, Arkansas many years ago? My grandfather, Louis Honeycutt, and some great uncles (the Cooleys) were in that hunting party. The story has been handed down for many years but I have missed out on some of the details. If someone would send me a copy I would be glad to pay for their trouble and postage.

I am trying to locate the descendants of the brothers and sisters of Louis Honeycutt, born 1871 in Missouri. Some of his brothers were John, Jake, Ale, Hiram, Sonny and Robert. He had a sister named Galley and one called Sis. Louis Honeycutt married Nancy Ann Davis and they moved to Marion County, Arkansas where they raised a large family. Louis died in 1938 near Rush, Arkansas.

Hiram Honeycutt lived at Elba, Arkansas where he died in 1914 or '15. I do not know my great-grandparents' names. I think they homesteaded a place near Oscagee or Osage City, Kansas.

I would appreciate information on this Honeycutt family and will answer all mail and reimburse postage.— Mrs. Effie McKinney, Rt. 4, Box 113, Marshall, Arkansas 72650

Clark-Kaste-Caste

Larkan Clark's wife's maiden name was Kaste (or Caste). Her brother was Henry Kaste who moved to Texas sometime around 1875. Larkan may have been from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; Henry Kaste from Kentucky.

Larkan Clark bought a ranch at Ringgold, Texas. He and Henry Kaste raised some of the first Thoroughbred horses in Texas. They also drove cattle to Kansas.

Larkan's children were John (a minister); Bell, Tom, Chancy and George (my grandfather).

George Clark and his wife Mary R. Atwell had a son Ollin LeRoy. Some of the family may be around Denison, Texas. We have reason to believe that Larkan sold the Ringgold ranch because the railroad split the land in half. He moved somewhere between Mineral Wells and Weatherford, Texas. He sold out again and along with my grandfather, George Clark, returned to Prairie du Chien. My father was born in Montague, Palo Pinto County, Texas.

I would like to hear from Clark or Kaste descendants. All letters will be answered if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.—Margaret Clark Crafton, P. O. Box 5327, Amarillo, Texas 79107

Harris-Graham

Serilda Harris, born 1867 in Williamson County, Texas was the daughter of Frederick and Mary Amanda Manus Harris. She married Samuel Graham in Coryell County, Texas and had two daughters. We believe one married a man named Moore. Serilda was my father's sister. He was Nathan Harris.

If anyone knows anything about these people please write.—Mrs. B. E. Garner, Rt. 1, Box 77W, Midland, Texas 79701

Hill

My great-grandfather was William G. Hill. I know nothing about him and would appreciate information.

Benjamin Matthew Hill was born around Mason or Menard, Texas and died about 1945-47 at Uvalde, Texas.

Does anyone have information on Fred Hill or the Hill family of either Hope, Arkansas or Oklahoma?

It is my understanding that some relatives of the Hills are named Nobles and live near Mason, Texas; and Mitchells in Oklahoma and Greenville, Texas. One of them used to own a store in Greenville. Willie (Bill) Hill was born in Hext, Menard County, Texas and died on a ship during World War I.

I would appreciate any information on the Hill family.—J. O. Hill, 1113½ Dearborn, Lawton, Oklahoma 73501

Van Arsdale-Le Baron

My grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Van Arsdale, was born February 7, 1862 in Webb City, Missouri. He married Lamora Maude Fallis of Osage County at Lyndon, Kansas on September 15, 1886. She died October 1891.

It is assumed my grandfather went to Oklahoma during the Run in 1889. He settled at Ingalls (Ripley) and Stillwater while it was still Indian Territory. He married a widow, Hattie Bell Freeman, on May 21, 1893.

It is thought Thomas Jefferson Van Arsdale had two brothers, Robert C., born 1852 in Kentucky; and Isom born 1858 in Texas. Their parents were Prestly Van Arsdale and Nancy Fallis, both born in Kentucky.

I will be happy to pay postage for any photocopies of information. For anyone interested in the Le Baron family in America, I have an almost complete record that I would be glad to share.—Edith Crandall, 1533 Harvest Road, Pleasanton, California 94566

Engle-Loughrey-Perkins

My great and great-great-grandfathers were pioneers of the Engles who formed Menard County, Illinois. Sometime after 1880 they took different roads. My Grandfather Milem Minor Engle Sr.'s family moved to Canadian County, Oklahoma. At one time he was part of the Healy-Bigelow traveling medicine show. We have heard tales of his selling the old "Kickapoo Oil" and of being a city slicker.

My grandmother Mary (or Bessie) Loughrey was twenty-six years younger than grandfather. Before this marriage she was a school teacher in northeast Wisconsin. At that time she was married to Charles A. Perkins, twenty-nine years older than she. About 1905 she may have been married to an Armstrong, nineteen years older than she.

Minor Engle was born 1861 in Sweetwater, Illinois. Mary (or Bessie) was born in Peshtigo, Wisconsin in 1887. My mother was born in Portland, Oregon. Three children, Minor and Mary were in San Francisco until 1927. Can anyone help me fill some gaps? I have a great deal of published history on the Menard-Mason Counties, Illinois Engles if anyone is a descendant or interested in their forefathers' pioneering.—Charlene Devereaux, 24152 Bolton Hill Road, Veneta, Oregon 97487

Strother

Members of the Strother families and allied families please write Lloyd F. Oliver, 3224 Hillcrest Drive, Apt. 201, San Antonio, Texas 78201 with information on your lines as far back as you can go, for inclusion in a book "Descendants of William Strother" born ca 1630, Northumberland, England; died 1702 in Richmond County, Virginia.

Armstrong-Margerum

I am seeking information on Thomas J. Armstrong who was probably from Iowa.

I would also like information on the family of Richard Margerum (father of Henry Lee Margerum). Richard married a Lane and they lived in Iowa. A Margerum is thought to have married a Tom Rhodes and may have lived in Oklahoma.

I would like to know about the school fire at Babbs Switch, Oklahoma December 1924. How did Babbs Switch get its name?—Velma Babbs Margerum, 239 Stevens, Blackwell, Oklahoma 74631

Bowen

The Bowen family came from South Carolina around 1860-1880. Irene Bowen married Irving Jones. They had two sons and lived in Los Angeles, California at one time. Irene's step-sisters were Willowein, Rilla and Dorothy. She had one brother.

(Continued on page 64)

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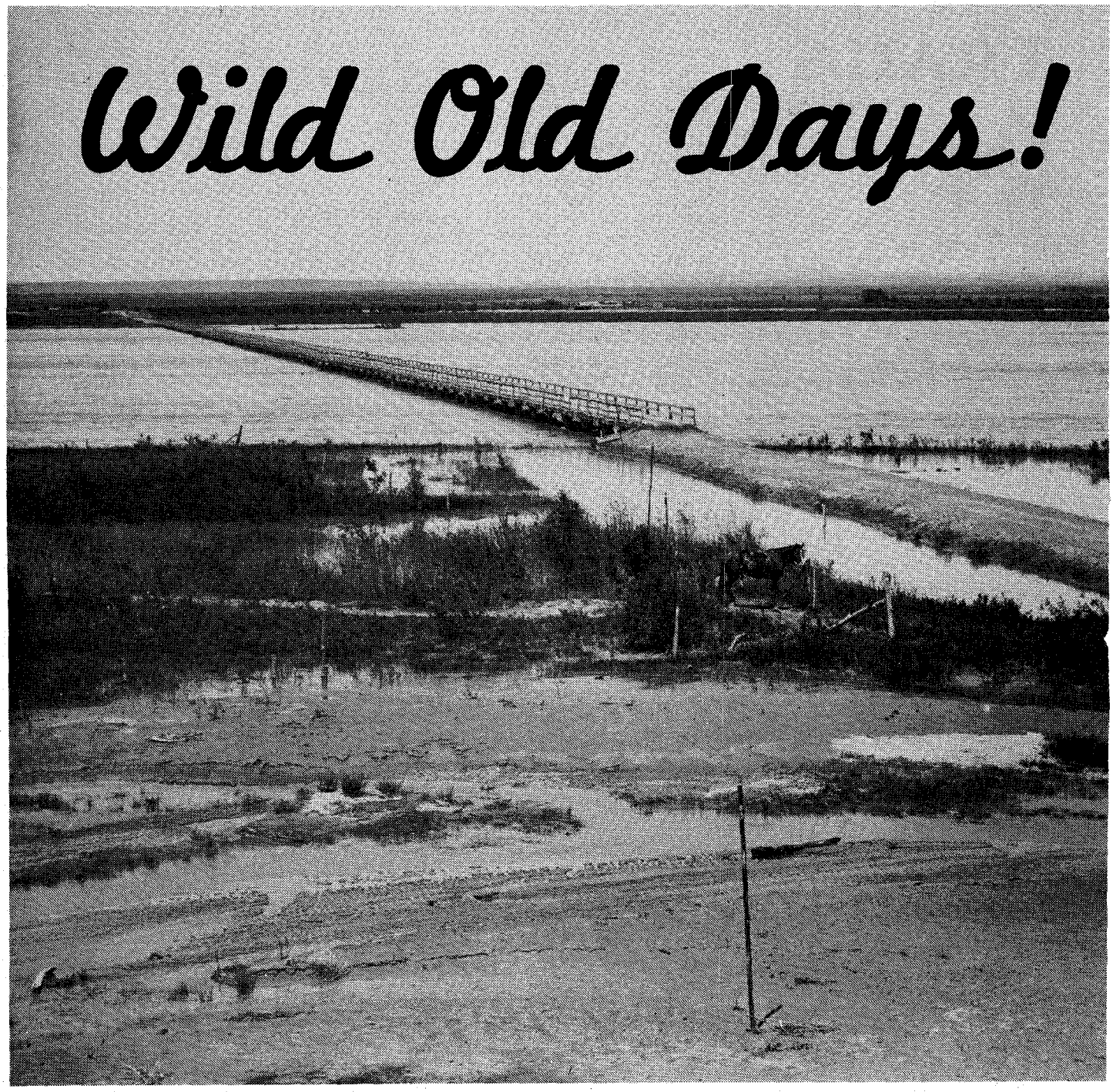
Wild Old Days!



WATCH THOSE CAMPAIGN PROMISES!

By Jane Ramsey

THEIR RAFT was snagged on a sandbar in the wide, shallow North Platte, and hung there precariously with its precious load of lumber. How were the two young men going to get the four buildings they had bought at the Ft. Laramie auction in Wyoming to Gering, Nebraska fifty-four miles away?

"Guess we'd better get in the water and try to push her off," Wilburn said finally.

"And drown ourselves?" retorted Kris. "That's melted snow, cold as ice!"

"Well, we have to try anyway. I can just hear Joe Wilde laughing at us when we come dragging back to the fort asking for help." But that is exactly what they had to do. They couldn't free the raft until extra men and teams were recruited to get it to shore.

Kris Kronberg, of German-Danish descent, and Wilburn Barbour, a homesteader, had bought the building hoping to float the lumber downstream; now they faced some long trips with wagon and team. And time was important because Martin Gering would buy any flooring or planks they brought. This was in April 1890. Gering had promised to build a bridge across the river if voters in the newly formed Scotts Bluff County in Nebraska's Panhandle would choose his town on the south side as county seat.

The town of Mitchell, ten miles west on the opposite side, had been a contender but the issue was settled on February 12, 1889 by the narrow margin of eighty-six votes in a run-off election. Gering, with his promise of a bridge built at his expense, won the day.

Nine days later the bridge was begun. Settlers along the hills were urged to supply pilings. Trees were felled and cut into different lengths, the bark peeled off, one end sharpened to drive. However, planking and stringers were needed. A saw mill in the Wildcat Hills to the south couldn't produce much.

With this need in mind Barbour and Kronberg had set out for Ft. Laramie to secure some suitable lumber for the bridge floor. They had heard the fort

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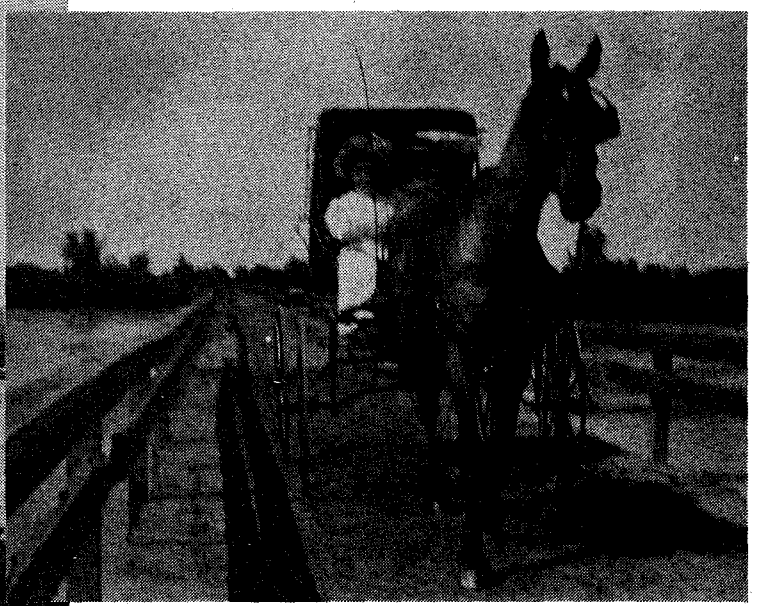
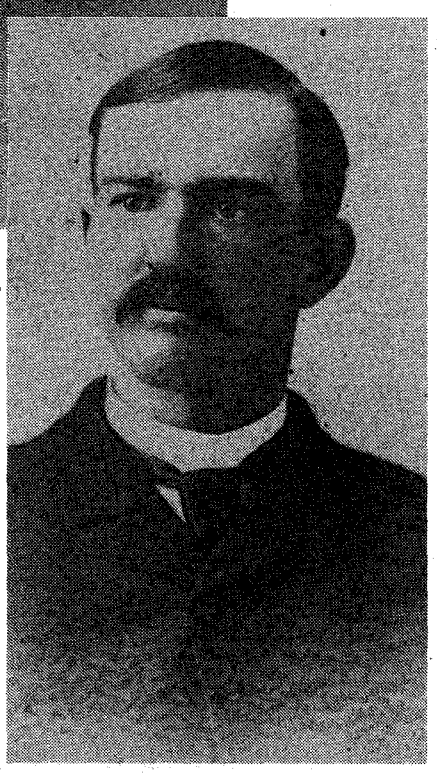


Photos provided by author

Above, a horse-drawn buggy makes its way across the first bridge that spanned the North Platte River at Gering, Nebraska. Built in 1890 by Martin Gering, the bridge was 3,128 feet long, with two turn-outs for passing. Below, Wilburn M. Barbour, who helped haul lumber from Ft. Laramie, Wyoming for use in building the bridge.



was closing and an auction of the buildings was to be held.

OF ALL the Western frontier forts none is more often mentioned than Ft. Laramie in the journals and diaries of those who went West on the Oregon and Mormon Trails. Situated on the Laramie River where it joins the North Platte in eastern Wyoming, it marked the end of the long, monotonous journey across the plains. It was a resting place for both men and teams. It afforded a place to repair worn gear, and allowed reprovisioning before starting over the mountains to the west. It was also a sort of social center where young cowboys might meet girls from the wagontrains. And there were lone travelers hoping to join others headed for California.

A fur-trading post had been located at this spot as early as 1834 when the American Fur Company established Ft. William. The Indians brought in beaver furs to trade for company goods. When the beaver trade began to diminish, the Rocky Mountain Fur Trading Company purchased the post and renamed it Ft. John in 1841. This time the trade consisted mainly of buffalo hides.

The many emigrants on the Western trails led the government to establish a chain of forts for their protection. Ft. John was bought for $4,000, renamed Ft. Laramie, and troops were stationed there for the next forty years.

"There having been no trouble with Indians during the entire year," in 1889 Brigadier General Crook, Headquarters, Department of the Platte at Omaha, Nebraska ordered Ft. Laramie closed. Lieutenant G. W. McIver spent all winter preparing for the post's abandonment which took place in March 1890.

McIver's journal records that it was a long, dull winter. The troop of the Seventh Infantry, fifty-seven men and one officer, had already been transferred to Ft. Logan, Colorado. With the departure of these last troops social activities came to a halt.

"Notwithstanding the good company of old John Hunton," he wrote, "the winter seemed a long one. The daylight hours were busy with the work of packing, invoicing and shipping away property and equipment, much of which was valuable enough to warrant the expense of shipment to other posts, but there was also a large amount, the accumulation of many years, which was obsolete and of dubious value. The disposition of the latter in the manner prescribed by regulations gave me as much trouble as all the rest of it."

A large part of the fort's inventory went to the cavalry post at Ft. Robinson near Harrison, Nebraska. Early in the spring of 1890 Lieutenant Taylor, Quartermaster 9th Cavalry, made two trips to Ft. Laramie with a wagon train to haul away material and equipment.

On March 22, 1890 Lieutenant McIver requested approval of his department commander "to sell at public auction one steam pump with engine and all other materials at Ft. Laramie as it is not worth the cost of transportation to other posts, including movable buildings and structures and reserving suitable quarters for a caretaker."

NOTICE of this auction was received with interest by the homesteaders along the North Platte Valley to the east. Lumber was a precious commodity. No trees grew on the High Plains. The pines and cedars on the low-lying hills south of the river had been largely cut for firewood.

The river formed a difficult barrier to these hills for those living on the north side. Although shallow, the river was filled with quicksand, and yearly floods during the spring snow-melt from the Wyoming mountains swept away any small trees along its sandy banks.

Between Fort Laramie and Camp Clark, seventy-five miles east on the Sidney-Deadwood Trail in Nebraska, there was no bridge. The river could be forded in the summer after the floods receded, but the quicksand made the crossing tricky. Only in winter when the river froze could a man with a team and wagon make it across easily.

Barbour and Kronberg arrived on April 7, two days early for the auction. They planned to look the buildings over ahead of time and hoped to arrange some sort of credit. They were lucky to have come in early as a spring blizzard swept across the plains the next day and many people living at a distance failed to reach the fort for the big sale.

Cash was almost non-existent in most homesteaders' pockets. These two were no exception. However, they managed to arrange some credit with John Hunton, a civilian employe at the fort whom Kronberg had known since his first visit

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there in 1867 when he came by stage from Cheyenne.

At the auction the thirty-five lots of buildings and furnishings only netted $1,395. Barbour and Kronberg bought four of the buildings at prices ranging from $2.50 to $100. Their purchases included the non-commissioned officers quarters, the administration building, and two "dobies" north of the latter. The young men figured the flooring could be sold for stringers on the bridge and the rafters could be used for planking.

They also planned to salvage the doors, windows, door casings, window frames, door locks, baseboards, molding, even the chimney bricks. They could use some of the material to improve their own property and sell the rest to their neighbors. Finished products were especially scarce in the valley, as the nearest railroad was fifty miles away.

They worked hard and long all summer taking loads by wagon to Gering for the bridge. By August it was completed—3,128 feet long, one wagon wide, with two turnouts. But there was much more to be loaded and hauled the 54 miles over a rutted trail. Each round trip required almost a week. Barbour and Kronberg slept in their bedrolls under the wagons.

There was one spot they always tried to cross after dark. According to Barbour this place was owned by a miserly old Frenchman who insisted on a toll before letting a wagon cross his land. Money was far too scarce to be spent in this way so they slipped across at night, or made a wide swing around, which took them into some rough hills—not easy traveling with a load of lumber.

Among those who helped them with the dismantling and loading were Joe Wilde, who Barbour claimed was a great practical joker, and John Hunton, the government-appointed custodian. Both had worked for the Quartermaster Corps, hauling freight, herding stock, helping with repairs; and both had filed for homesteads on the fort property when it was released. Wilde bought the cavalry barracks and converted it into a hotel. The commissary storehouse, converted into a dance hall and saloon, soon became the new social center for lonely ranchers and homesteaders for many miles around.

As Wilburn and Kris made trips back and forth during 1890 and 1891 they looked forward to the sociability of the fort. There was card-playing with their friends and when the fiddler struck up a tune they would join in the dancing. Wilburn was lonely. His wife had died before they had been on their homestead three months. His mother kept house for him and his two small sons in the soddy he had built just across the river from Gering.

Living temporarily in one of the houses at the fort which had not yet been demolished was the Beckwith family who held land nearby. Wilburn met young Frances Beckwith at one of Joe Wilde's dances. Soon he was paying her more attention each time he came to the fort. They were married two years later.

Gradually the old fort on the Laramie disappeared. Nothing was left standing except the empty stone foundations, one lone house kept for the caretaker, and the buildings used for the hotel and dance hall. But out of its demise came the first bridge across the North Platte River at Gering, Nebraska, windows and doors for many of the homesteaders' early homes, and even a final romance.

In this way old Ft. Laramie, which had once protected and offered respite to the emigrants crossing the plains, continued its usefulness right up to the last, and beyond.

Gering had kept his promise to build a bridge and it was in service for many years. In 1908 Gering and Scottsbluff united to pass a bond issue for the construction of a new one. By then the lumber from Ft. Laramie was full of holes, and some sections of the railings were gone, but few old bridges had a past as colorful.

DANCE OF DEATH

By Eva Tubb

IT wasn't long after we arrived in the Southwest in 1913 that we began to hear some pretty tall tales about roadrunners (chaparral) killing rattlesnakes by building a corral of cactus around a sleeping snake so that when it awoke it would kill itself trying to escape the thorny enclosure. The spines of the cactus would puncture its body so severely as to cause death, it was said.

Another story was that the roadrunner would kill a rattlesnake in bird-and-snake combat, then would either eat the snake or fly away with it to feed baby birds. Of course, these stories all sounded made-up to us and we didn't believe them.

I still doubt that a roadrunner can fly carrying a snake, but as for a battle between the two, let me tell you what I actually saw once. It was on a lovely, spring morning while I was walking down a dirt road near beautiful Comanche Springs in Fort Stockton, Texas, that I saw a roadrunner doing what I thought was a crazy, dust-raising dance. As soon as I noticed the antics of the bird, I stopped still to watch what was going on.

It was a battle between a rattler and a roadrunner, and what I saw gave me a real thrill, believe me! A sight I had never seen before, nor have I seen it since, although I am always on the lookout. I feel fortunate to have been strolling on that old dirt road that day.

Like I said, this roadrunner was sort of sashaying around in a circle, flapping its wings, causing much dust, and as it made the circle it would peck at something inside. At first I couldn't understand why it was stirring up so much dust, but what puzzled me most was I couldn't see what it was pecking as it made its way around.

Finally I caught a glimpse of the snake. The dust bothered it and it would try to hide its head in its coil whenever the dust was dense, and at times it struck blindly and fiercely at the roadrunner, only to have the bird sidestep each strike and then peck the snake on the head. Several times the tormented rattler made an effort to crawl away, but each time the roadrunner would go into its dust-raising dance and head-pecking, working swiftly until at last the two-foot rattlesnake died.

The roadrunner didn't attempt to eat the snake or carry it away, it just stood there beside its victim as if to make sure that it was really dead. Then, after giving it a final peck on the head, the bird—looking very proud—flittered down the incline to the water's edge and disappeared into the tall grass. I stood in the middle of the road too awe-stricken to move for a while, or even believe my own eyes. It was several minutes before I recalled the old stories and realized that I had truly just witnessed a dance of death for a rattlesnake.

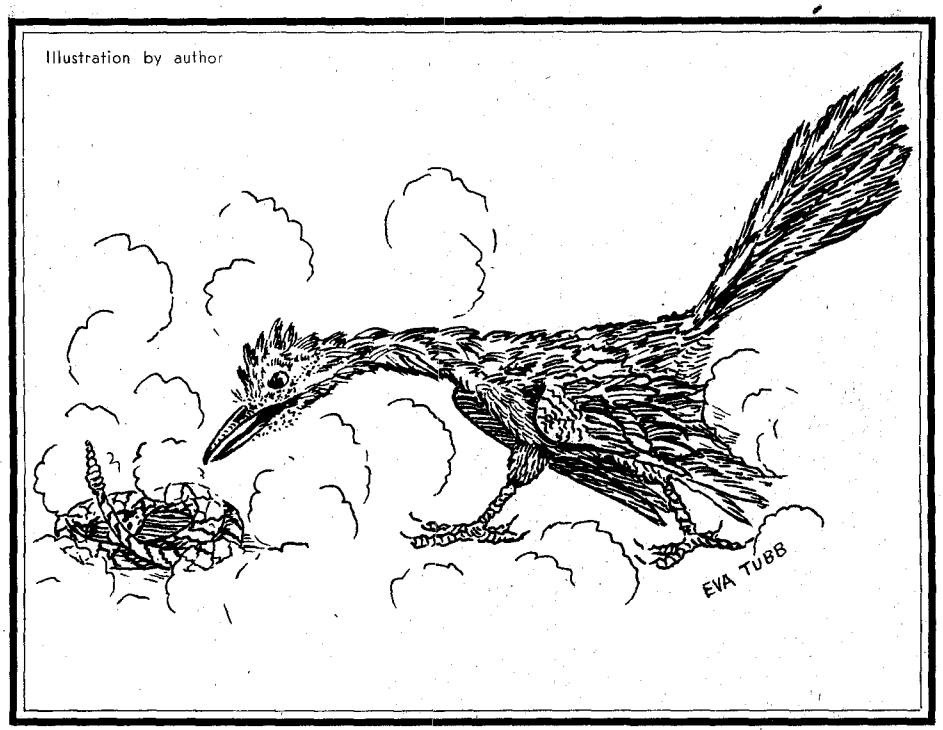

Illustration by author

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1876 IN SOUTH DAKOTA

By Pamela Smith Wilson

IT was a riproarin' year! The Black Hills gold rush tore Wild Bill Hickok away from his devoted wife, lured him to Deadwood, and left him dead behind black aces and eights. That autumn the wide unpopulated eastern Dakota prairie provided ample cover for Jesse and Frank James as they evaded Minnesota lawmen hot on their trail after the Northfield Bank robbery. The mystery, drama, and excitement of those lawless days in the Territory still exist.

On August 2, Hickok was deeply involved in a poker game, his back to the door of the No. 10 Saloon. He held black aces and eights. Jack McCall, "an evil looking man young in years but apparently old in sin," entered the saloon, shot Hickok in the back of the head and escaped. Calamity Jane always claimed she captured Hickok's assassin and held him at bay with a meat cleaver. But actually local citizens captured McCall and quickly formed a vigilante jury.

To everyone's surprise, the jury accepted McCall's defense that Hickok had shot his brother several months earlier, and acquitted the young man. The Deadwood *Black Hills Pioneer* persuasively argued that "a drunken and irresponsible" jury had freed a "cowardly killer."

McCall's freedom, however, was short-lived. By December 1876, McCall had received a guilty verdict from a Yankton jury and on March 1, 1877, faced the scaffold with a "bold front and careless air."

Today both Deadwood and Yankton remember the state's most notorious frontier crime. The No. 10 Saloon is still in Deadwood and offers travelers an excellent array of Hickok memorabilia. "The Trial of Jack McCall," a hometown re-creation of the Deadwood vigilante court, is held in that city's Old Towne Hall. At Yankton historical markers point out strategic locations in McCall's trial and hanging.

BUT this Old West drama didn't end Dakota Territory's lawless summer of 1876. To the east the James brothers and the Younger gang had unsuccessfully attempted to rob the First National Bank in Northfield, Minnesota. Only Frank and Jesse James escaped the 500-man posse, and both sought refuge on the vast, unpopulated Dakota prairie.

Each brother was wounded from the shoot-out at the bank (one bank clerk, a Northfield citizen, and two members of the Younger gang died in this gunfight), and at first they hid in a small cave just north of Garretson, S. D. Eager to outfox the Northfield posse, however, Jesse and Frank left their sheltered hideout and parted at Split Rock Creek which winds through Garretson. Here townsfolk claim Jesse performed the most daring feat of his career. With the posse hot on his trail, he spurred his horse across Devil's Gulch, a deep 15-foot wide chasm that lives up to its name.

With the awestricken possemen shaking their heads in amazement on the opposite side of the gulch, Jesse met Frank in a rocky canyon near the present site of Palisades State Park. The two then remained in a small, narrow cave concealed in the canyon wall and eventually slipped back into Missouri unnoticed. Today a bridge spans Devil's Gulch and like the Northfield posse, visitors to the site shake their heads in disbelief.

Local badmen, too, caught the spirit of 1876! Custer claims at least two frontier outlaws—Lame Johnny Donahue and Fly Speck Billy Fowler. Born Cornelius Donahue in Philidelphia, Lame Johnny was a college graduate who moved to Texas, learned to steal horses from the Apaches (so legend says), and came to Dakota Territory in 1876. Though he called himself John Hurley, Donahue was known throughout the Black Hills as Lame Johnny—probably because he fell from a horse as a child and walked with a limp. For several months, Lame Johnny was a model citizen. He served as a deputy sheriff in Custer County and later became a bookkeeper for the Homestake Mining Company. At this point, Lame Johnny's career becomes shrouded in legend. Some say he headed a gang of road agents and terrorized stagecoach lines; others believe he simply turned to horse stealing near Pine Ridge. At any rate, Lame Johnny's reputation grew and in 1878, he was arrested for robbing the Sidney-Deadwood stage. On his way to a Deadwood U. S. District Court, Johnny was pulled from a heavily guarded stagecoach by vigilantes. He was strung up near the northeast corner of present-day Wind Cave National Park. Both the weathered cottonwood hanging tree and Johnny's leg irons are on display in Custer.

Fly Speck Billy Fowler also met his fate at the hands of a lynch mob. One cold Sunday morning Billy, in a drunken stupor, shot and killed his partner Abe Barnes in George Palmer's saloon. The sheriff arrested Billy and took him to a log cabin in Custer (the jail, unfortunately, wasn't the most secure building in town). A lynch mob captured Billy, dragged him across French Creek, and hanged him.

Such frontier justice was not an isolated event in the Dakotas. In downtown Pierre, an historical marker designates where vigilantes killed "Arkansaw" Putello. And the hanging tree in Rapid City stands as a dramatic reminder of justice gone astray—there in 1877 an angry mob lynched an innocent man along with two suspected horse thieves.

Dakota Territory was a rough country in the 1870s and '80s. Its wild terrain attracted both homesteaders and outlaws, ranchers and gamblers, cowboys and criminals. Today the feel of the Old West is strong in many South Dakota towns where good men and bad became frontier legends.—*Courtesy South Dakota Division of Tourism, Pierre.*

FOLSOM PRISON

Early history, photos of cells, train, inmates, quarry.

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THE ITINERANT POULTRY PEDDLERS OF INDIAN TERRITORY

By M. J. Bever

PRIOR to statehood in 1907, Indian Territory was a sanctuary for some of the most ruthless men on the face of the earth. It was a prime location for illegal operations, since the nearest organized law was many miles away at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

One of the most colorful of these operations was the whiskey runners'. They made their way north from Gainesville, Texas and across the Red River along what was known as Whiskey Trail. Weaving through southern Oklahoma it passed south of Lowrance Lake near Sulphur, then swung east around Woodford, north of Ardmore, where it entered the Arbuckle Mountains. The runners' point of congregation there seemed to be a big bald hill—adorned by an oak—known as Whiskey Mound. From this point they spread through the Territory selling their wares.

Until too many were caught, spoiling the setup, the most successful ruse was playing an itinerant poultry peddler, a familiar figure in that area. The method was to build a large chicken coop in the wagon bed, leaving enough room for pints of whiskey to lay flat beneath it. This space was filled with as many bottles as possible. A trap door was made at the end of the wagon and a stiff chicken-catching wire was used to pull out the bottles for sale.

Four main types of "runners" could be found in Indian Territory. One group stopped at stomp dances, home firesides, and camp meetings. Those in this group usually didn't care whose horses they rode, where they sold, or where the shootings took place.

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Another group included those bootleggers who were too lazy to work, who would rather be in jail. They never had enough money for a new batch, and relied on the "King Pin" of the area for a list to sell to on a commission basis. They seldom carried guns.

Then there was the group known as the "widow class," usually made up of women, each with a cowpen full of almost starving children. They would take their stuff and wade traffic with a bold front.

Last was the druggist group. This group was usually located in the larger towns. They only accommodated special customers, and belonged to the church. Their clientele included prominent people.

THE VARIETY of colorful names attached to bootleggers in Indian Territory somewhat described their profession—Ace High, Alkali Ike, Bandy Shanks, Hell Roaring Jake, Human Disappointment, Booze Bill, Coon Can, Speak Easy Otery, The Key Dispensatory, Zooney Zike—and, of course, the renowned Scar Faced Jim Watson.

Watson was born at Sorghum Flats, a community east of Dougherty, where he started bootlegging. His route started across the South Canadian River at Corner Saloon, near present Ada. From there it led across the Canadian, the Indian Territory, Red River and all the way to Denison, Texas. He would travel this route each month and sold only in pint bottles. His career ended when he was ambushed.

The illustrious names not only belonged to the bootleggers, but also to the wares they carried. Some of these names, both legal and illegal, included firewater, red-eye, hooch, rot-gut, hogwash, conversation water, eye-opener, dreamwater, moonshine, wildcat, and dripping visions.

Although there are plenty of modern-day versions of these bootleggers, the whiskey runners, in the guise of itinerant poultry peddlers of the Indian Territory days, are gone and along with them has vanished not only one of the most violent periods in Oklahoma's history, but one of the most colorful.

The Vigilante Years

(Continued from page 13)

our horses rest, as we had traveled rather fast for some days. At this lake the Pen d'Oreille river or Clark's Fork of the Columbia takes its source. The river is about two hundred yards wide at the outlet of the lake, runs calmly for a few hundred yards, then goes bounding over rocks forming pools as is passes down the rapids for a half a mile or so, and here we had some of the finest trout fishing that I ever had in my life. These trout were of the species known as salmon or lake trout, weighing from one to ten pounds.

After enjoying ourselves here, we started around the lake following its margin until we reached its northern boundary where we left it and struck out across the tobacco plains; going north to the Kootenia river, following up this stream to the mouth of Studhorse creek then up the latter to Fisherville, our final destination.

This newly discovered camp was a flourishing one. This trip I reckon was the most miserable of my life, on account of the mosquitoes and horse flies. In fact there were multiplied acres of them, and they would hit a person "business end foremost" every time, and "stick to him like a brother" or hard luck in a played-out mining camp.

The reader will draw some idea of the misery these pests can inflict when I say that they would measure a foot to the square inch, if condensed. We were compelled to build smudges or smokes with logs fired and covered with green bushes and dirt. Our horses would come and stand for hours with their heads over these smudges to get a little relief from these bloodthirsty varmints.

To make a long story short, I had rather preside over a Democratic convention, assembled in a non-prohibition town on the Fourth of July, than interview the Kootenia mosquitoes and horse flies for an hour in the summer time (never wintered in Kootenia, can't say what they do then).

ON our arrival at Fisherville, we engaged in prospecting and mining. About this time Mr. Haines, the English gold commissioner, arrived in the camp (these mines were within "Her Majesty's" dominions). The miners assembled here were mostly Irishmen and Danes.

Soon I struck what is known among miners as a "rim-rock" claim, some two hundred yards up the side of the mountain from the creek. I carried the pay dirt in a flour sack on my back down to the water where I washed it out in a rocker. My partners were opening a claim on the creek about a half mile up the creek.

I had been carrying and washing dirt from this rim-rock claim for some weeks, and had excavated quite a hole. While at work I usually laid my belt and revolver on a rock in this hole. One day as I was working away cleaning up some bed-rock, I heard a voice near me ask, "What are ye's doin' here?" Looking up, I saw a large Irishman standing at the edge of my drift hole.

"Trying to make a grub stake," I replied.

He asked, "Do ye's know ye're on me claim?"

I said, "No, I do not."

He said, "Ye air, 'niff ye's don't git off d——n quick I'll put a head on ye's."

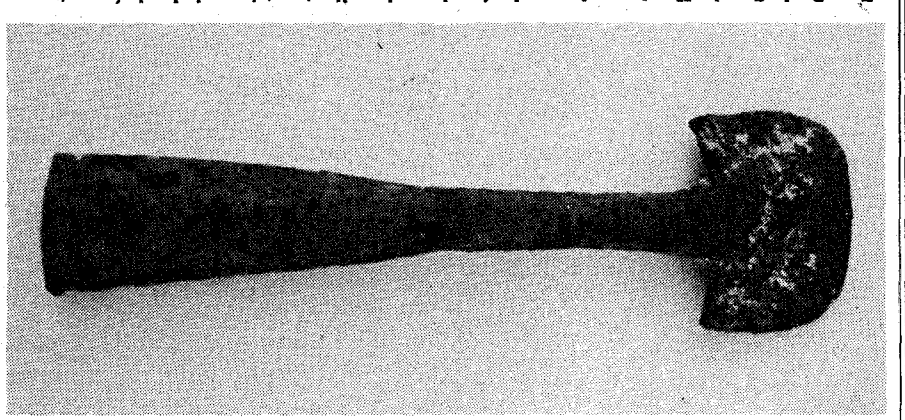
I tried to argue the point but it was no go, and at last, as he was about to come into the hole where I was I, thinking there was not room there for two of us as he was a large man, picked up my pistol and informed him of my opinion. This was probably what he wanted me to do, for he said as he started for town, "I'll tache ye's to dhraw a ghun on a man in this country, be gad I'll sind ye's te the coal mines."

I replied, "If you fool around here I'll send you to a —— sight warmer climate than British Columbia." Shortly after this he returned with a man who informed me that he was a constable, and that he arrested me for drawing an unlawful weapon on one of Her Majesty's subjects.

I ASKED permission to go past my cabin, which he allowed me to do. At the cabin I found my comrades and told them what was up. They all took their arms and accompanied us to the Commissioner's office. On making our appearance Haines exclaimed, "What! What! Gentlemen, do you not know that in Her Majesty's dominions, it is not allowable to carry weapons?"

I said, "Yes, in a civilized country, where the laws can protect her subjects, or those tarrying in her territory. And if you, Mr. Commissioner, will say that you can protect us in our rights, under your British laws, we will deposit our guns and pistols with you till we are ready to leave camp."

This seemed to please him (for we ten-



Tan Bark Spud—Used on the end of a long handle to strip oak bark from trees. The bark was then used in the tanning of leather.

JUST FOR FUN— WHAT IS IT?

(answer above)

Courtesy Renfro Valley Bugle
Renfro Valley, Kentucky

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dered our guns and pistols). He called up my case. The Irishman had engaged a lawyer to prosecute me, but Haines asked me, "Have you a license to mine in British Columbia?" Upon my saying, "Yes," and producing my certificate, he asked his clerk if it was on record. After looking over his books the clerk said, "Yes."

Then I was asked, "Have you recorded the ground you were at work on?" Again I replied in the affirmative, and produced my receipt, which agreed with the records.

Haines rendered his verdict promptly, paying no attention to the attempts of the attorney to plead, other than to tell him that if he had any law to cite him to, he would consider it; otherwise, if he attempted to interrupt the proceedings again, he would fine him for contempt.

The Commissioner's verdict was a fine of twenty-five pounds on the Irishman for trespassing upon and molesting a "subject" on his own premises, and then he said to me, "If you had shot him down, you could not have been hurt for it; for any English subject has a right to protect his castle, and a miner's claim is his castle."

We found this man Haines to be a pleasant and just man, and the other party became quite friendly. I write the above to illustrate the rigid manner in which the British laws are enforced, even in distant mining camps.

Shortly after this I, in company with two of my partners, went north to Finley creek, some fifty miles, prospecting. Prospects being poor, we sold out on our return, took leave of Doc Vanvalsey, and started for Walla Walla for winter-quarters, Van having intimated that Her Majesty's dominions were, he thought, far more healthy for him than any part of the United States would be.

We left him with provisions to last him through the winter, took the horses and as I said, started for Walla Walla —and perhaps, "the land of soft weather, pretty girls, woolen socks, and big red apples."

As the reader may not understand the "red apple" quotation, I will, to enable him to catch on, quote from the descriptions given of the Willamette valley by learned writers.

The Willamette valley was the first settled portion of Oregon. In using this word "Oregon," I mean Oregon as it was at the time that Webster Tyler and others strove to force what is now Oregon and Washington upon "His Majesty, the king of Great Britain and Ireland," to prevent which, Doctor Whitman made his arduous, perilous, and solitary journey across the continent, as related in another chapter.

It is now a remarkable fruit producing country, a damp country, a muddy country, a wonderfully productive country, where the "gentle zephyrs sob and sigh," about forty to the mile, through the saplings which are about six feet in diameter and three hundred feet high, for at least nine months in the year; where the thermometer scarcely ever reaches 90 F.H. (I mean Fahrenheit, not "feet high"), and seldom condescends to nothing, O or zero as you folks call it. A country now fast becoming largely populated by a sweat-fearing people; a well watered country. Its streams having their sources in the high mountains that are capped with snow, summer and winter, go laughing down the rugged mountain sides, through deep and dark canyons, over rapids and gigantic falls; and on through the beautiful valleys that comprise the great Willamette, seldom disturbed except by the silvery trout or festive salmon; seldom used for any purpose — other than driving machinery or washing.

The male portion of the inhabitants have very little idea of the soft or hard qualities of Oregon water, as it is hard to get them to sample anything so thin. Finally, a country noted for health, wealth, pretty girls, high mountains, beautiful valleys, big salmon, productive soil, mild climate, misty winters, navigable streams, big waterfalls, many Republicans (white-washed by Cleveland in later days), energetic businessmen, coal beds, iron veins, mineral waters—would quote more, but fear I'll be accused of being an emigrant drummer, so refrain and close these "explanatory notes" on red apples.

Quotation, P. S. As pretty girls are quoted, and it is generally understood that the "dear creatures" usually finish their epistles with a postscript, and their P. S.'s are usually the best part of their letters, I will try to ingratiate myself into their confidence with my postscript by mentioning the woolen sock business. Oregon furnished the California miners with a superior article of socks that were supposed to have been knit by the nimble fingers of Oregon's rosy-cheeked and beautiful daughters.

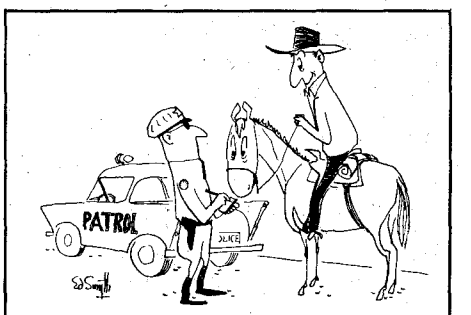
I should have quoted stockings, as well as socks, but the miners of California were mostly male-men who voted the "Old Time Whig," laterally called the Republican ticket, there being but few Democrats, and some of these oddities wore socks.

Have heard that the Oregon ladies wore stockings! Don't know, and as stockings are not quoted in the foregoing indenture, will stay with my socks in this, my P. S.

BUT to my story. Off we went, everything going as smooth and joyous as marriage bells. By the way, I have often asked myself why "bells" are mentioned instead of the newly wedded pair, as there is usually a ring to each of them (no malice intended, have "been there myself").

My verdict on this marriage bells business would be something the same as that of the Dutchman. He was elected a Justice of the Peace in the State of Maine after the Prohibition law took effect.

Three men were brought before him on a charge of drunkenness, the day after he had qualified. John being the first arraigned, "His Honor" asked, "Vell, you vas drunk, aind it!" John pleaded guilty. "Vot you drinks?" John said, "Whisky." "Vell dot ish pad; I finds you dwenty-fife tollars und gost."



"Who . . . US?!!"

Then Henry came up. "Vell, Heinery, you vas drunk too, don't he?" "Yes!" said Henry. "Vell, vot you drinks?" "Gin," was the answer. "Ish dot so? Das ish petter. I finds you youst fifteen tollars und gost."

Then Jacob came up. "Vell, Yawcob, you vas drunk too, don't it?" Jacob pleaded as did his brother before him. "Vell, Yawcob, vot you drinks?" "Peach brandy and honey," was the answer. "Ish dot so? Dot vas goot, I drinks him mineself somedimes. I find you youst notting at all und gost." So would I fine them "Youst notting at all und gost." (Bells and marriages I mean, not the men that were with me.)

Pursuing our course, nothing worthy of note occurred as we journeyed from day to day up the Moyea and over to the Kootenia river, stopping occasionally with packers. On these occasions story-telling was in order for mutual entertainment and amusement. On one of these occasions a packer told the following about an Irish cook he had with him on one of his trips. He said that all of his men were "putting up jobs" on Pat for the purpose of hearing him talk, as he was a very witty fellow.

At one time they got Pat onto a bucking cayuse. Upon starting, the horse made one or two jumps, when off went Pat over the horse's head, alighting on his feet astride the bridle reins, the horse's head drawn in close proximity to the seat of his pants. Someone laughingly exclaimed, "Pat, you can't ride a bit!" Pat replied: "The divil I can't a bit! Oi can roide d——n close to a bit, d'ye moind?"

Another told of a Boston man who stopped with him overnight on the trail. This was Boston's first experience in the West. The cook seeing Boston watching him while he was cooking supper, sang out to one of his packers, "Give me a sweat-cloth to mix this bread on."

All knowing that the cook was about to perpetrate a joke, a sweat-cloth was handed to him. After getting his sack of flour ready, he spread down the sweat-cloth near it, then dexterously exchanged it for a piece of duck-cloth, carried for the purpose of mixing bread on, and slipped the sweat-cloth to one side while Boston's head was turned. Boston asked the cook if he always used those cloths to make bread on. "Yes," Cooky replied, with the countenance of a saint.

Soon supper was called; Boston sat down; the bread was passed around.

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Boston, saying he "seldom ever ate bread," wouldn't touch it until the owner told him and showed him—after they had enjoyed a laugh—the cloth they carried for the purpose, and explained how the cook had made the exchange for his benefit. The explanation had the effect of changing Boston's habits, as he ate more bread than all the packers put together. He said he supposed the reason was that he had never before eaten bread that was made on a "manta."

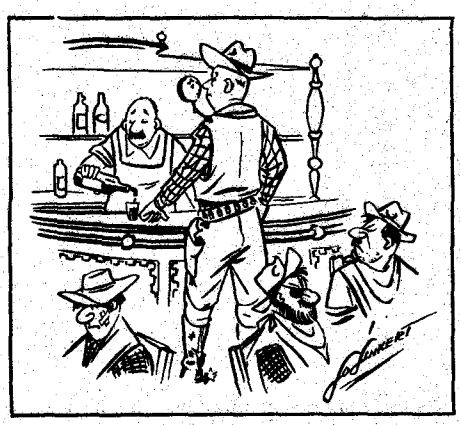
FROM Kootenia we traveled through a broken and heavily timbered country southwesterly across Pack river and to the Semiackateen crossing of the Pen d'Oreille, at the foot of the lake; thence to the old crossing of the Spokane, about twelve miles above the falls; thence to the old crossing of Snake river, at the mouth of the Tukanon; and thence to Walla Walla.

Arriving at Walla Walla, I found my sister and brother-in-law, who had been living there a year or so, and I concluded to remain there for a time.

Winship, my brother-in-law, owned a packtrain, which I took charge of and was arranging to load for a trip to Boise, when Winship died, leaving my sister a widow with three children. I remained, and assisted her in settling up his business, then bought an interest in the packtrain, made one trip to Boise with it, and returned and laid the train up for the winter near Walla Walla.

Walla Walla was a lively place in those days. The valley was commencing to be farmed on a small scale, and two or three flour-mills had been erected. It was the winter-quarters for most of the packers and teamsters, and was full of miners, packers, bull-whackers, mule-skinners, stockmen, sporting-men, etc., intermingled with a good sprinkling of roughs and cut-throats who had been driven out of other localities and came there to winter. To say that it was a pretty hard place at that time, is "hitting it" easy enough.

"A man for breakfast" was not an uncommon morning salutation. Men were held up, shot, stabbed, sling-shotted, clubbed, or doped, very frequently, and the perpetrators of these jokes were in no way delicate in approaching their victims. Finally, in the early spring, the more honorable of the citizens and sojourners took the law in their own hands, and "cleaned up" the town and valley.



These were denominated the "Walla Walla Vigilantes of 1864." There were some errors committed by them; they did some bad things; but I believe they thought they had cause for every movement. Their peremptory workings soon struck terror or death to the lawless, resulting in great good.

IN the spring of '64 I started with the train for Boise. The renegade Indians (mostly Bannacks) and the road agents (white renegades and highwaymen) that infested the Powder river and Burnt river sections were quite sportive in those days, stopping travelers, robbing stages and stealing animals, and now and then leaving a corpse in some isolated camp for a change. But stampeding and running off pack-animals seemed to be their main infatuation, which forced the packers to guard their animals closely at night while passing through that portion of the country.

To give an illustration, I will relate that one night our train, with a number of others, was encamped on Burnt river. During the night an attempt was made to stampede the trains, but the animals were too well guarded. The night was dark, and those making the attempt were close to the animals when discovered. Our herdsmen, or savinaros, fired a few shots at them, mounted the riding and bell-horses, circled around and came into camp. All the other animals followed the bells—no loss at this time. Next morning we examined the ground where our herd had been approached; some blood was found on the grass, also a cap made from the mane of a black horse (this is done by stripping the skin from the top of the neck of a black-maned horse and stitching the ends together like a hat-band). This, when worn on the head of a man, resembles the long, straight, black hair of an Indian. This was evidence conclusive that the attempted stampede of the night before had been made by white men, and that they had got slightly demoralized.

In those ante-railroad days, when placer mines were found in nearly every prominent canyon in the mountains of eastern Oregon, Idaho and Montana, stages were run to all the mining towns which a wagon could reach, carrying Wells Fargo & Co.'s express, the U. S. mails, and passengers, Portland being the supply depot and metropolis for the whole of the country named.

These stage coaches, "mud-wagons," "gerkeys" (in fact anything that ran on wheels and had thorough-brace attachments was called a stage), used to go eastward with a heavy merchandise express and light-pursed passengers, returning as a rule with well-heeled passengers and a heavy "dust" express.

Though the west-bound passengers were provided with shooting irons as well as dust, and Wells Fargo & Co.'s box was generally covered by a resolute man who always had a quick-acting double-barreled "cannon" in his lap, which "cannon" (or express gun) was half filled with powder and buckshot, still the festive road agent would now and then join forces with one or more of his pals and hold up a west-bound stage, just for a picnic.

The stage drivers were not generally the owners of the stages, horses, or the treasure in the box, but were salaried at from $75 to $150 per month, according to the route, teams, and speed they were expected to make, nothing in the contracts requiring them to drive over two or three cocked guns which had vigorous men at the other end of them, and as they had adopted the motto, "Better be called a coward, than a corpse," they usually made it a point to stop and rest their teams when they discovered that kind of a hedge in front of them. And the express messenger, if he allowed his cannon to go off at all, generally went off the coach himself at the same time. Then the driver, not being otherwise engaged at the moment, would comply with a husky request to "Throw out that box," and as a usual thing the obstructions would be removed and the stage would move on and make up the lost time.

But sometimes the frisky fellows who stood behind the obstructions mentioned, manifested a more inquisitive disposition, and would request the passengers to alight and form in line, *a la* military, for their inspection, which request the passengers (being tired of sitting in the coach) would eagerly comply with. While the commander held them at "attention" with a large-bored gun, his subordinates would thoroughly inspect their purses and jewelry, generally retaining such as "contraband."

If the load was heavy they would authorize the otherwise unoccupied driver to throw off the mail sacks, take his passengers aboard and proceed on his way, while they inspected the mail bags and express box in some cool retreat.

This sort of variety finally grew tiresome to the proprietors of the stage lines, as well as to Wells Fargo & Co., and strenuous restrictive, mandatory and captivating measures were agreed upon between the aforementioned companies and the sheriffs of the different counties through which the stages were being run, to abate the nuisance.

In one instance, on The Dalles and Canyon City road, the stage was robbed, and subsequently two or three local stock raisers—one of whom owned a large amount of livestock—were arrested, indicted for the crime, tried, and (I think two of them) convicted and sent to the penitentiary. They had served the State for about four years, when one "Doc" Phelps— who had in the meantime come to Dayton, W. T., loomed up with plenty of money and a stock of goods, married a nice young lady and finally settled down to farming—was arrested by Dr. Boyd (a special deputy U.S. Marshal who had been working into the merits of the case). Phelps was taken to Portland, where he confessed the whole works and gave the names of the guilty parties.

Of course those in prison were released, but their property had all been expended during their trials. The State

(Continued on page 46)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

HORSE ILLUSTRATIONS

The Illustrated Horse by Jean-Claude Suarès and Charles Stephen (Harmony Books, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016, 64 pages, $6.95 heavy wrappers, 9½x13 inches).

Horse lovers will enjoy this new book. The authors present through words and illustrations—many in color—an informal history of horses.

This volume contains more than 100 reproductions of paintings, posters, illustrations and photographs containing horses. Thirty-two of the illustrations are poster-size color plates that could be removed for framing.

Of special interest to Westerners is the art of Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and N. C. Wyeth. And Currier & Ives are included.

There is a segment on circus horses including a poster size reproduction in color of a Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey broadside advertising May Wirth, labeled as "the greatest bare back rider of all-time." Recommended.

HARD-ROCK MINERS

Hard-Rock Miners, The Intermountain West, 1860-1920 by Ronald C. Brown (Texas A & M Press, Drawer C, College Station, Tex. 77843, 201 pages, $15.95 hardcover, 6½x9½ inches).

This nicely produced volume is the first thorough study of the daily lives and work of hard-rock miners in what is today Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Nevada. The period covered is 1860 to 1920.

Author Ronald Brown, a history professor at Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos, shows that the industrialization of mining not only provided more jobs but over the years eliminated many of the dangers faced by miners.

Brown describes the miners of the period covered as optimistic and proud men. Most, he add, believed they could "shape their own destinies, and they struggled to rear their families and to provide their children with amenities they had lived without."

Twenty-nine old photographs are included. One shows George Whitwell Parsons, an early Tombstone miner and member of the town's vigilance committee. Another shows a burro train loaded with cable for a mine at Telluride, Colorado.

Although scholarly in nature with footnotes at the bottom of the pages, the volume is interesting. An excellent bibliography is included along with a good index. Recommended.

LLANO COUNTRY

We Fed Them Cactus by Fabiola de Baca (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, N. M. 87131, 186 pages, $4.50 paperback, 5½x8 inches).

This is the story of the struggle of New Mexican Hispanos to survive on the Llano or Staked Plains of northeastern New Mexico and northwestern Texas. The author is of the fourth generation of a family that has made its living from the land. She grew up on a ranch near Las Vegas, New Mexico. Today she lives in Santa Fe.

The author tells the story of the taming and settlement of the region while describing the pattern of daily life on a big New Mexico ranch as it was in the years before *Americano* influences became dominant in the region.

This well-written volume reflects the love and pride held by the author for the land and the people. She recounts that the *rodeo* originally was a roundup and not a show like today. And she tells how buffaloes were hunted on the southern plains.

One chapter looks at Vicente Silva, a bandit leader, while another views the Comancheros. Recommended.

PIONEER HERITAGE

Pioneer's Heritage by Wilferd T. Knight, (published by John F. Knight, 12252 W. Belmar Dr., Franklin, Wis. 53132, 205 pages, $6.00 postpaid, paper wrappers, 5½x8½ inches).

About 1940 Wilferd T. Knight wrote a book-length manuscript detailing his experiences as a boy growing up in what is today the Oklahoma Panhandle. In the late 19th century the area was called "No Man's Land."

Now four decades later Knight's son has published his father's manuscript. Wilferd Knight's story is told in 25 chapters. He begins with a history of his family, life on the homestead, education and many colorful events including cowboys, fencing, herd laws, cyclone caves, rattlesnakes and dust storms connected with homesteading in the Oklahoma Territory.

On the personal level the author reflects on how, despite being stricken with polio at an early age, he learned to live with the crippling affliction.

The volume is illustrated with numerous black and white photos. Included is a foreword by the publisher and son of the author who died in 1962. It is an interesting contribution to the history of pioneers in the Oklahoma Panhandle.

TALES OF CENTRAL TEXAS

True Tales of Central Texas by Willie Kemp (published by the author, Route 6, Box 58, Austin, Tex. 78737, 381 pages, hardbound, $10.00 postpaid, Texas residents add 5% sales tax, 6x9 inches).

The author grew up in central Texas, the setting for his stories. Specifically, they concern people, events and things in the Counties of Hays, Travis, and Williamson. And they are the kind of stories that reflect the customs and traditions of that region.

Perhaps more important, the stories are original, not well-known accounts that simply are being rehashed. The author's writing might be described as true to the character of his environment. There is a slow and natural tempo to his style, slow and deliberate. The reader may appreciate that Willie Kemp has not injected excitement and action merely for the sake of a rapidly moving story.

The book is divided into 32 chapters. Much of the material for the stories has come from a diary kept through the years. Many old photographs are included. Unfortunately for the student of Texas history, there is no index; yet collectors of Texana will want to add a copy to their library.

ONE OLD-TIMER

Hanging and Rattling as told by W. E. "Ed" James to Dulcimer Nielsen (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho 83605, 187 pages, $4.95 paperback, 6x9 inches).

This is the autobiography of Ed James, born on Christmas Day in 1895. At the age of thirteen he set out on his own. Now at eighty-one, James is looking back on an exciting life as a cowboy, soldier, guide, trapper, packer, rancher and horse raiser.

James told his life story to Dulcimer Nielsen, who first met him in Grants Pass, Oregon. She writes that James likes to say, "You can count your real friends on one hand and have fingers left over."

This book tells a delightful story of the hardships and adventures of a man who has led a full life that spanned from the horse and buggy era to modern space travel. It is related in an honest and straightforward manner. Recommended.

OLD THRESHERS

Old Threshers at Thirty XXX by Dana Jennings (available from the author, 101 Quincy, Rapid City, S. D. 57701, 97 pages, $5.00 postpaid, heavy paper wrappers, 8x12 inches).

This large volume filled with photo-

(Continued on page 62)

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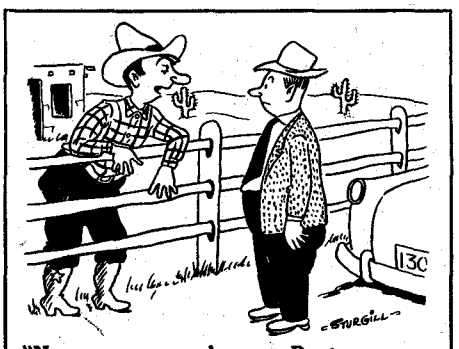

"Nope, we never have a Doctor . . . we just die a natural death!"

The Vigilante Years

(Continued from page 44)

and U. S. Government refused to, and have never been caused to, reimburse them for the losses they had innocently sustained or the humiliation and hardships they had wrongfully been compelled to endure. Phelps got part of the swag, and having turned State's evidence is, of course, scot-free, while his pal is serving out a life sentence in San Quentin for another crime.

This kind of justice (?) led to formation of impromptu vigilance committees all over the country, and nowadays there are few stages robbed (in fact few are worth robbing). I knew of many instances of stages having been robbed, but time has effaced most of the circumstances from my memory.

AT another time I was encamped at New York ranch, on Burnt river, when a plucky fight was made between two sheriffs and two boys who had stolen some horses—at least the owners had not consented to their taking them away. The sheriffs had followed, and found them that night lying in their blankets in the sage-brush near the express ranch, a mile or so below my camp.

Coming upon them suddenly, they pulled down the blankets, when the boys went to shooting. As there have been many versions of this affair, I will only say that at its close one sheriff was dead and the other badly wounded; and one dead boy and one wounded, who was sent to the penitentiary for a long term. The wounded sheriff recovered, and the boy was some years afterward pardoned by the Governor of Oregon. He (the boy) still lives in this country, and is noted for his hospitality and genteel behavior among gentlemen, as he also is for the pluck and daring which he has shown on several occasions since his release in different personal encounters with men equally ready with "popguns."

Once or twice it was announced through the Western press that he had been killed, but he continues to show up. I am informed that in his last fracas, while unarmed and making some purchases in a store, he kept walking toward the revolver that someone had pointed toward him and, after it had emitted its last charge—others having taken effect in his anatomy—he did no more than to take the gun away from the man and arrest him.

On another occasion he got into a difficulty with a sporting-man in Eastern Oregon. Both "pulled" at close quarters and emptied their revolvers at each other, each shot taking effect, but neither of them hit the bull's-eye. Both men were carried off by friends, and laid up under the care of the "man with the corking-iron," who managed to "stop the leakage."

They were on dock for some weeks, and it was given out that they had each pulled for the last time, and must lower their flags to that "grim man with the crooked scythe." (Why the picture of a beautiful woman should be placed in front of that man with a scythe, and he counting the ringlets of her hair, is more than most old-timers are able to explain.)

While they lay at death's door, messages were being sent hourly from one to the other, bearing tokens of friendly feeling and anxiety for each other's recovery. Finally they both recovered, and that settled the matter between them. At another time this party prevented the robbery of a train on the Northern Pacific road by his timely appearance and plucky resistance. (I have called no names, because some of the parties are alive, and I have not asked their consent.)

Another incident of those days: On one of my trips I and my partner, Fult Johnson, remained a few days at East Bannack—or Idaho City—to settle up some business from the previous fall, sending our train out in charge of a hired man, keeping our saddle-horses and one mule with us (the mule to pack our grub and blankets).

While here we fell in with a wealthy teamster named Bigsby, who owned several muleteams that were freighting from Umatilla to Boise Basin. He had remained behind his teams for the same purpose that we had stopped behind the train, and having kept his saddle-horse to ride out, not liking to risk his dust and himself on the stage, induced us to remain over one day so that he could accompany us back to Walla Walla.

Reaching Boise City on our return homeward, we were solicited to stop overnight, that two other gentlemen might join us. One of these was a tinner who had recently sold out his business and was about starting to his home in the States, via Walla Walla, Portland and 'Frisco. The other was a Jewish merchant by the name of Marks, who was on his way to 'Frisco to buy his spring stock. Each of the party carried a large sum of money.

As we neared the Burnt river country we were frequently hearing of stages and trains having been stopped and robbed by the road-agents, and the farther we went the oftener we heard such stories, and the more shaky grew the nerves of those in our party. One day, while riding up the Burnt river canyon, Johnson and I noticed that the other three had dropped back and were apparently engaged in an earnest conversation. This continued for some miles. Finally Bigsby rode up to us and asked what amount of money we had with us. After some jocular bantering we told him. He said, "I thought as much."

Then he asked, "How much money do you suppose we represent, or that the five of us have with us?" I named what I supposed to be a reasonable amount. Then he gave me their "figures," which proved a much greater amount than I had imagined could possibly be in the possession of our party. They had "figured the thing down fine," and this figuring, taken with the reports we were constantly hearing from those we met, made them still more shaky.

It was generally believed that many of the ranchers or residents along this road were mixed up with the gang, and in with the swag. As Bigsby, Marks and the tinner had been stopping at houses overnight and getting their meals there, while Johnson and myself camped out and stayed near the animals, it was concluded, after long consultation, that going to these houses with cantinas heavy with gold-dust was not a very safe procedure, as it could be plainly seen in handling them that they contained considerable wealth.

Finally, on nearing Straw ranch, we arranged that Johnson and I should go ahead, and, as usual, make camp; the others to drop in later, talk with us awhile, leave their cantinas in our care, and then go to the ranch and stay there overnight. In accordance with this programme, when Johnson and I got near the Straw ranch we turned a few hundred feet away from the trails to the brush that grew along the river, and went into camp.

After unsaddling I spread out some blankets as though I was making my bed. While I was doing this the other three came up and engaged me in a loud conversation, at the same time dropping their cantinas, which contained nearly all the money they had with them, into the blanket. As I was holding a blanket in my hand at the time, I happened to spread it over them. After a short talk they bid us goodnight and went to the house for their night's entertainment.

As soon at it became dark Johnson went out to stake our animals on good grass. I remained in camp and soon had the money belonging to the whole five of us cached in the brush, marking the place. Johnson returning, we ate our suppers and retired to our blankets, laying an "express-gun" (short shotgun with a large bore, which was usually loaded with a double dose of buck shot, for the benefit of whosoever might attempt to interrupt the progress of the "old-fashioned stage coach" of the returning "freighter") on each side of us.

The moon shone brightly, and along toward morning I awoke and saw a man coming up the road on foot. He passed on and was gone some time when he returned, but in returning he had left the road and come between the bushes where we lay and the road. In less than an hour he came again, this time following close along the edge of the brush.

Being sure it was the same man, I was satisfied that he was trying to locate our "roosting place" for the purpose of leading others to it, so I awoke Johnson,

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and when the walker had got within a few steps of where we were lying, close to and in the shade of the brush where he had not yet discovered us, I covered him with a shotgun and asked him if he wasn't lost, suggesting that he had passed our camp at least twice before within a short time.

He said he thought he had got turned around, but was confident he could find his way now. I differed with him in this, and, at my peremptory suggestion, he took a seat on our *aparajos* "to await the dawning of the day," I having informed him that it would be more healthy for him if he refrained from making any unusual sign or sound, and that we would have a cup of coffee pretty soon.

It occurs to me now that the muzzle of the shotgun wasn't pointed away from him, and if my memory serves me, both the hammers were up. Johnson was soon at work building a fire to prepare coffee. I in the meantime was paying every attention to our guest, who had shown by his actions that he could hardly resist such a pressing invitation. The way of the gun didn't change, and he kept his seat.

When the fire commenced burning brightly we could see a brace of revolvers and a knife in his belt. He had proven to be a very pleasant fellow from the time he took his seat. He laughed and joked, while looking down the barrels of the shotgun, as coolly as though he was calculating the size and number of the "puncturing pellets" it might contain.

Just as it became broad daylight our three comrades came to camp, loaded with crackers, sardines, butter, and a big black bottle supposed to contain the "pure, unadulterated Democracy." Upon seeing our visitor, it would have been an easy matter to have knocked their eyes off with a club.

Bigsby said, "Hunter, I see you have company?" The "company" answered, "Yes, I have found him to be the most hospitable man it was ever my good luck to run against." It being daytime we felt ourselves comparatively out of danger, and all of us took breakfast, our newly made friend being the most jovial of all.

After eating he took a good pull at the black bottle, bid us goodbye, wished us a safe journey, and started back down the road which I had first seen him coming up. Our horses were soon ready, we "raised the caches," and started.

After we had traveled a few miles we were overtaken by a man who was riding a very fine horse. After he had talked with us a short time, he signalled a wish to speak to me in private. So he and I dropped back behind the others and he said to me, "Your party has a large amount of money with it. You have made a scratch, and you had better skip mighty lively, for you mightn't do so well next time."

Like a fool I asked him what he meant. He answered, "No matter, you fellers had better travel, and I don't wish to be seen in your company; and as I am in somewhat of a hurry to reach Auburn, I must bid you a good day."

And he started off at a lively gait, up a ravine in the direction of the place he mentioned.

When I came up with the party, they asked, "What did that man want?"

I replied, "It was a little matter of business. But," said I, "I'm in a great hurry to get to Walla Walla. Our animals had a good rest last night, and there will be plenty left when they are dead, and I guess we'd better hurry!"

Well, we traveled, and arrived at our destination, perhaps worse scared than hurt. The vigilantes "cleaned out" that country subsequently.

WE TOOK another partner in with us, named Stephen Allen. Allen had lost his wife some time before, and his daughter Elizabeth (or Libby, as she was called), with her baby brother, were left in the care of my sister. But, having obtained Libby's consent, I thought I was the most capable of caring for her; so I married her.

Shortly after being married, I, in company with my father-in-law and another partner and our packers, were on the trails to Boise and had encamped for a night at Washoe springs, on Snake river, at which place many other packtrains and some ox-teams were also camped, as this was a favorite camping place. In all there were forty or fifty packers and teamsters assembled.

Just after we had turned out our stock, and while we were arranging cargo and *aparajos*, an expressman rode up. As I was acquainted with him, he said, "Here, Hunter, is something that will interest you," handing me a newspaper that was dressed in mourning. At a glance, I saw that it contained an account of the assassination of President Lincoln, and, at an exclamation from me, all gathered around the cargo on which I had seated myself and requested me to read aloud so that all could hear, as none of them had heard of this.

I proceeded to read the account as published; and, when I had finished, a man who owned an ox-team threw his hat in the air and shouted, "Hurrah for the man that killed him! I'd like a steak out of the old s—— of a ——for my supper, or of any man that sympathizes with him."

For a minute all were painfully still. I supposed some Republican would take up this challenge, but all seemed too much stunned to do so. At last I sprang from the cargo and to my saddle where my pistol was in my holster; jerked it out and cocking it, told him I would give him just half a minute to take that back and apologize to the gentlemen present; and that it had been my experience that a man who wanted to eat steaks from a murdered man, had not the grit to attempt to cut one from a live one.

A hasty glance told him that if he hadn't become tired of living, he had better crawfish and apologize, which he did in good shape and then walked off to his wagon.

Then I found that nearly all were ready to lynch him, as most of those present were Republicans—and, as an

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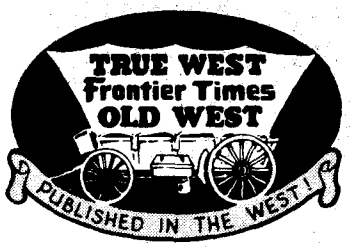

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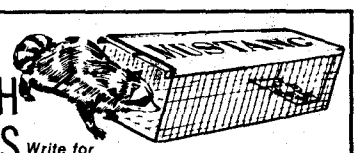

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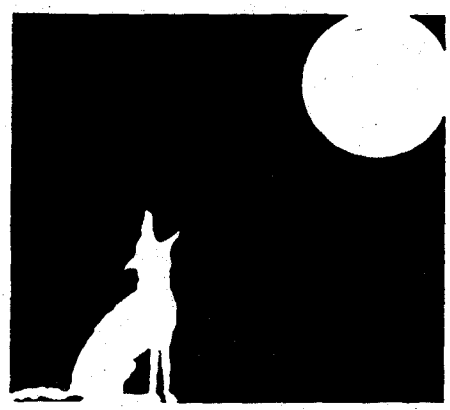

Even if you plan to move to the moon, we can get your mags to you *providing* we have the name of your rock and the zip code 3 weeks in advance. Otherwise we can sit around and howl all night and it won't do any good.
—Lonesome Coyote
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old friend of mine put it, "blamed black" at that.

This will give the reader some idea of how the news of President Lincoln's assassination was received in many places in Oregon and Washington.—*To be continued in the March 1980 Frontier Times.*

Previously published episodes appeared under the titles:

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Deputy Marshal Johnson Breaks a Long Silence

(Continued from page 11)

Marlows who he was and that he had some water for them and was their friend.

In reply, Charlie Marlow told him, friend or foe, that if he valued his life, to stay where he was or leave—and, as a reminder, sent a bullet whizzing over his head.

Johnson, although severely wounded and suffering, thought of his beloved horses. They had become frightened by all the noise of shooting and had run up on the opposite bank of the creek and become entangled in a barbed wire fence. Johnson, in spite of the pain in his arm and the bleeding, walked up to the animals intending to do his best to disentangle them when a man stepped out of the bushes which lined the road and opened fire. And he continued to fire his Winchester rifle at Johnson until the gun was empty.

In his misery Johnson was indifferent to consequences and stood with his side turned to the man, realizing that to run would be worse. Perhaps his nonchalance and apparent bravery rattled his assailant's aim, the man was no doubt nervous and jittery after the bloody fight. Johnson always marveled at his escape and said there was no satisfactory explanation for it but that his time undoubtedly had not arrived.

Johnson then decided to make for town, getting back over in the pasture under protection of the bushes. He followed alongside the road toward Graham but when about one-half mile along he became exhausted from loss of blood. He sat down in some bushes where, within a short time, he was picked up by a conveyance coming from Graham, as the news had reached there through one of the guards, Johnnie Girand.

According to his statement, at the first call of "halt" by the mob, he jumped from the hack and made a Paul Revere run to Graham afoot, running the two miles in about twenty minutes. Upon arriving at Graham, Johnnie reported that Ed Johnson, half of the guards, and all of the prisoners, had been killed. Johnnie was a young man in his twenties and no doubt he thought he was right, for according to the amount of shots fired and had it not been night, in all probability one or the other side would have been completely annihilated.

There was a clump of bushes to the left, inside the field about fifty yards from the road, from which there was continuous firing and was the last to recede. Charlie Marlow said it was a most deadly fire and from one man. As it ceased, Charlie Marlow said, "We have either killed him or he has run out of ammunition." So they began to prepare to leave.

Burkhart and Pitts were still in the hack holding the horses. Burkhart refused to get out. George Marlow was wounded several times lightly and his brother Lep, who was shackled to him, was dead. Charlie Marlow was shot nine different times and his brother Alf, who was shackled to him, was dead. For this reason, it was impossible to carry their dead brothers to the hack. They crawled to one of the dead mob and got a pocket knife and unjointed their brothers' ankles, thus sliding the shackles off their feet.

After getting what arms and ammunition they could into the hack, with Burkhart and Pitts, they started toward Finis, about twelve miles southeast. (I have been told they went off singing "We are homeward bound while the mob is hellward on their way.")

Several miles down the road they awakened a farmer and borrowed an ax and cut the shackles off their legs. Burkhart and Pitts, being slightly wounded by a stray bullet, stayed with the Marlows until they reached their home on the Denson farm, which was about eighteen miles from the battleground.

THERE are stories about the above encounter which claim that the Marlows did not receive medical aid until two days later, when they were removed to Dallas. This is not true, because I *know* that Dr. Price came that very night and dressed Father's wounds and came back the next day and said he had been down and waited on the Marlows, telling my father how many times they were shot but claiming that under proper treatment he did not consider any of their wounds fatal. He further stated that there were several state officers there wanting to bring the Marlows to Graham, but he refused to give his consent to have them moved. Also, there were two ranchmen by the names of Bill Gilmore and Marion Lassiter who were protecting them.

Inasmuch as my father was totally disabled, he sent two special U. S. Deputies to see what could be done, as Charlie Marlow would agree to surrender only to Gen. Cabel or Capt. Morton of Dallas.

A telegram was immediately sent to Gen. Cabel, Chief U. S. Marshal, and he at once sent Capt. Morton and other deputies. The second day they were taken to Gordon on the TPRR, where they received more medical attention and were taken to Dallas. In the course of time, all became well.

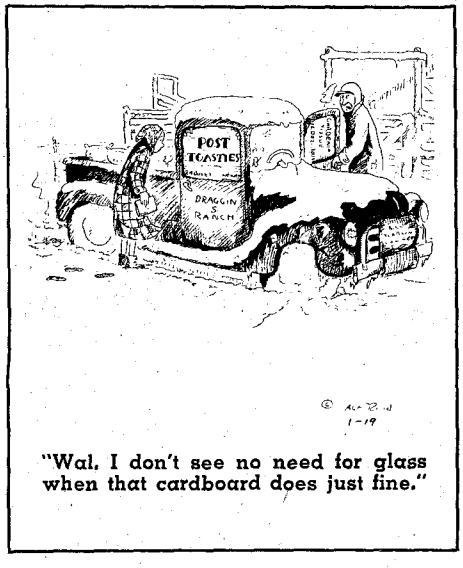
Now, back to the battleground. When the people of Graham, of which there were quite a number, checked on the battle the casualties numbered ten: five dead and five wounded, including prisoners. The wounded included Ed Johnson, Deputy Marshal, who had been taken to Graham. In the bunch of bushes over in the field was Jean Logan, wounded in the hip and side and very weak from loss of blood. He, Logan, claimed he was fighting the mob, and Charlie Marlow claimed he was fighting *with* the mob.

However, one thing we do know, he did fight until he was too weak and he didn't run. Charlie Marlow told Capt. Morton that if all the guards had had the nerve Ed Johnson possessed, they could have easily driven the mob away. Also, if all the mob had been as game as Jean Logan, there wouldn't have been a prisoner alive.

The dead were Alf and Lep Marlow, prisoners; Bruce Wheeler and Frank Harmonson, mob; Sam Criswell, guard.

AFTER an inquest was held, the bodies of the two Marlows were brought to Graham and placed in the Court House Hall, relatives taking care of the others. I saw both of the brothers lying side by side in the Court House. Also saw their ankles had been disjointed and the same rock used to sharpen their knives. I think the rock was afterwards taken to Dallas. I also went out to the battle ground the next day, where I found many people, and pools and spots of blood were to be seen in many different places. Being a lad of about fifteen, my memory will always serve to recollect what I saw and heard those days.

There were many trees marked by bullets and I believe it would be safe to say one could have counted a hundred or more bullet marks on the large oak trees in the lane at this place. Strange as it may seem, not a horse was hurt. No doubt the trees were taken for men in the dark. The next day after the battle, John Gil-



"Wal, I don't see no need for glass when that cardboard does just fine."

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more brought the hack and team from the Marlows and returned them to the livery stable. My father's team and hack was brought back to town that night.

Right here I want to say something with regard to my recollection of a horse. At this time we owned a bay horse of the Steeldust blood and his name was Major. He was hooked to the second hack in this fight. When passing this battleground, day or night, he would shy or jump. I have ridden and driven him many times past the spot. He was perfectly gentle at other times. No doubt some bullets came close to him on that momentous night. We kept old Major until he died of old age.

In the evening Uncle Bush Lawrence was hired to take the two dead Marlow brothers to their home on the Denson farm and they were buried, I think, near Finis in Young County.

Sometime in the early spring, probably about the latter part of March, 1889, Boone was brought from the Indian Territory to Graham, dead, by three white men by the names of Harbolt, Beavers and Dickerson, claiming they had to kill him in trying to capture him and demanding the $1,500 reward. I remember this very well as they drove into Graham and stopped their hack under a large post oak tree at the corner of the Court House Square.

A great many people went out and saw Boone. I could see several bullet holes in his chest and forehead, but no blood to speak of. It was later known that the trio poisoned Boone Marlow through the food that was slipped to him while in hiding. My recollection is that they did not collect the reward, but instead were tried for murder and received sentences in the penitentiary.

That evening the mother of Boone identified him as her son and she and one of the other boys' wives had loaded him in their wagon and, just before sundown, started on the lonely road home, which was a distance of about fourteen miles over rough and unsettled country. Just as they were leaving town an old Confederate soldier, John Wood, who was watching, said to the younger men who had gathered around, "My God, men, won't some of you go along and accompany those poor women?"

Two men volunteered, one being Knox Criswell and the other Bill Gilmore. They got on their horses and rode alongside of the women until they reached home, where Boone was buried beside his other brothers.

I WANT to say a few more words in regard to the remaining two Marlow boys, George and Charlie. On arriving at Dallas, a few days after the battle, they told Gen. Cabel that Ed Johnson was not to blame and did all he could for them, but that later the guards failed in their duty. Some lawyer in Dallas informed them that if they could implicate Johnson as a traitor and conspirator in the mob, they could sue the U. S. Government or Gen. Cabel for considerable damage, as Johnson was under the direct commission of Gen Cabel.

In later years they did sue for damages, as I know my father was a witness several times at Dallas. Of course, their suits were brought against Gen. Cabel, the Chief U. S. Marshal. I do not know how it came out, but believe they lost the suits, and this alone must account for the many misrepresentations of various stories in reference to Johnson and also evidence of the Marlows.

Now, I want to say that I, and every reasonable man, can't help but admire the courage of the Marlow brothers in their fearful fight for life. They were undoubtedly in the right at the jail; and in the battle, with all odds against them, were victorious.

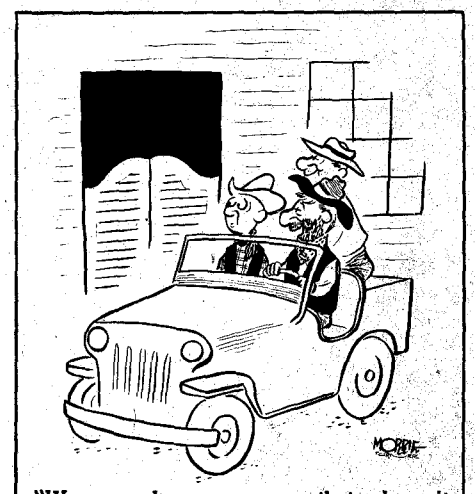
It stands to reason that if my father had been in alliance with the mob, there would have been no use for so many people being killed and wounded. On the other hand, he could have handcuffed the prisoners and it would have been an easy matter to have gotten rid of them without bloodshed. You will readily see there are three characters (possibly one other whose name cannot be mentioned who did about as much damage as Logan and used a #10 shotgun and fired from the right side of the road, there being twenty-five shells found at this clump of bushes and also a pool of blood. From rumors I know who this was, but since it has never been proven, I will not call his name. However, he was indicted along with many others as participants in the mob).

The three known characters were Ed Johnson, Deputy Marshal in Charge; Charlie Marlow, and Jean Logan. All three of these men showed cool heads and courage and I dare say that the two surviving Marlows owe their lives to the fact that my father did not handcuff them, and fired the first shot in the battle which threw the mob into a wild fury of shots and panic.

Today I have in my possession one of my father's .44 repeating Winchesters, which was lying empty by the side of the dead Alf Marlow, which goes to show they did reach his hack and procure arms, as he told them to do.

Now we will take up the aftermath of this affair. First, the Cleveland administration expired in March of 1889. Capt. Morton was appointed Chief U. S. Marshal, and a great many other U. S. officers were changed, especially all deputy marshals. At the spring term of the U.S. Court, the case of horse theft against the Marlows was dismissed through sympathy and failure of witnesses to appear; and really they had been punished enough. The administration needed them for witnesses and, as we all know, a witness with a felony charge against him is not a desirable witness. So, in the fall term of the U. S. Court all of the guards, including Johnson and about one-half of the population of Young County, were indicted by a U. S. Grand Jury for acting as participants and conspirators in a mob on Dry Creek and an attempt on the jail, some being indicted on both charges.

I previously said all the guards were indicted, but there was one exception, and that was Johnnie Girand, on account



"We come here every month to deposit our pay."

of his youth. His Paul Revere run with the news and his awful fright proved his innocence. Of course, all the guards had their own story to relate, some claiming to be overpowered and others of running and so on. My father always contended that there were four among the guards who did not know anything whatsoever of the mob until they were attacked. They were P. A. Martin, driver of the prisoners; Sam Criswell, who was killed; Johnnie Girand, who made the famous run; and himself, who fired the first shot and was wounded. My father did say that he, Criswell, and Martin were all uneasy and suspicious, but were most surprised on being attacked so soon, and so near to Graham, as he didn't figure they had had time to make arrangements so quickly.

Now, I will give most of the names of the men indicted—all the guards as before mentioned and others being Bee Williams of Fort Belknap, ten miles west of Graham; Jim Green of Belknap; Jean Logan of Belknap; Vernon Wilkerson, Jack Wilkins and Clint Rutherford from the Red Top Indian Mound Community, two miles from Graham; Bob Holman, lawyer; Tom Collier, deputy sheriff; Bill Krump; George Mays; and several others I do not remember.

They even indicted old Uncle Pink Brooks, who lived on the Brazos River just below Fort Belknap. He was an old Confederate and Mexican War veteran and had been in Texas ever since there was a Texas, and fought Indians before and after the Civil War. He was a man above reproach and a law-abiding citizen. His old sandstone residence is one of the oldest in Young County. Not many years ago the *Dallas News* portrayed his picture on the front page with pick and shovel in hand, under the shade of a tree, referring to him as the man who dug the Brazos River, with the excuse of the river being so crooked being that Uncle Pink in his daily labor followed the shade of the trees.

Now, all the men above mentioned were immediately placed in jail and transferred at once to Dallas, where under a tyrannical judge by the name of McCormick, they were all held without bail. Before long, however, under habeas

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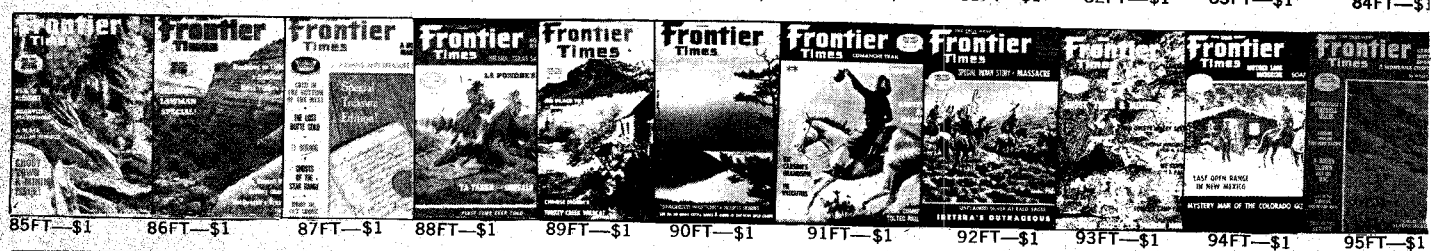
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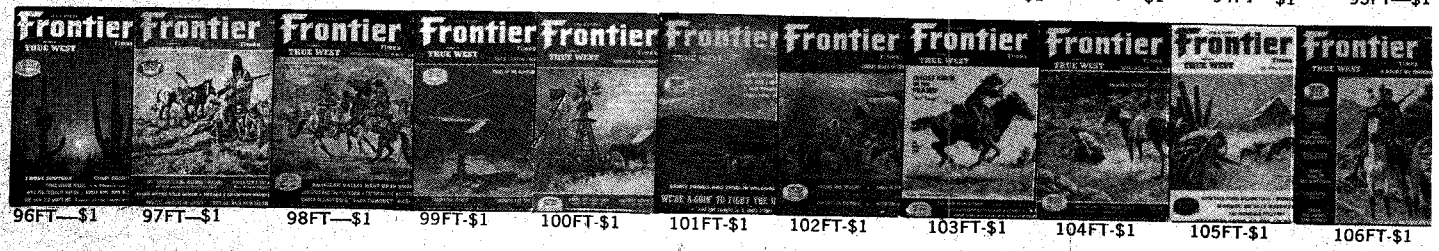
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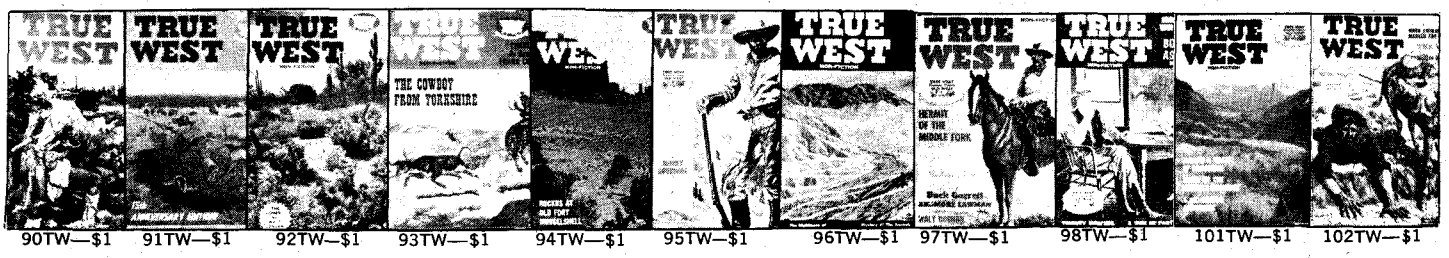

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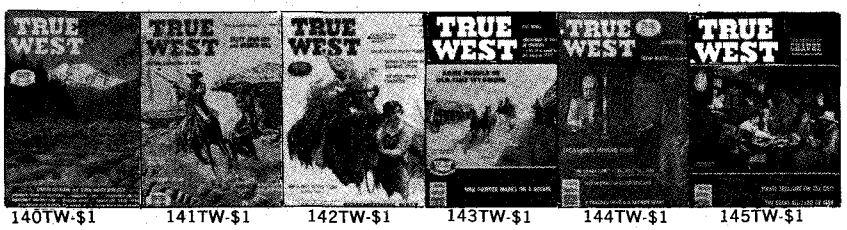

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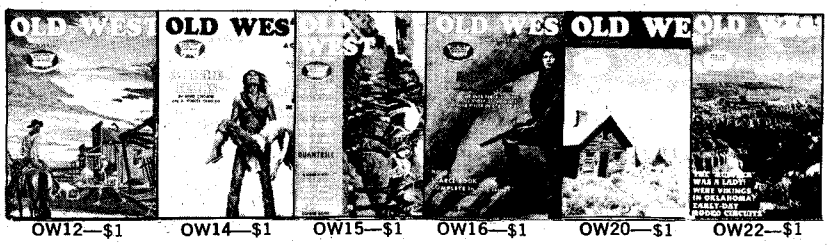

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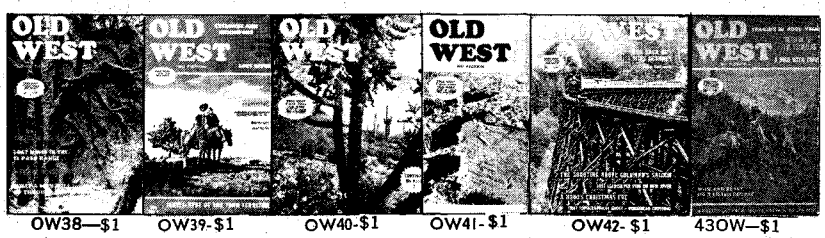
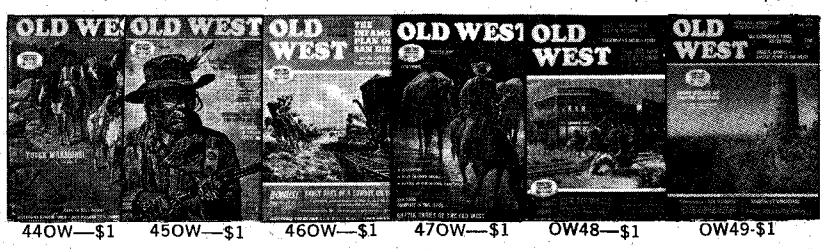
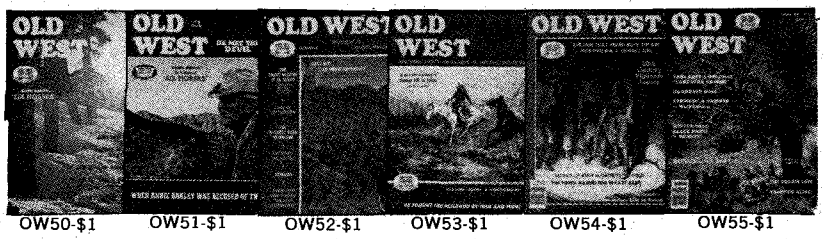


OW38—$1 OW39-$1 OW40-$1 OW41-$1 OW42-$1 43OW—$1



44OW—$1 45OW—$1 46OW—$1 47OW—$1 OW48—$1 OW49-$1



OW50-$1 OW51-$1 OW52-$1 OW53-$1 OW54-$1 OW55-$1

Also available (not shown) is OLD WEST #56 thru #62.

corpus, all but five were bonded out. The extra five being held without bail were afterwards released on bond. However, this was done after considerable confinement. Now, I want to say that every man who was indicted in this came from the first families of the Eastern States and were frontiersmen of Texas. They were respectful and law abiding, mostly cattlemen, who had helped put down the outlaws and thievery on the frontier of Texas.

WHATEVER the object was in the jail attack or the Dry Creek mob attack, can only be ascertained by rumors. One rumor was that Charlie Marlow was the only one they wished to harm. The other rumor was that they wished to completely exterminate all four Marlow boys, as they were considered undesirable as a class of people. However, "The best laid plans of mice and men aft gang aglee." There had been a wrong done by both the Marlows and the mob and it took time and the hand of Providence to adjust it.

Ed Johnson, P. A. Martin, and a number of others indicted were never tried. Men tried were Bee Williams, Little Marion Wallace, Jean Logan, Sam Wagoner, and Tom Collier. They were convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary but appealed and the cases were reversed by the Supreme Court of the U. S. and were never tried again. Jerome Kirby and several lawyers represented the defendants in this trial.

Major Charles B. Pearree of Waco was district attorney at the time of the indictments, but Eugene Marshall of Dallas prosecuted the cases, assisted by Col. Bill Crawford of Dallas as special prosecutor. The cases were finally dismissed by Oscar Hamilton when the Democrats came into power under Cleveland's second administration. The Government never asked for a retrial and all were dismissed in 1893.

Charlie was indicted for the murder of Sheriff Wallace but was never tried. Charlie and George were Deputy U. S. Marshals under Dr. Shores of Gunnison County, Colorado, for some time and the last I heard of them they were somewhere in California.

A few words in regard to the reconstruction days after this affair. The citizenship of the county was badly divided in politics, which was felt even in the churches and all walks of life. The line was drawn for and against, many people being afraid to speak their sentiments. This feeling existed high for a period of five years.

I will close by giving a short sketch of the lives and characters of the men indicted. I will first take up Ed Johnson. My father was born in Clark County, Arkansas, December 13, 1853. At the age of twenty-three he was a deputy under Abrams at Arkadelphia, Arkansas. He came to Texas in 1880, and was deputy under Cooper Wright of Clay County. In the wire cutting days of Texas, early in 1885, he was commissioned a Deputy U. S. Marshal under Gen. Cabel and served four years. He was also a deputy under Ol Brown of Young County for

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two years. In about 1916 he went to Los Angeles, California and was deputy sheriff for fifteen years in the Civil Department of Los Angeles, being too old for Criminal office. Now I know my father had his faults, as many others do, but there were two things he could not truthfully be accused of by friend or foe, and that was cowardice or treason. He had been in four or five very serious difficulties in self defense and official duties of which he never spoke except to his own folks and best friends. The only time I ever remember him talking much about the mob or the Marlow trouble was one night he and I were camped on the Little Wichita River, as we were freighting at the time.

About dark, Allen Palmer and the notorious Frank James came and stayed all night with us. They all did lots of talking about Quantrill's band and the Civil War—both having been known by Father since he was a lad and had, with Quantrill and others, stayed several times at Grandfather's plantation during the Civil War.

I was the oldest child of a family of seven and the wounds my father received at the Dry Creek Battle just would not get well. For nearly a year we had to feed him and put his clothes on him.

We were almost helpless. My father had saved no money and we were in a desperate condition. Mother taught music at home, which helped along with clothes for the children, and we had relatives in the East who helped the best they could. However, I want to say here that God never created a nobler or better class of people than the old-timers of Young County. Many are the ways they helped us until we finally got to where we could make our way.

Now a sketch of P. A. Martin. He came from Georgia in the early eighties. Being a young man of ability, he worked for J. B. Morris on a farm and studied law at odd times at night, and was elected county attorney of Young County in 1884. He served for several years, then practiced law for several years, and was then elected county attorney again, then county judge, then district judge and later was a partner with Huff & Huff at Wichita Falls. He then came back, was judge of the Wichita District, and is now running for the Associate Justice Court of Civil Appeals at Fort Worth, with a good chance of being elected.

Sam Criswell, a guard, who was killed in the battle, was a brave fellow and had been with my father almost continually on his trips to the Territory. He was a true Texan and married a Texas girl by the name of Dixie Lauterdale. They had one daughter and were old-timers of Fort Belknap. Dixie was beautiful and a very popular young lady. The last I heard of her and her one child, they were in Archer City, where they were running a hotel.

Jean Logan was a cowman and came from one of the best families of Texas frontiersmen. He afterwards served as cattle inspector for the Cattlemen's Association, stationed at Dalhart, Texas. He was also with the Texas Rangers for awhile. He held several other peace offices. There is a town named after him between Dalhart and Tucumcari, New Mexico. The last I saw of Logan he was proprietor of a rooming house at Dalhart.

Bruce Wheeler, who was killed in the fight, was a young man, single, and was in the cattle business with W. O. Clark, living at the time in the Olney community. Bruce was a fine fellow and liked by everybody for his business ability and generosity. I believe he came from Tennessee. W. O. Clark disposed of Bruce's part of the stock and placed a fine monument over his grave in the Graham Cemetery.

Frank Harminson, who was killed in the battle, was a frontier Texan and ranched up close to the line of Archer County. He left a wife and several children. Poor fellow, I have been told that Charlie Marlow said it was a pity that he had to be killed, as he was so intoxicated that he didn't really know what he was doing.

Bob Holman was from the Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky—a fine fellow and a good lawyer. His wife was a Purdue of South Texas. Holman moved to Austin, where he later died a natural death before he reached the age of forty.

Bee Williams was a son of Uncle Harry Williams, a noted family of Texas frontiersmen. He died of pneumonia contracted during his confinement at Dallas. Uncle Harry was a Confederate soldier and fought Indians before and after the Civil War—from South Texas to Fort Belknap. He held the first county clerk's office at Belknap before the county seat was moved from Graham. Many are the stories Uncle Harry and his wife, Aunt Sally (as we all called them), could tell of frontier life. Henry Williams, an older brother of Bee's, later served as sheriff of Young County for ten years, never being defeated. He made an excellent sheriff. Another brother, Jim, was sheriff of Knox County for many years.

John Level came from Alabama. He was an excellent bookkeeper and served as deputy officer for old Sheriff Wallace and also under Tom Collier, who filled out the unexpired term of Wallace. Level then married the widow of Bee Williams and moved to Pecos County. The last account I had of him, I believe he was county clerk.

Sam Waggoner contracted tuberculosis while in Dallas and was returned to Graham, where he died. He left three orphan children, all boys; Lee, Richard and Frank. Uncle Bush Lawrence took the children and raised them. Sam was a whole-souled fellow, a cowpuncher, and a native of Texas.

Jim Green I did not know and have no account of, so cannot say what became of him.

Bill Krump was in a small cattle business north of Graham. He soon left and went to the Indian Territory, around Rush Springs, and was killed accidentally on a turkey hunt. He was wearing a red handkerchief around his neck and someone mistook him for a turkey.

Jack Wilkins was, at the time, in the cattle business and remained so until he died a natural death at the age of about sixty-seven. Jack was a Texan with a big "T"—good-hearted and generous at all times.

Vernon Wilkerson was a native of Texas and came from a frontier family of South Texas. He ran a cattle ranch in the northern part of Young County. He sold out and moved to Wilbarger County and was killed by a man by the name of Mircherson in a dispute over a cattle sale in the late nineties.

Tom Collier, who filled out the unexpired term of Wallace, was from Alabama and was a nephew of Wallace. He took sick while awaiting his appeal and died very young.

Now the Wallaces were from a noted, and one of the first families of Alabama —very fine people and generous of nature. Little Marion Wallace is, no doubt, known by many old-timers as he worked for several years as inspector for the Cattlemen's Association of West Texas, stationed around Midland. He also ranched in the northern part of Young County, and later served six or eight years as sheriff of Young County. The last I heard, he was still living in Graham and doing well.

THIS memorandum has been written from memory and facts related to me by friends from both sides. Although there may be a few variations in minor incidents, I have presented the facts as near as I know them and have endeavored to give the reader the true characters of the men whom the fictitious stories have called "Outlaws" and a "Vicious Mob." I have tried to be fair with both sides and leave the opinion and verdict to the reader.

My personal opinion and conclusion is that Boone Marlow, the wayward youngest of the five brothers, was the principal cause of so many people coming to a sudden and untimely death. I do believe that the mob in both instances was under the impression that they were ridding society of undesirable characters, or either got led into it by public sentiment.

There are many living in all parts of the West who remember this affair, and there are a few left who were

". . . I remain, yours very truly, Chief Redhorse . . . Smoke signal that right away, Miss Running Water."

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really there, but I dare say there is no one living who knows as much about this as I do. I often hear people relate this tragedy who know nothing about it—probably read it in some misinformed story. The other day I was reading a story of this affair, in which it said my father had his only hand amputated while in jail at Dallas, Texas—which is entirely untrue. He never had any part of his left hand removed at any time, but was a bad cripple for life. He did, however, have his right arm removed about a year previously at Wichita Falls, Texas; and, as above mentioned, only stayed a few days in the Dallas jail under the U. S. Conspiracy indictment in regard to the mob.

Both wounds Ed Johnson received were inflicted by a .44 Winchester. In both battles he used a .45 Colt revolver.

Read the difference between this and the story by Chas. Siringo called *Riata and Spurs*. If you get the above book, read the story written about the above affair. It is listed in the index of the book as "Marlow Brothers Dare Devils and a Vicious Mob."

Artillery Has Never Been Given Its Due

(Continued from page 27)

artillery and for infantry in defensive positions; in addition the United States was alerted to the mobility of the foe.

The usefulness of artillery was also shown in a battle with a northern tribe about the same time (1832). When Black Hawk, in his retreat to the Bad Axe River, manned a defensive line on the river, the steamboat *Warrior* with a 6-pounder aboard showed up unexpectedly in his rear. The gun destroyed the Indians' defensive position. Faced with encirclement, some Indians escaped but their casualties were such as to remove the tribe as an impediment to further expansion westward. The use of cannon had reduced American casualties on a fortified position to a minimal number of 30.

On the Northern trail, a prelude to "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" occurred. In 1847 one cannon accompanied the First Company of Mormons to cross the Plains. The Mormon philosophy was well-expressed later by Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells of the Militia of the Territory of Utah: "As the good never wish for war and the wise are always ready for it, let us continually see that our weapons may be made bright and ready by our industry and preserved by a continued peace." In other words, seek not war but, when faced with it, have whatever force and weapons that are necessary for victory ready and available.

During the Mexican War, Army troops kept the Santa Fe Trail open so that supplies and munitions could be transported westward without undue delay. Missouri troops in 1847 met and defeated Comanche warriors in three encounters; in each, artillery played a prominent role. At Taos, in New Mexico, after Pueblo Indians revolted and killed Charles Bent (the acting Governor), Colonel Sterling Price, by utilization of combined forces, destroyed the Pueblos' will to fight. Coordination of combat arms, in both instances, helped achieve victory.

AFTER the War with Mexico, settlers in great numbers began the movement westward. The move almost became a stampede when gold was discovered in California and Colorado. To protect the newly acquired American territory, forts were constructed. By 1854, six New Mexican posts had thirty-one artillery pieces while, in the California area, six posts had available seventy-four pieces. Mostly they were 6- and 12-pounders for defensive use.

For field duty, the Army adopted the M-1841 mountain howitzer, a gun capable of transportation on a pack saddle.

Field operations, with mobility as the expected ingredient of success, became the accepted mode of warfare in the West. The Indian proved an elusive foe; most campaigns were indecisive; frequently the opposing force could not be located or caught.

As for artillery units, although they had performed creditably as infantry in the Seminole Wars and brilliantly as artillerymen in the War with Mexico, their assignments were largely to seacoast forts. In 1848 individual artillery companies were assigned to Oregon and to New Mexican posts. The 3rd Artillery Regiment in 1853 was stationed in California with Headquarters at Benicia; Companies H and A, 3rd Artillery, marched across the continent to their new station. Most of those units, trained as infantry in addition to artillery, garrisoned posts and acted as doughboys or in some cases (Co. C, 3rd Arty, in New Mexico) as cavalry.

Out in Washington Territory, artillery proved its value when used in coordination with the other two combat arms. When the Palouse, Spokane, and Coeur d'Alene tribes combined to rout Colonel Steptoe's force of 158 men, the two accompanying howitzers kept the retreat from becoming a massacre.

To retaliate, Colonel George Wright assembled two companies of the 9th Infantry, five of the 1st Dragoons, and five of the 3rd Artillery. The latter were to fight as infantry except for one section with two howitzers. At Four Lakes, thirteen miles from present-day Spokane, a cavalry attack drove the Indians to take cover in the woods. Artillery fire combined with an advance of infantry forced them out into the open where cavalry awaited. The tribesmen evacuated the immediate area.

Four days later, at Spokane Flats, artillery, in conjunction with the other two combat arms, routed the Indians. In the two engagements, even though fighting a force vastly superior in numbers, Wright's forces sustained only one casualty. Artillery demonstrated its effectiveness in battle when coordinated with the other arms.

In 1862 during the Civil War, artillery gave devastating demonstrations of its effectiveness in Apacheland and in Minnesota. In both instances, the losers violated Indian philosophy by meeting opposing forces head-on.

At Apache Pass, Arizona, Captain Roberts of the eastward-bound California Column, with about one hundred forty men and two mountain howitzers, met the Apaches. A hail of shot and arrows prevented entrance to the Pass spring. The soldiers had no alternative but to capture the spring; other water was at least forty miles off. The howitzers were rushed to the front, one so hurriedly it overturned. Infantry soldiers righted the cannon.

Then it was the Apaches' turn to be surprised. Accustomed to straight-line trajectories of Spanish guns, they considered themselves safe behind rocks on the hillside. When the howitzers fired, there was a second "bang" overhead. The Americans were using time-bursts. One Apache complained later: "We were doing all right until you began firing wagons at us." The Apaches broke. The California Column marched unimpeded thereafter through the Pass, through Arizona, and on into New Mexico. With the California units safely in Santa Fe, the Confederates made no further strong effort to subdue the Southwest. Artillery had helped save the area for the Union.

IN Minnesota, Sioux warriors under Little Crow besieged Fort Ridgely. The armament of the fort included one 6-pounder, two 12-pound mountain howitzers, and several 24s with ample ammunition. Although the two artillery companies normally stationed there had been recalled eastward and not replaced, Sergeant Jones, an ordnance specialist, trained infantry crews to manipulate the guns. Little Crow's braves drove the infantry back on the parade ground. One more assault and it appeared the massacre of all in the fort would have been a certainty. At this juncture, Sergeant Jones wheeled around a 12-pounder and raked the flank of the attackers; a 24-pounder opened up. A barn was set afire. Canister bursts scoured the ravines; a 24-pound shell landed in the main Indian camp.

Nevertheless, the Indians, despite their dread of artillery, forced the infantry farther back upon the barricaded guns. Sergeant Jones' gun fired pointblank at the onrushing foe and stopped them; Jones blasted stables, sheds and other buildings.

Sergeant McKee and his crew manned a 24-pounder alongside Jones' gun; McKee loaded it with canister. On the final Indian assault, both guns fired rapidly. The Indians were stopped. McKee now loaded his gun with shell. The exploding shell struck behind the advanced line. Lieutenant Gore, who was present, described how "ponderous reverberations of the big guns echoed up the valley as though twenty guns had opened, and the frightful explosion struck terror to the savages." With that mighty blast, Fort Ridgely was saved. Big Eagle, a Sioux participant, later exclaimed: "But for the cannon, I think we would have taken the fort."

In other Civil War encounters in 1864-65 (those of Sully, Carson, Cole-Walker)

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ıture field commanders learned from ıe study of earlier campaigns. In all, rtillery saved commands.

At Killdeer Mountain in 1864, General ılfred Sully came upon a Sioux camp ı which the warriors, outnumbering the ɔldiers, eagerly waited for battle. Their ·omen and children scattered to the hills ɔ witness the massacre. However, using rtillery to soften the defenses, Sully's roops drove the defenders out of their ixed positions. The squaws hurried into heir village to take down tepees and to scape.

That same year General Kit Carson, vith 445 men and a section of artillery, ıarrowly avoided annihilation at Adobe Valls in the Texas Panhandle. After verrunning a Kiowa village, Kit's army uddenly faced 1,000 to 1,500 aroused ribesmen. Retreat was ordered with Lieutenant Pettis' artillery keeping the nounted horde at a distance. The Ameri-an troops managed to escape.

Later one Kiowa chief asserted that f it had not been for "the wagons that hoot twice" they would have wiped out ıe entire American column.

Another group fortunate to have ac-ompanying artillery was that of Cole-Walker in 1865. Colonel Cole had along ı section of 3-inch rifled guns. When he columns became lost on the prairie, Cheyenne braves threatened but cannon kept them at a distance. Cole, hearing hat Walker's column was surrounded, nastened to his rescue with one battalion of infantry and a section of artillery. Cannon and infantry saved the day just when the hostile Indians were about to flank the 16th Kansas.

Both units soon linked up with that of General Conner and the supply trains. George Bird Grinnell in his *Fighting Cheyennes* wrote: "It is altogether possible that Cole and Walker would have been wiped out were it not for his artillery. The big guns with the shells frightened the Indians and it was usually practicable to disperse any gathering by firing the cannon at them."

In that same year the Sioux, aided by the Cheyenne, also showed their respect for artillery fire. The two tribes agreed to clear all outsiders from the Platte River valley, a plan they would effect by capturing the bridge at the Oregon Trail crossing. The bridge was guarded by 119 men in a strongly constructed fort with one 12-pound howitzer. Infantry and artillery fire prevented the take-over.

As George Bent, who was present with the Cheyennes, explained: "The whole valley on our side of the river was swarming with warriors but they did not like the big guns and most of them retired behind the hills again." Artillery and infantry had combined to save a bridge whose capture would have halted traffic on the Oregon Trail.

ONE important reason for future commanders to take heed of lessons taught in these 1864-65 encounters was that the Indian Bureau and traders were furnishing Indians rifles that were better than those issued to the troops. Colonel Richard Dodge said they "transformed the Plains Indians from an insignificant scarcely dangerous adversary into as magnificent a soldier as the world has seen." The primary post-Civil War unit used to deal with the Indian was cavalry.

Most of the cavalry commanders, like Custer, thought that branch of the service capable of handling any foe without the need of artillery. The survivors of the battle of Little Big Horn (Reno and Benteen) learned differently the hard way.

Perhaps the outstanding military figure in post-Civil War conflict was Colonel Nelson A. Miles. In his opinion, artillery accompanying cavalry was always practicable. Of all the young aspirants for restoration of star rank, he was the primary proponent of the use of combined arms in battle.

In the 1874 Red River War in the Texas Panhandle, Colonel Miles found opportunity for use of his Gatling guns. On Mulberry Creek, he encountered Cheyennes in strong defensive positions on the ridges. When Gatling guns had softened up the opposition, his dismounted cavalry swept over the ridges; the Indians disappeared into the lower wilds of the Llano Estacado. Soon the fight for supremacy of the Southern Plains was over—artillery had helped again.

Colonel Miles now persuaded the Northern Plains Indians of the value of artillery. In October 1876 (after Custer's defeat without artillery), Miles was met by Sitting Bull's main army. The Americans were outnumbered three to one. When the troops were grouped into a hollow square, artillery opened fire. Fairfax Downey, an eminent historian, described the result as follows: "Shells, ever dreaded by the redskins, broke them and cavalry drove them for forty miles."

Next came Crazy Horse's ordeal. Miles followed his trail in January 1877 with 436 men of the 5th and 19th Infantries and a wagontrain including two wagons carrying special cargo. On January 8, at Wolf Mountain, the two forces met. The Sioux, superior in numbers, also held the heights. A frontal attack, normally suicidal under those circumstances, was necessary; defeat meant massacre. In the midst of preparations, the canvas was stripped off the special wagons.

Inside rested two field guns—one a Napoleon and the other a Rodman. Their fire demoralized the Sioux; only the fierce fighting spirit of Crazy Horse sustained them. Artillery and infantry fire now swept the bluffs. Although the Indians fought valiantly, the death of Chief Big Crow, commander of the defense, caused them to give way and finally to retire to a reservation. The Sioux never fathomed how to fight artillery; even at Wounded Knee, starting an uneven battle, they charged the infantry instead of the death-dealing Hotchkiss guns.

One Indian tribe that did master fighting against artillery was the Nez Perce under Chief Joseph. In July 1877, General Howard, reinforced with a howitzer and two Gatling guns, met this tribe on the Clearwater River. Chief Joseph's men charged the artillery, overran it, and departed from the battlefield, leaving the guns abandoned there.

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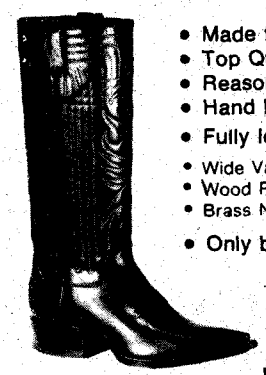

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On August 8, Colonel John Gibbon, with two hundred men and one howitzer, surprised the Nez Perce camp. Although he captured the village, intense hostile fire forced him out. The howitzer was now dragged up to within a half-mile of the battleground. Seeing the howitzer, Chief Joseph ordered thirty of his followers to charge. Although two of the Army gunners ran, others in the best artillery tradition defended their position. Two shots were fired but the guns were overrun. To disable the guns, the captors hid the wheels.

Unfortunately for Chief Joseph, that master of coordination of combat arms, Colonel Miles, was now on his trail. The latter had along a Napoleon and a breech-loading Hotchkiss gun. Discovering the Indian camp at Snake Creek, Miles first attacked with cavalry but was repulsed. A siege settled into a conflict between sharpshooters and artillery. Tactics which had won victory for the Nez Perce in previous battles could not now be used; the artillery was too well-guarded.

Miserable with cold, pessimistic because of the arrival of fresh Army troops, downcast because of warrior deaths, Chief Joseph uttered those pitiful words of surrender: "I will fight no more forever."

Unfortunately for him in these years of the development of the United States, the Indian did not understand or have artillery. Victory for white settlers in the West, due to a predominance of numbers, was always predictable. The doom of Indian tribal life also was hastened and sealed when winter warfare was initiated. To the Indian, winter was a time of rest, of recuperation of men and ponies for next spring's hunts and battles. With winter warfare, the advantage of mobility was lost for the Indian; established winter camps could be located and attacked.

In the Northern Plains, after the Civil War, most battles found Army troops outnumbered and individually out-armed. Artillery, as demonstrated by Colonel Miles' outstanding successes, neutralized the disparity in arms and in strength. The coordination of arms (of infantry and/or cavalry combined with artillery) helped bring an earlier end to strife in the West than would otherwise have resulted.

In the winning of the West, in all parts where wars were waged, artillery played a part—in firepower demonstrations, in forts, and in battles. Everywhere it played a vital coordinative role in helping the infantry and cavalry maintain peace or achieve victory. Artillery helped win the West.

Ma-Si—Alias Apache Kid

(Continued from page 23)

Peak. They met Mrs. W. E. Hutchason and her children who were on their way from Rosedale to Little Pigeon to visit Mrs. Lou Wealthy. The men asked if they had seen anyone or any horse tracks. Mrs. Hutchason said they had not, so the posse headed up Water Canyon and topped out on the divide north of Blue Mountain.

They found no sign so they turned south down the main divide. It was dark by the time they reached the south slope of Blue Mountain and they followed down the wrong ridge (which terminated in a rim rock point) and had to retrack to the main divide. It was just breaking day by this time and one of the posse found horse tracks going south down the ridge. They followed the tracks and in less than thirty minutes reached a deep saddle at the head of San Juan Canyon. They had only traveled a short distance into this saddle when they ran into a bunch of hobbled horses. Billy Keene recognized Baldy Sox immediately, and Harry James spotted his horse Comanche.

SINCE these were the horses that had been stolen, Keene and his men knew that the horse thieves were near. Mike Sullivan saw a small wisp of smoke rise from the canyon bottom some 400 yards away. The posse knew they had little time to plan a course of action.

Keene sent Harry James and Walter Hearn over the ridge north of the saddle with the posse's saddle horses where they would be out of sight. Then the rest of the posse began to hide among the stolen horses to see who would come after them.

As soon as Harry James and Walter Hearn had disappeared with the posse's horses, Yaples and Slinkard hid behind a large fir log that lay on the mountainside. Keene, Sullivan, and Sorrells had not yet taken cover when Mike discovered two Indians coming up the mountain. Keene told Sullivan and Sorrells to hide and not shoot until he did. Then he dropped into a shallow depression made by a felled tree. Sullivan hid behind a small pine, and Sorrells took cover behind a malpais boulder not much larger than his head. It seems a miracle the Indians didn't see them, but there was a stand of tall pine grass on the slope.

The two Indians advanced, the larger of them carrying a .30-40 rifle in the hollow of his left arm. The smaller followed about thirty yards behind, carrying a rifle and a rope. By the time the lead Indian had advanced to within thirty yards of Billy Keene he had a bead on his chest, but Billy let him advance to within fifteen steps before he pulled the trigger. When he did, both Mike and Sebe fired. The shots were so close together they sounded like one report.

When the rifles fired, the lead Indian jumped five feet into the air and flung the .30-40 rifle (which proved to be Saunders') down the mountainside. Then his lifeless body fell to the ground. There were three bullet holes over his heart.

Before the echo of the rifles had returned from the opposite mountainside, the second Indian was running full speed toward the bottom of the saddle, dodging this way and that through the scattering of tall pines. Billy said a hail of rifle shots followed his hasty retreat but none of them brought him down, although someone scored a hit. There were blood splatters on the rocks, and in later years a skeleton was found in an aspen thicke less than a half mile away.

During the time the shooting wa going on, Burt Slinkard had sunk dow behind the fir log and never fired a shot.

When the shooting was over, the posse' saddle horses were brought back fror over the ridge, and the posse approache the Indian camp with caution for the didn't know how many more were there At the camp they found a fire burning but no one was there. They found th tracks of one adult and two children bu they had disappeared into a thicket south east of the camp.

The posse searched the camp and foun Saunders' gold-filled watch that the In dians had taken off his body when the killed him. They also found some jewelr and a four-inch string ball which the unwound. A five-dollar bill was in its center. After they had selected wha they wanted to keep, they threw the rest of the Apaches' equipment into the camp fire, rounded up their horses and started home.

LATER in the afternoon of the day thi Indian horsethief was killed, Ralf Turner, who was line rider for the Red River Land and Cattle Company (V + T), returned from a day's ride to their Monica Tanks ranch at the north end of the San Mateo Mountains forty miles north o where the killing took place. He turned his cow pony into the cow corral and walked to the one-room cabin to make a pot of coffee. After putting the coffee on the stove to boil, he picked up a newspaper someone had brought from town and started reading.

Turner had read only a short time when he had a premonition that someone was watching him. When he peeped over the top of his paper he found himself staring into the eyes of the wildest and most desperate looking Apache he had ever seen. For a moment Turner was struck dumb, and the Indian began to point to some biscuits left on the breakfast table that morning. Remembering that most Indians spoke a few words of Spanish he addressed the mysterious visitor in that tongue, but the intruder only shook his head and kept pointing at the cold biscuits.

Finally Turner nodded his head in assent and pretended to continue reading his paper. The paper had a small hole in the center and through this Turner watched his uninvited guest. The Indian ate sparingly of the cold bread, but concealed what he could in the bosom of his shirt.

Suddenly the Indian bolted outside and Turner rushed to the door of the cabin, but no one was in sight. He circled the cabin but there was no sign of another human being.

My cousin Henry Graham was breaking broncs for Al Clements, who owned a horse ranch on Estaline Canyon, three miles east of Monica Tanks. Henry had two men with him, Jack Bess and Miles Dyer. Turner had no desire to stay at the lonely Monica Tanks cabin after a visit from this mysterious Apache, so he went out to the corral, mounted his saddle pony and lost no time in reaching the Estaline

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anch. Henry, Dyer, and Turner wanted o return to Monica Tanks immediately, ut it was dark by this time and Jack ess, Al Clements' foreman, advised gainst it.

So they stayed at Estaline all night, ut by daylight all four were back at Ionica Tanks. Henry, who was an expert railer, had found where the Indian (who roved to be a squaw) had kept her two apooses tied to a swaying piñon limb, hile she went to the cabin to beg for ood. The four men trailed her all day ong but were forced to quit when darkess overtook them a few miles south of Rosedale.

Two nights later, an Indian woman vas seen taking swill from a barrel back f the Harvey House at San Marcial, ifty miles south of Monica Tanks. Since his was thought unusual, it was reported o an officer and the barrels were vatched. The Indian woman was caught nd questioned. She said she was the wife f Ma-Si (or Massai) and that white nen had killed him at the head of San uan Canyon in the San MateoMountains, nd that she was trying to obtain food or her children without being detected. She said that white men had chased her or two days and that she and her children were very hungry.

She and her two papooses were placed nder guard in a small adobe building with one door and one window. Somehow she escaped during the night and managed to catch a horse at a farm nearby. Fashioning a bit out of a piece of fence wire, she wrapped it around his lower jaw and rode him bareback to the agency on the Mescalero Reservation, where she told the agent in charge where she had left her children. He sent an officer to San Marcial to bring them back to the reservation.

BEN KEMP had lent his .30-40 rifle to Billy Keene about the first of September 1906, when Keene was taking John Phillips, publisher of *American Magazine,* and some of his friends into the Black Range on a bear hunt.

On November 15, Kemp and his son Benny made a thirty-mile trip on horseback across the crest of the Black Range to their nearest post office— Chloride— to get their mail and pick up Ben Kemp's .30-40 rifle.

Billy Keene and his wife Clara lived in Chloride and the Kemps always stayed with them when they came to town.

After taking care of their saddle horses, the Kemps and Billy Keene started to the Keene house. Benny noticed that Auntie, as the Kemp children called Mrs. Keene, had a day's wash hanging on the clothes line, and that a large cast-iron pot, about thirty-six inches in diameter, had a roaring fire built around it and was covered with two sheets of corrugated iron roofing. Benny wondered about the roofing and soon found out.

As they passed through the yard gate Billy Keene said to the elder Kemp, "Ben, come over here. I want to show you something." Walking over to the pot he raised the sheet of roofing, and the wildly boiling water exposed a human head. Benny, who was following a step or two behind, got the shock of his lifetime at the hideous sight.

Ben Kemp stepped back, saying in disbelief, "What the hell do you think you are doing?"

Keene then invited them into the house and told them what had happened. Directly after they had shot Ma-Si, they only knew they had killed an Indian horse thief and were afraid they would be prosecuted for taking the law into their own hands, so they swore every man in the posse to secrecy before leaving the Indian camp.

Later they found out the watch and .30-40 Winchester rifle belonged to Saunders. Then they knew they had killed the Indian who had been raiding through the Mogollon, Black Range and San Mateo Mountains for the past seventeen years under the alias of the Apache Kid. After Ma-Si was killed there was never another Indian raid in the southern part of New Mexico and Arizona.

When John Phillips and his friends learned of this, they wanted Keene to return to where they had killed Ma-Si and bring in his head. This Keene did and he said he was in the process of preserving the skull for posterity.

It was claimed the skull was sent to the Fraternal Hall of Skull and Bones at Yale University and finally to the Smithsonian Institution. If so, it is likely listed as the skull of Apache Kid, but it should be displayed as Ma-Si, Master Renegade Apache.

Every man who took part in the final running down of Ma-Si was a friend and neighbor of Ben Kemp and his family. It was quite a coincidence that the .30-40 Winchester rifle Ben Kemp had bought nine years before as protection against this Apache raider, was to be the leading factor in closing his final chapter.

Tell the Boys I Died Game

(Continued from page 30)

PRESCOTT was in an uproar as word spread of the jailbreak. At first it was thought Norris was mortally wounded, but a closer examination established that he had been hit with birdshot.

Sheriff Ruffner was out of town, but one of the deputies quickly put together a posse of some fifteen or twenty men. An old military-social organization, the Prescott Greys, had their rifles stored at a local house and the deputy issued the weapons to his posse. When it was discovered there was no ammunition, a local merchant remedied that situation.

But all this took time, and Deputy Johnny Munds had no intention of waiting. Horace Yeomans, a local packer, accompanied Munds and the two galloped out of town just minutes behind the fleeing outlaws. After several hours of hard riding, the two men dismounted when the sign became difficult to read. It was decided to leave their horses and continue on foot. They pressed on along Lynx Creek, being careful to avoid an ambush.

It was close to five o'clock when Munds and Yeomans spotted the fugitives. Parker was still on Sure Shot; Miller was riding the other horse. The Mexican was nowhere to be seen. Not being able to get a clear shot at Parker, Yeomans knocked down Miller's mount. Munds got off a shot and inflicted a minor wound in Miller's leg. This was enough for the dapper forger and Miller held up his hands, frantically signaling his surrender.

Parker was disgusted with his partner and began cursing him for his cowardice, but quickly swung Miller up behind him and the two disappeared down the creek.

Deputy Munds and Yeomans had come within a whisker of recapturing the two fugitives, but now, without mounts, they were helpless. Returning to their horses, they headed back toward Prescott—and more bad news.

Lee Norris, the popular young attorney, had died, making Parker a murderer as well as an escaped train robber.

SHERIFF RUFFNER had been on his way to the mining town of Congress and when he heard of these events, had commandeered a train back to Prescott. That evening he joined his deputy's posse out on Lynx Creek. Posses were formed in neighboring counties also, and bloodhounds were put on the trail which seemed to be heading toward the Bill Williams Mountains to the north.

Miller had apparently been discouraged about the venture after the fight with Munds and Yeomans, and told Parker he was going to try to make it to his sister's place at Jerome. Parker may have been glad to be rid of him. The Mexican had gone his way shortly after leaving town. Alone now, Parker crossed the Verde River and rode into the desolate Bill Williams Mountains.

Sheriff Ruffner had been joined meanwhile by two Indian trailers, two more officers, and some fresh horses. They were only a few hours behind Parker by mid-week and several times discovered where he had slept and tied his horse. Parker did everything possible to confuse the posse and throw them off his trail. He was an expert horseman and knew all the tricks of the outlaw's trade. The possemen had to work so hard keeping on his trail that Parker managed to keep himself well in the lead.

Several times he was tracked to hilltops where he had surveyed the surrounding country to see how close his pursuers were. At other times he removed Sure Shot's shoes and rode among herds of range horses and followed their movements. At one point he rode in a wide circle, crossing his own trail several times. Sometimes he changed horseshoes and once he put Sure Shot's shoes on backwards to confuse his trailers.

One by one his ruses had paid off. Although Ruffner and his posse kept steadily on, by Wednesday the trail had been lost and they were desperately trying to find it again.

Early Wednesday morning Parker rode up to a ranch house about thirty miles west of Flagstaff. The owner and his wife were roused and the woman forced to prepare a meal. After eating, Parker reportedly told the man where he had hidden the train robbery money, then

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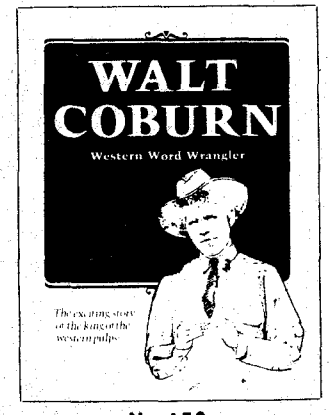

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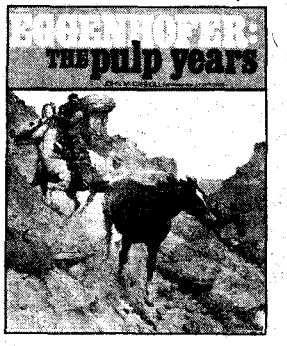

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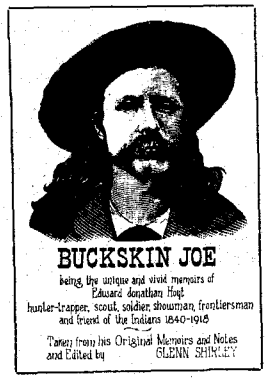

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taking a Winchester rifle and some ammunition, he again mounted Sure Shot and headed north.

In Prescott word was received that Miller had been captured at Jerome, where his sister lived. He had been taken into custody without any trouble, but was terrified at the prospect of being returned to Prescott.

In the Prescott jail, Parker's train-robbing cronies and other prisoners were just as worried. The *Journal-Miner* commented that they "have grown extremely nervous over the events of the past few days and seem to realize that the proper thing for the citizens of Prescott to do would be to have a general hanging bee. At any rate whatever their thoughts may be they requested the jailer last night to send to Fort Whipple for a detachment of troops stationed to guard the jail and protect them. . . ."

On the Saturday following the break Sheriff Ruffner was back in town to pick up some fresh horses. An officer from Phoenix, A. L. Galpin, returned with his bloodhounds noting that they were of little use in the rough country through which Parker was traveling. The outlaw had many cowboy friends in the country around the Williams Mountains—friends who made the hunt as difficult as they could for the officers. Galpin himself had his horse stolen one night, taken it was thought, by friends of Parker.

After stealing two fresh horses near the town of Williams, Parker crossed the Atlantic and Pacific railroad tracks and headed north towards the Navajo Reservation. He was exhausted by the pursuit which now had lasted for over two weeks, but he was certain he had given the lawmen the slip.

ON May 26 Parker rode up to the trading post of S. S. Preston, about ninety miles north of Flagstaff. He had a noon meal with Preston, then mounted and again headed north. The Utah border was only some sixty miles away.

Preston had recognized Parker and immediately dispatched an Indian back to Flagstaff with instructions to notify Sheriff Ruffner. Gathering his own posse of Navajos, Preston quickly followed the outlaw to where he had camped for the night. In the darkness Preston and the Indians carefully surrounded the camp, then quietly waited for morning. As dawn lightened the sky, a shot was fired.

The startled outlaw leaped to his feet with his Winchester at the ready, but looking around he saw he was surrounded.

"Throw down the rifle," commanded Preston and it was over. Quickly the Indians lashed his hands behind his back and in a few moments the party was headed back to the trading post.

The following day Preston's party was met by Sheriff Ruffner's posse. By nightfall Parker was again behind bars in the Flagstaff jail.

On June 1 Parker and Miller returned to Prescott, escorted by Sheriff Ruffner. Crowds of people followed them toward the courthouse and at one point Miller exclaimed, "My God, they're coming to hang us!" But the crowds weren't threatening, merely curious, and the ride to the courthouse was uneventful.

Parker bragged to Ruffner that he had fully intended to kill Ruffner if he had had the opportunity—that he didn't intend to be present when his trial came up.

Ruffner's response to Parker's remarks took the form of an early morning visit to the outlaw's cell by one F. G. Brecht. The outlaw watched in bitter silence as a heavy pair of leg irons were shackled to his ankles.

Tried and easily convicted for his crimes, Parker spent the next year in jail while his appeals were exhausted. Finally the execution date was set for June 3, 1898.

On the night before the execution, Sheriff Ruffner had a long talk with Parker. With the strange bond that sometimes forms between a doomed man and his nemesis, the two men had become friendly, or at least taken an interest in each other, during the past year. Now as the end rapidly approached, they sat in Parker's cell and talked until well into the morning. Parker had requested a bottle of whiskey but although he drank freely, he never became intoxicated. It was four in the morning when he finally dropped off to sleep.

PARKER was up early the next morning to shave and put on the new black suit provided him. Sheriff Ruffner read the death warrant at 10 o'clock. It was nearly 10:30 when the march to the gallows in the courtyard was begun.

As he stepped outside, Parker squinted in the bright sunlight, then seemed startled as he saw the gallows for the first time. Quickly recovering, he started up the stairs, but stopped and turned to the sheriff.

"Hold on, boys, I want to look at this thing. I never looked at one before."

Ruffner nodded his head and watched as Parker prowled about the scaffolding for a few minutes. Then the walk up the steps to the platform was resumed.

Parker was as brave as he was desperate and he never faltered during his last moments. When asked if he had anything to say, his comments were the simple philosophy of an unlettered cowboy who had somehow gone astray.

"I have not much to say. I claim that I am getting something that ain't due me, but I guess every man who is about to be hanged says the same thing, so that don't cut no figure. Whenever the people says I must go, I am the one who can go and make no kick."

After shaking hands with those on the platform, Parker turned to the jailer. "Tell the boys I died game and like a man."

The hood was then adjusted over his head and his hands and feet strapped down. In a moment Sheriff Ruffner had pulled the lever and Fleming Parker had become a fragment of Arizona history. It was the last hanging to take place in the city of Prescott.

Indian George

(Continued from page 36)

the wife's parents until their first child was born, then the young couple built their own shelter.

Families moved from place to place in search of food—the ripening of seeds and nuts. Last to be harvested were the piñon groves with tribal members converging from all directions on foot or horseback, bringing baskets, blankets and long poles. The pine nut harvest was an exacting art and well timed—before rodents started storing and windstorms shattered the cones.

Part of the Indians hit the tree limbs with their poles to bring the cones to the ground; others put the cones in large baskets and took the load to a central area where hot coals waited. Load after load of cones were stacked over the heat while experienced hands stirred them so that they would roast and release the nuts.

When the harvest was finished there was a celebration of thanksgiving and a reunion of families. This was a time for remembering and a burning of the personal effects of those who had passed on during the year. The festival ended with nights of dancing, visiting and courting.

The piñon harvest was confined to a tribe's own domain. Other tribes had their own piñon forests and did not encroach on Panamint territory. At least, there was an understanding that each tribe harvested its own area, but years of poor crops often brought poachers followed by fights.

Indian George was a peacemaker and called those who fought, whether Indian or white, "bad men" and "wild men." What he called white men who took advantage of him or his people was never revealed but he was silently aware and avoided a second encounter.

IT IS BELIEVED that George was the guide who led two prospectors to a silver discovery that set off a boom high in the Panamint Mountains. George did not share in the wealth other than having a paying job. All during the silver years he cut wood at the higher levels and packed it down to kilns for charcoal making. His sister and daughter provided fresh vegetables from their Warm Springs garden, and fresh meat and milk from their goats for the Panamint City mining camp.

After the silver boom ended there were still prospectors wanting George to help them find their own bonanzas, hunters wanting a guide to the big horn sheep country, and settlers trying to open up the country to farming and grazing who needed horses.

To those who knew him best, Indian George was a very patient man—but one time that patience was bent to the breaking point. The Warm Springs Ranch people, their livestock and garden were supplied water by means of a clay-lined flume that carried a good stream of water down Hall Canyon and ended up in the ranch yard. The hand-built flume had served the Indian settlement for

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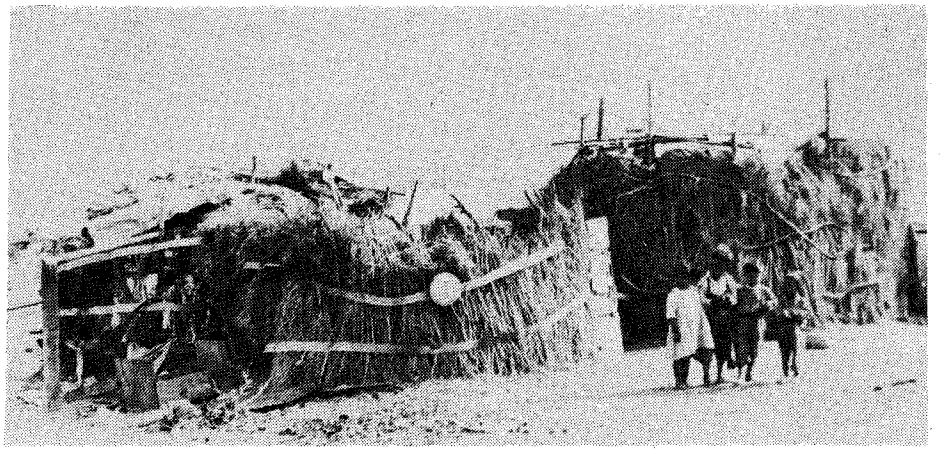
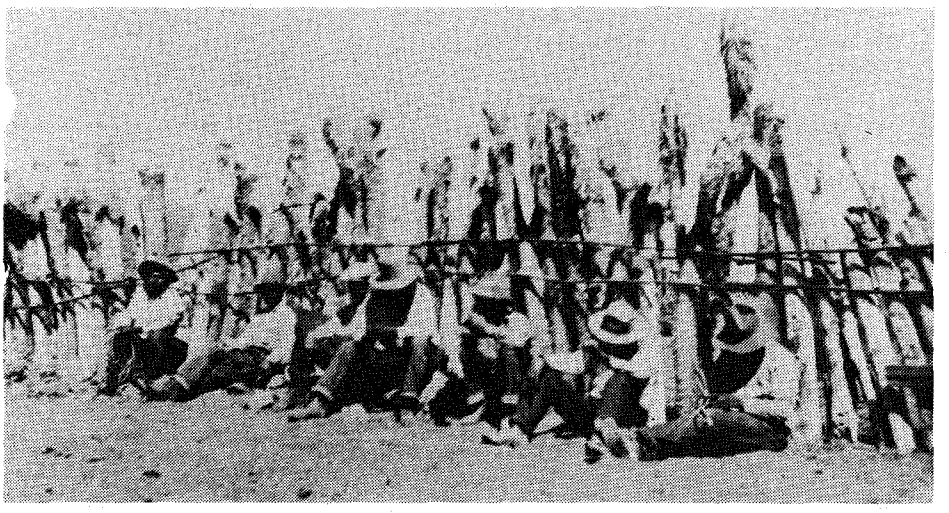


Above, Panamint Indian shelters made of native willow and brush could be found in Death Valley and the Panamint Range until recent years. This 1918 photo is believed to have been taken in Death Valley on the east side of the Panamint Mountains. Below, Indians rest at Junction after a wild horse roundup. This 1916 photo shows the men sitting along a yucca fence constructed in 1875. They were discussing their next job with rancher Milo Mecham, third from right.



countless years until a flash flood finally washed out large sections of it.

George was advised to contact the Department of Indian Affairs for help in reconstructing the water system. Friends helped him fill in the necessary papers.

While the Department questioned, investigated, considered, and delayed, Indians at the ranch hauled water in an effort to save their stock and garden, but barrels of water wouldn't keep things going. Their food supply and that of their animals was fast drying up. Finally a couple of prospectors who had been befriended by George (in all probability he had guided them to their claim) decided that the Department of Indian Affairs would sit on the request until all was lost and someone else had to lend a hand.

By burro and horse they managed to haul supplies up the canyon and help George line the flume with concrete. In a period when miners were making only $3 a day it was estimated that materials and labor amounted to $300.

Eventually a government check came for $100. George classed that check as "bad" in the same category as a "bad man" who injured another.

There were those who told George he was Shoshonean but he would shake his head and say, "No, me Panamint." The name Panamint was apparently in use long before white men entered the region. The Boundary Commission of 1861 named the mountain range after the people living there who called themselves Panamint. But in the mining era a prospector would say the name was created by prospectors wishing each other well as they said goodbye: "Good luck, pan a mint (of gold)."

Where George's remains lie is a family secret. In the Panamint tradition, when he died in 1943 George was buried somewhere in the Panamint Mountains in an unmarked grave. The ground was leveled and covered with brush. There was a "Cry Song" by members of his family, the brush was burned, and the ground seeded so that his passing would not disturb the land he loved and respected.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

words, a race horse.

Get a damn fool to ride him and you've got a good mountain cowpoke! Your old time flat-land cowboy is not worth his beans in a mountain outfit—his bridle reins are too strong.

There are numerous ways to get these wild cattle to market—we worked the mountains with a pack outfit:

(1) Run them down, rope them, and tie them up. Then lead up a holdup of gentle cattle to mill around them before you turn them loose. (2) Rope them, neck them to a tree so they are able to turn around it. Leave them for three or four days. Then either lead them out with two ropes, or neck them to a jackass who is trained to bring them to the ranch. (3) Catch them in a trap baited with salt. The trap consists of a corral placed where there is water and armed with a set of pole triggers so that a cow can get into the corral but can't get out.

A real mountain cowboy runs a horse at full speed off a mountain, jumping logs, dodging rocks, unloading brush and getting his rope untangled, ready for a throw. It is an unbelievable sight to see —one can't imagine how the horse stands up, or the man stays on him. If there ever is a Cowboy Hall of Fame I would like to nominate just a few I have known:

Four of the greatest were Joe, Lee, Hugh, and Willy Pankey. Joe is still riding at the age of eighty-four years.

Other great cowboys were Alkali Lyons, Pete Ortega, Chico Aguilar, Andreas Garcia, Mike Sullivan, Bob Richardson, George McKinney, Johnny Kelley, Smoky Richardson, Speck Avant, George Myers, Albert Rix, Bundy Avant, Dutchy Baca, Bruce Morgan, Charlie Hobbs, Earl Hobbs, Tom Crow, Les Goins, Bud Goins and Blackie Lyons, the best "Mountain Wagon Boss."

The Ladder Ranch is now owned by Robert Anderson and is one of the largest and best in the country. There are still wild cattle in those mountains that have never been branded.

It was seventy-five miles to the railroad at Engle, New Mexico, and we used to drive 1,500 to 2,500 head out each fall to market. There were no pastures to hold them. We herded them like old-time trail herds. The chuckwagon with four wild mules hooked to it carried old "Grease Belly" on the seat with a long whip and a popper. When he left camp or passed the herd or any stranger he would always whip up to a dead run just to show off his wild mules.

In the ten years I ramrodded the Ladder Ranch we had three cooks, Punch Greer, Joe Good, and Pancho Bravo. They were all good, you can bet on that, or the boys would have run them off. A good cook and plenty of good grub and beef is absolutely a must if you want a good outfit.

We used to go out to the railroad in November or early December—our cattle were at their peak then. The herd was made up of yearlings and two-year-olds, with a few old wild rannihans thrown in. It was generally cold and either sleeting or snowing. It was tough on the men but the cattle didn't seem to mind it as they had their winter coats.

The crew consisted of a cook, a day wrangler, and a night hawk to handle the remuda, and eight men with the herd. We stood half-night guard over the herd. It didn't take much to make wild cattle run so we very seldom got to Engle without them running on us at least once. That meant lots of hard riding at daylight to get them rounded up again. One time I remember we picked up some

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about twenty-five miles from the bed ground, where they started to run.

We had to cross the Elephant Butte Dam at night and we always had a fight on our hands there. We turned them loose on the other side after they crossed the dam. Then at daylight we started to gather them up again and string them out for Engle.

To drive cattle there must be two men out in front, one on each side. They are on point. Then the cattle are strewn out behind them, with men at intervals on each side opposite each other as wing men. Then so on back to the tail end of the herd which should be strung out like a ribbon—never more than two men in the rear driving drags. That's the way the herd follows the point men across country. We tried to water them as often as we could as watered-down cows won't run very fast or far. When we got to Engle we loaded them full of good hay, let them rest overnight, and loaded them out in the morning.

I know this is hard to believe but I can swear to it, as it happened to me. Hugh Pankey and I were chasing a two-year-old maverick bull down Mud Spring Mountain on the Palomas Creek side. We were in high gear, going straight off. The bull was about fifteen feet ahead of us but it was too bushy to get a throw. The first thing we knew, the bull fell down. I was riding a half-thoroughbred named Navigator. He was a cold-jawed horse without a lick of sense. All he could do was run. He was about 15-3 hands and weighed about 1,150 pounds. He was all legs.

To make a long story short, he fell over the bull. I went flying over his head and landed downhill twenty steps away, or almost sixty feet. Luckily a bush broke my fall so all I lost was a little hide. The mountain was very steep at this point.

I am now in my eighty-ninth year and still carry the scars of those Black Range Hills on my carcass. Joe Pankey, Bundy Avant, Speck Avant and I are the only ones alive that I know of.

A cowboy's 40-years gathering is a horse and blanket, saddle, bed and hot roll tarp, 8'x16' with zippers, pack mule or horse, pack rope, catch rope, rope hobbles, leggings, and spurs.—Richard Coleman "Dick" Kendrick, P. O. Box 43, Magnolia Springs, Alabama 36555

"No wonder those hunters never got no game. They wuz too busy killin' these!"

CORRECTION

The Photograph of Samuel Walker on page 34 of the October 1979 TRUE WEST is not the Samuel Walker associated with the Walker-Colt story, and we regret the error. The Col. Samuel Walker pictured, of the 16th Kansas Cavalry, was best known for his participation in the ill-fated Powder River Expedition of the 1860s. (To learn more about him, you might read "Artillery Has Never Been Given Its Due" on page 24 of this issue.) The error was ours, not author Ford Green's.

Cowboy's Lunch

In the early 1900s, two of our neighbor boys were riding for cattle in Cedar Valley which lies just over the first ridge of the Simcoe Mountains in Klickitat County, Washington.

At noon they came to the cabin of a bachelor friend. Finding no one at home, they went in to get something to eat. It was customary in that back country that any man was welcome to a meal as long as he left no dirty dishes.

The boys scouted around and found a quarter of beef hanging in the springhouse. They cut a couple of nice steaks, fried potatoes and made coffee. After having a good meal they washed up and were on their way.

Later the boys met the man on the road on his way to town and told him what they had done, thanking him for the meal. Then one boy added, "We sure had a couple of good steaks on you."

The man looked puzzled and said, "But I didn't have any fresh meat."

One boy said, "But how about that quarter of beef hanging in the springhouse?"

"Oh, that was a piece of an Indian horse. He had become a nuisance and I had to shoot him. A day or two later while riding by I cut out a piece and brought it home for my dogs."

The boys paled and gagged but too late. That Indian cayuse had for some time been grazing peacefully in his Happy Hunting Ground.— Edith Horne, Box 163, Wishram, Washington 98673

Any Connection with Tony Day's Outfit?

In the years 1880-'90 my Grandfather I. T. Steele did some ranching out at Meade, Kansas. He worked under the L Cross brand, managed by C. E. Woodward. He was also in with his brother-in-law, Elmer White, in the running of the Turkey Track Ranch.

I wonder if there is anyone left who would have information about these ranches or anything about them. I understand the Turkey Track was sold in 1905 and I am interested in knowing if the brand is still carried on. Any help would be appreciated.—Ervin I. Steele Burdick, Kansas 66838

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 45)

graphs—many in color—looks at the story of the Midwest Old Settlers and Threshers Association's annual reunion at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Included are old photographs not only of threshing machines but engines, old trolley cars, windmills, trains and other historic things.

The nicely produced book describes the group who started an annual threshers reunion in 1949. Now three decades later the annual Labor Day weekend celebration attracts thousands of visitors. The volume reflects life as it once was in the Middle West.

BOOKAROO BOOK

True Tales of the Old-Time Plains by David Dary (Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016, 27 pages, $12.95 hardcover, 7½x10 inches).

When an Old Bookaroo writes something other than a review it's news! This time it is David Dary, our hard working secretary-editor, with a handsome big book *True Tales of the Old-Time Plains.*

Many of the articles first appeared in the Sunday magazine of the *Kansas City Star* but knowing Dave they have been polished, edited and updated for this book. There is something for nearly everyone interested in any phase of Western history—Part I, "Over the Trails" includes seven true stories; Part II, "Buried Treasure on the Plains," six; Part III, "The Lawless and Lawmen," seven; Part IV, "Men, Women, Animals and Snakes," ten, and Part V, "The Famous and Obscure," eleven.

Some famous and well-known characters lived on or visited the Plains so there are stories about Abe Lincoln, Frederic Remington, Buffalo Bill and such notorious ones as the Benders, the Daltons, Belle Starr and Quantrill. "Comanche," Captain Keogh's horse, a survivor of the Little Big Horn, and "Jim Caspion's White Buffalo" are great animal stories and "Plains Snake Lore" highly entertaining. The six stories about buried treasure on the Plains in Part II add a new dimension for the searchers and seekers.

The book is appropriately illustrated from numerous photos and there are some little known drawings by Remington plus a dust wrapper illustration by him. There is a location map as the frontispiece and Dave has listed his sources and provided an index—a top all-round job—Martha and I are highly pleased that he dedicated it to us.—Jeff Dykes, President

APACHES

The Apaches, Eagles of the Southwest by Donald E. Worcester (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 73019, 389 pages, $15.95 hardcover, 6½x9½ inches).

This nicely produced work is volume 149 in the publisher's Civilization of the

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American Indian Series. It is a synthesis of the total historical experience of the Apache Indians from before the Spaniards arrived until the present.

The author, a Texas history professor, concentrates on the 19th century Apaches. He shows how the tribe, although small in number, was skillful and daring in resisting the white man. He highlights many of the defensive stands and the brilliant assaults of the Apaches on their enemies.

Spaniards and later the Anglo-Americans learned the only effective strategy against the Apaches was divide and conquer, but the Apaches were not beaten until the United States established a policy of extermination.

The book contains many historic photographs. Four maps help the reader follow the unfolding story. Notes, bibliography and a good index are included. Recommended.

FUR TRADE

The Fur Trade of the American West, 1807-1840 by David J. Wishart (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, 237 pages, $15.00 hardcover, 5½x9 inches).

Many writers have written about the fur trade in the American West. Most have emphasized the personalities of the traders and trappers. This new book by Wishart looks at the physical, biological and cultural environments of the fur trade.

Wishart first examines the vast region where the early trapper and trader tried to organize procedures to capitalize upon the fur bearing animals of the West, especially the Rocky Mountains. He then looks at the more sophisticated methods that developed during the mid-1820s, namely a system based on beaver pelts and overland transportation.

The author examines the trade in buffalo robes obtained by Indians and traded for goods. Most of these robes on the northern plains were then shipped to St. Louis down the Missouri River.

In addition to looking closely at the land where these fur trappers and traders existed, Wishart examines the role played by the fur trade in creating one of the earliest frontier occupations.

The book is a handy reference guide to the fur trading period. Notes are provided at the end of each chapter. There is a good bibliography and index. And the volume is illustrated by maps, tables, and early art depicting the fur trade. Recommended.

WESTERN RIDING

Natural Western Riding by Don Blazer (Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass. 02107, 135 pages, $9.95 hardcover, 6x9 inches).

Readers with the desire to learn a natural Western style of horseback riding will find this book an ideal guide. The author, a veteran horse trainer, points up the importance of the rider atop a horse. He explains leg, weight shift, and rein cues.

Blazer, the author of two other books on horses, believes that all movements by horse and rider must be based on the laws of nature. He tells how one may create harmony through relaxed, precise, and educated movements of horse and rider.

The book is divided into 11 chapters and is well-illustrated with black and white photographs. Recommended for Western horse lovers.

CONRAD KOHRS

Conrad Kohrs: An Autobiography (Privately printed for Conrad Kohrs Warren, P. O. Box 311, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722, 101 pages, $5.00 softcover).

In the introduction Conrad Kohrs Warren (publisher and Kohrs' grandson) tells us that Kohrs, with the help of his daughter Anna, wrote the autobiography in 1913 and in the brief acknowledgments apologizes for delaying its publication for nearly fifty years.

Kohrs was seventy-eight years when he committed his recollections to words. He had been a butcher, cattleman, miner, businessman, legislator, trail driver and family man. His is a straight from the shoulder narrative telling what he did—his successes and failures, his disappointments, his travels and pleasures.

Kohrs wrote much about his ranching experiences—they were numerous as he ran cattle wherever there was available grass and water in Montana and Idaho, Wyoming, and on the Sweetgrass Hills in Canada. He was truly the Cattle King of Montana—he ended his narrative about the early days with 1900, but according to Warren the years 1900 to 1918 were probably the best years (financially) of his career. For example, his grass cattle sales in 1909 exceeded half a million dollars and by 1918 he had gathered and shipped all his range cattle to retire with a fortune.

There are good mining and range illustrations and the wrap-around cover illustration in color by Shorty Shope (after a 1906 photo) is a magnificent roundup picture. Highly recommended.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 37)

I would be grateful for any information on this family.—Mrs. Emily Kinney, 33067½ Avenue D, Yucaipa, California 92399

Choate-Clark

John Choate married Hester Clark in 1827 at Lafayette, Louisiana. I need help with their children. Was John David born 1837? Their son married Marie A. Applein in 1869 at Vermilion Parish, Louisiana.—Lorraine C. Johnson, Rt. 8, Box 1917, Lake Charles, Louisiana 70605

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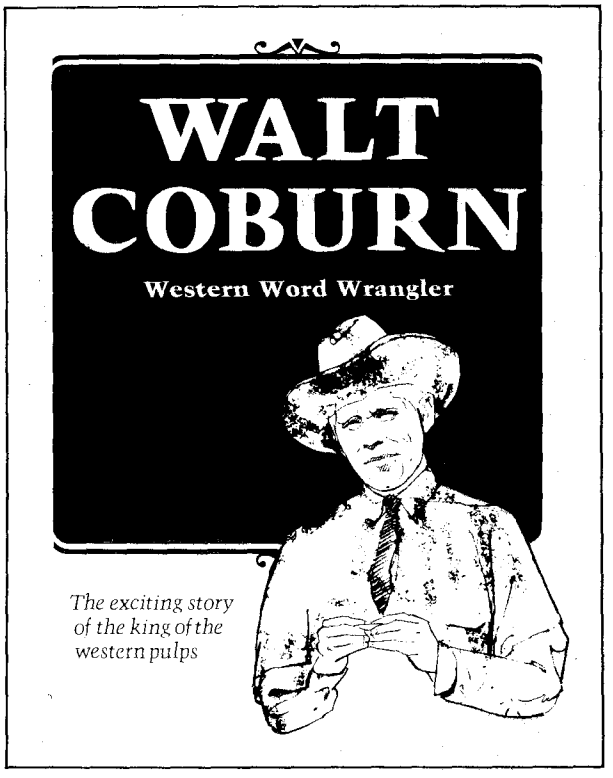

Walt Coburn could string words together better than most anybody. He was a dynamo, a pure talent, and a hell-raising maverick. Walt died on May 24, 1971, in Prescott, Arizona, at the age of eighty-one. He was a warm, human man who left behind many close friends and thousands of fans. This is his story, in his own words about *The Circle C Ranch, Early Days in Montana, Bowse, Beer and Barrooms, A Cowboy in Prep School, Pancho Villa's Army, From Saddle to Cockpit, Cold Sober and Married, King of the Western Pulps* **and other heretofore untold incidents in his life. Hardback, illustrated, 255 pages. Only $8.50 postpaid.**

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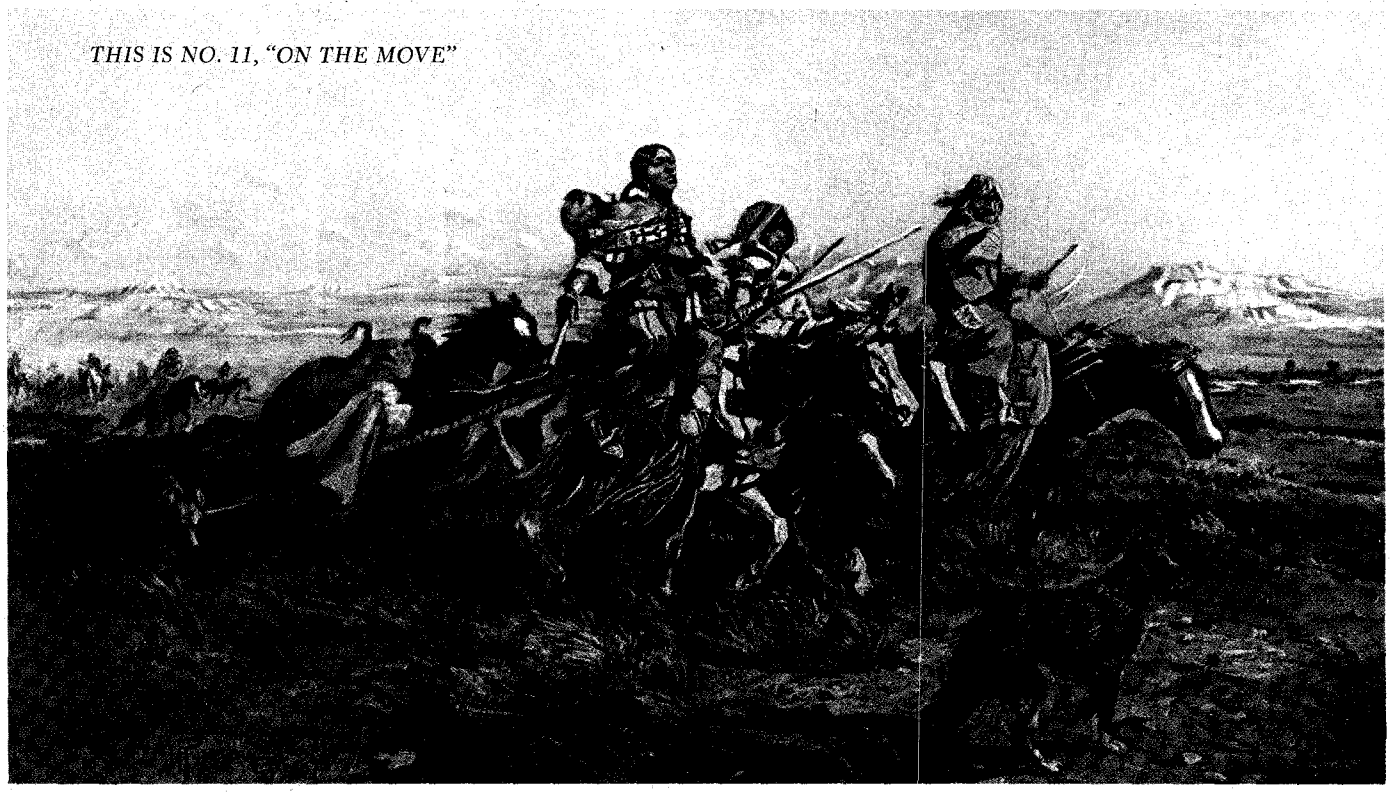

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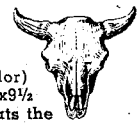

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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
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